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THE REAL AMERICA IN ROMANCE

Volume VIII

BRADDOCK

The Age of British Supremacy

By

JOHN R. MUSICK

DEATH OF LA SALLE.

(See page 178)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

FREELAND A. CARTER

WM. H. WISE & COMPANY

NEW YORK — 1908 — CHICAGO

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PREFACE.

THE French and Indian wars were a struggle between the two greatest powers of Europe for supremacy in the New World. These struggles had far more to do with the final formation of our great American Republic than the casual observer may suppose. Hitherto, England had not fully appreciated her colonies in America, nor had the colonies a just appreciation of themselves. The long wars of the French and Indians with Americans and English were a school in which the hardy colonists were taught self-reliance, courage and fortitude. The despised provincial soldiers were for the first time compared with British regulars at Braddock's bloody defeat on the Monongahela. The comparison was favorable to the Americans, and, while it gave them self-reliance, the royalists and officers of the regular army changed their former contempt to jealousy and hatred. The acts of

Braddock and Loudon first opened the eyes of the Americans to what might be expected from the royalists. The efforts of Loudon to "billet his regulars free" on the Americans was only the beginning of a series of attempts at oppression which ended with the stamp act, the tea tax and the Boston Port Bill.

This story is designed to give all the principal incidents in the history of the great American Republic from the year 1700 to 1760. The Stevens family, whose lineage we have traced from the time of Columbus, appear here in Elmer and George Stevens and their sons Noah and Jean. Elmer and George were sons of Robert Stevens of Virginia, whose father was John Smith Stevens, a son of Philip Stevens, or Estevan, a Spanish youth captured at St. Augustine by Drake, and who helped to lay the foundation of Jamestown in Virginia. He was a son of Francisco Estevan of St. Augustine, who was born in Cuba and was the son of Christopher Estevan, a companion of Pizarro in Peru and De Soto in Florida. Christopher Estevan was born at San Domingo in 1510 and was the son of Hernando Estevan, who was the cabin

boy of Christopher Columbus on his first voyage of discovery. The Stevens family is large; the name may be found in every state and in almost every walk of life; but no doubt thousands of them have forgotten their genealogy.

The same care has been exercised in this as in other stories to keep separate fact from fiction; while the fiction is designed to aid in the arranging and comprehending of the fact. Sincerely thanking a generous reading public for its appreciation of the former volumes of this series, I present Braddock to their notice.

JOHN R. MUSICK.

KIRKSVILLE, MO., January 1st, 1893.

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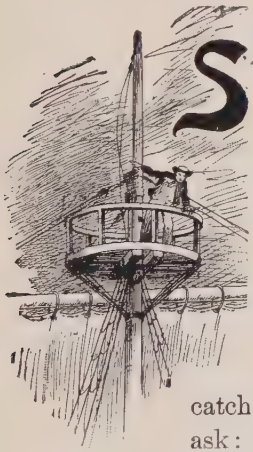
BRADDOCK.

CHAPTER I.

THE CHAPEL BELL.

Hark! heard ye not that piercing cry,
Which shook the waves, and rent the sky?
E'en now, e'en now, on yon western shores,
Weeps pale Despair, and writhing anguish roars.

—DARWIN.



"SAIL, ho!"

The captain rushed upon deck, exclaiming:

"Mast-head there!"

"Sir?"

"Where away is the sail?"

The precise answer to this question, the sailors, tumbling up out of berths and from mess rooms, did not catch; but the captain proceeded to ask:

"What does she look like?"

"A square-rigged vessel, sir," was the answer of the lookout.

It was early morning, December 25th, 1702, and a stiff breeze was driving a saucy New England privateer along at the rate of ten knots an hour. The officers and sailors usually made a sort of holiday of this sacred day. After breakfast it was common to muster the entire crew on the spar-deck, dressed as the fancy of their captain might dictate, where church service was read by the captain, after which the remainder of the day was devoted to idleness. This Christmas morn, however, they were destined to spend in a very different manner. They had hardly finished breakfast, when the man at the mast-head gave utterance to the cry which always thrills a privateer,—"Sail, ho!"

Among those to crowd the forward deck were two boys aged respectively twelve and sixteen years, who, from their strong family resemblance, were, beyond doubt, brothers. Their blue jackets, ornamented with bright anchor buttons, which glistened in the sun, their blue trousers, their sailor hats and flowing ribbons indicated that they were young midshipmen. These two boys were Elmer and George Stevens, the sons of a wealthy Virginian, Robert Stevens. The boys early expressed a strong desire to enter the navy, and, at

their urgent and repeated solicitation, the father secured for them commissions as midshipmen on board the New England privateer *Elizabeth*. The times were never peaceful, for even while nations were smiling on each other and holding out the olive branch, as did England and France, their vessels were at sea waging a warfare little better than piracy.

After the sailors crowded the deck, waiting with breathless eagerness, the captain again shouted:

"Mast-head there!"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"What does she look like?"

"A large ship, sir, standing toward us."

By this time nearly all of the crew were on deck, eagerly straining their eyes to obtain a glimpse of the approaching ship, and expressing in whispers their opinions as to her probable character. These whispers became so loud and annoying that the captain shouted:

"Keep silence, fore and aft!"

Silence being secured, he once more hailed the lookout and asked:

"What does she look like?"

"A large frigate, bearing down upon us, sir!"

A whisper ran over the deck that the strange ship was a French frigate.

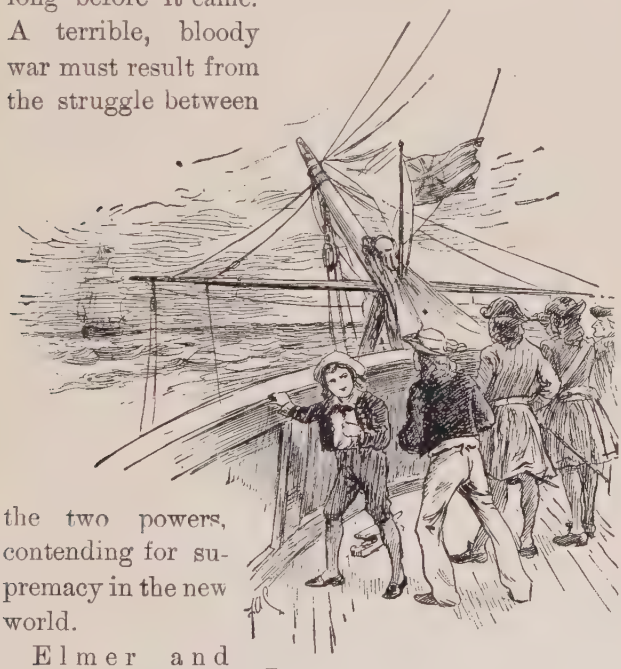
The English crew had cause to become excited

by the appearance of a vessel, for the feelings between France and England were anything but pleasant. The Earl of Bellamont, reached Boston as governor of Massachusetts in 1699. The encroachments of the French, who had outgeneraled the English in securing the control of the mouth of the Mississippi River, and were then preparing to extend their territorial jurisdiction in the east as far westward as the Kennebec River, greatly annoyed him.

According to the opinions of the English courts, the St. Croix River, now the eastern boundary of the United States, was to be the western boundary of the French dominion in that quarter; but the French king had an entirely different understanding of the matter, and his representative in Nova Scotia gave notice to the authorities of Massachusetts that it was their intention to assert jurisdiction as far westward as the Kennebec. The British ministry were at once informed of the threatened invasion by Bellamont; but they paid no heed to his notice. No doubt the invasion would have been successfully carried out, had not war between England and France begun soon after.

In the month of May, 1702, Queen Anne and her allies, the Emperor of Germany and the States-General of Holland, declared war against France and Spain. When hostilities began in Europe, they were the signal for the English colonists in

America to prepare for another fierce struggle with the French and Indians. The coolest heads among the American colonies had foreseen the inevitable long before it came. A terrible, bloody war must result from the struggle between the two powers, contending for supremacy in the new world.



THE BOYS HURRIED ON DECK WITH THE OTHERS.

Elmer and George Stevens were on their first cruise when war was declared and, with all the ardor of youth, looked forward to the time when they should meet the enemy on the sea. When the

strange vessel was sighted, the boys hurried to the deck with the others and stood side by side watching the ship as she bore down upon them. She was so large, and their own craft seemed so small, that less courageous lads would have been intimidated.

George, the younger, was delighted. He had heard many stories of wild sea fights and thrilling adventures, and he longed to experience the strange sensations produced by the whistling of iron balls. His great-grandfather Philip Stevens (or Philip Estevan, for he was a Spaniard by birth) had been a sailor in early life, had helped to lay the foundation of Jamestown, and was an intimate friend of Captain John Smith. George had heard so many stories of this worthy ancestor, that he determined to emulate him on the sea.

"Elmer, is it a Frenchman? Zounds! I hope so; for I do so want to make him strike his colors," he declared to his brother.

Elmer, who was older and more experienced than his brother, smilingly answered:

"George, you may get quite enough of this Frenchman."

"Is it a Frenchman?"

"I trow it is, my brother; but wait; the captain will soon know. The fellow is larger than we."

What boy ever was intimidated or restrained from a fight because another was larger? George

was delighted when a whisper ran over the deck that the frigate was a French vessel. The truth of this was confirmed by the captain of the ship commanding:

"All hands clear the ship for action, ahoy!"

The shrill notes of the fife rose on the air; the drum beat to quarters; bulkheads were knocked away; guns were released, and all the dread paraphernalia of a sea fight were produced, and, in a much less time than one would suppose, hurry and confusion were over, and every man and boy was at his post, ready to do his duty for his country. There was only one sick man on the list, and he, at the cry of battle, hurried from his cot, feeble as he was, to take his post of danger. Some of the junior midshipmen were stationed below on the berth deck, with orders, given in the hearing of all, to shoot any man who attempted to run from his quarters.

The approaching vessel showed French colors, and all doubt of her character was at an end.

"We must fight her," was the conviction in every breast, and every possible arrangement to secure victory was made. The guns were shotted and matches lighted. A lieutenant passed through the ship, directing the marines and boarders, who were furnished with pikes, cutlasses, and pistols, how to proceed, if it should be necessary to board

the enemy. He was followed by the captain, exhorting every man to do his duty.

In addition to all the preparations on deck, some men were stationed aloft with small arms, whose duty it was to attend to trimming the sails, and if they came to close action to use their muskets. There were others, also, below, called sail-trimmers, to assist in working the ship, should it be necessary to shift her position during the battle.

George Stevens was stationed at the fifth gun on the main-deck. It was his duty to supply his gun with powder, a boy being appointed to each gun in the ship, on the side to be engaged for that purpose. A woollen screen was placed before the entrance to the magazine, with a hole in it, through which the cartridges were passed to the boys, who covered them with their jackets and ran with them to their respective guns. This precaution was observed to prevent the powder igniting before it reached the gun.

They all reached their places and stood, awaiting orders, in motionless suspense. Many hearts beat wildly that were soon to be stilled forever. At last three guns were fired from the larboard side of the main deck; but the captain cried:

"Cease firing! You are throwing away your shot."

Soon after came the order to "wear ship," and

prepare to attack the enemy with their starboard guns. This brought the gun at which George Stevens was stationed directly in front of the enemy. Elmer ran to him and offered to change positions, as his own was less exposed; but the plucky little fellow would not permit it. A few moments later firing was heard from some other direction, which George Stevens at first thought came from their quarter-deck guns, but which proved to be the roar of the enemy's cannon.

A strange noise, such as he had never heard before, next arrested his attention. It sounded like the tearing of sails just over his head; but he soon ascertained that it was the wind of the enemy's shot. After a few minutes' cessation, the firing recommenced, and the roar of cannon could be heard from all parts of their trembling ship, mingled with the rapid crash of the enemy's guns, making a most hideous noise. By and by the enemy's shot began to strike against the sides of the New England privateer, and the whole scene grew indescribably confused and horrible. It was like some terrible thunder-storm, whose deafening roar was attended with incessant streaks of lightning, carrying death in every flash, and strewing the ground with the victims of its wrath; but in their case the situation was rendered more horrifying by the torrents of blood which dyed the decks.

George Stevens saw the blood suddenly spurt from the arm of a man stationed at his gun. He saw nothing strike him. The effect alone was visible. In an instant, an officer bound his handkerchief about the shattered arm and sent the poor fellow below. A glance was all George could give the surroundings, for the boy at gun number six was wounded, and he had to do service for both. A moment later the lad at number four was killed. He was hurrying forward with his cartridge, when it took fire and exploded in his hands and burnt the flesh off his face. In this pitiable situation, the agonized boy lifted up both his hands, as if imploring relief, when a passing shot instantly cut him in two.

A sailor named Blivens had his right hand cut off, and, before he could get below, a shot had passed through his body. George saw one of his division officers fall with a bullet just above his heart. He was carried below, but died soon after.

Mr. Calvin, the first lieutenant, was slightly wounded by a grummet or small iron ring, probably torn from a hammock clew by a shot. He went below, shouting to his men to fight on, and, having his wound dressed, came back, shouting and cheering his men at the top of his voice.

The wounded were carried below; but as the

dead began to encumber the deck they threw them overboard as fast as they fell. The battle still went on, and the men continued to shout and cheer, George joining them, although he began to have serious doubts of the result. Not only had several boys and men been killed and wounded, but several guns were disabled. Number five had a piece of the muzzle knocked out; and, when the ship rolled, it struck a beam of the upper deck with such force as to become jammed and fixed in that position. A twenty-four pound shot had gone through the screen of the magazine, immediately over the orifice through which powder was handed out. The brave boatswain, who came from his sick cot to take part in the conflict, was wounded, and, as he was carried below past where George was stationed, the boy could hear the great drops of blood fall pat, pat, pat, on the deck.

The two vessels had slowly but surely drawn nearer and nearer together, until both were wrapped in a vast cloud of smoke, which settled down over the water, until the ships were concealed. At last the banner of France was seen emerging from the clouds about the privateer, and the boarders and marines were hurried forward. The two vessels came together with a crash, and guns were discharged at such close range that the muzzles passed each other. With a wild shout, the boarders leaped

to the deck of the Frenchman, and George Stevens heard the order given to cease firing.

As the dense clouds of smoke rolled away, the French flag was lowered, and the red cross with the British lion was mounted to its place. George grew faint and bewildered. He looked about for Elmer, for he had not seen him since the attack began. All of a sudden he felt a twinge of pain in his right side. He had been wounded in the affray; but in the excitement he had not noticed it. Now the reaction was overwhelming.

"Elmer! Elmer!" he feebly called, and sank fainting to the deck.

When he regained consciousness, he was lying in his bunk, his brother at his side, alive and unhurt. He looked out over the ship's side and saw the prize near them. Though they had suffered greatly, they were not nearly so cut to pieces as was the enemy. One of their masts had been shot away, their sails were in rags, and the hull was badly battered.

Many of the valuables on board the prize were being removed to the deck of the privateer, and among them was a bell, which had been bought for the church of St. Louis at Caughnawaga.

"It will serve for a different worship," said George Stevens as he sat on the deck gazing at the bell.

He little dreamed of the misery which that chapel bell would occasion himself.

The ship put in to Boston with her prize. Here many of the wounded were left, and among them George Stevens, whose side had by no means healed.

"A voyage at sea would be dangerous for you, brave lad; remain on shore. You have friends and relatives here, who will care for you," said the kind-hearted captain.

Charles Stevens, who had formally resided at Salem but had removed to Boston, being a distant relative of the Stevens family in Virginia, and also being under some obligations to Robert Stevens, the father of George, induced the lad to make his house his home, which George consented to do. He had relatives living at Deerfield, who next summer persuaded the roving youth to come there and spend a few months with them.

The ship on which his brother had sailed had not put into port since its departure. Though his parents had written him several times to return to his home at Williamsburg, Virginia, he decided to go to Deerfield for a few months and learn something of northern New England.

As soon as war had been declared between France and New England, in 1702, Governor Dudley, realizing how essential it was to secure the aid of the Indians, with some magistrates of Mas-

sachusetts held a conference with the eastern Indians at Casco, in June, 1703. With well-feigned friendship, the savages renewed former treaties. They declared that the French had asked them to take up the hatchet against the English, but that they had refused, because their friendship for the people of Massachusetts was "as firm as the mountain, and as enduring as the sun and moon."

Some of those hardy frontiersmen believed in their sincerity; but others shook their heads in doubt and asserted that it was their opinion that the savages, under the tutelage of the French, were playing a treacherous part. No one was long left in doubt, for, only a few weeks after the conference, the very Indians who had participated in it fell with remorseless fury upon the frontier settlers of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, scattering solemn treaties to the winds and supplanting them with death and terror. From the Merrimac to the Penobscot, the tribes desolated the border settlements, murdering the innocent, plundering the thrifty and laying cabin, mansion and village in ruin. Not even the benefactors of the Indians, the Friends, or Quakers, were spared. They respected "neither the milk-white brows of the grave and ancient, nor the mournful cries of the tender infants."

This treachery was charged by the English to

the French Jesuits. Already this order had incurred the intense hatred of the New Englanders, because many circumstances pointed to Jesuit influence as fanning the flame of hatred between the English and Indians.

Bomaseen, a sachem, who visited Boston, informed the English that the Jesuits had taught the Indians that Jesus Christ was a Frenchman; that his mother, the Virgin Mary, was a Frenchwoman; that the English had murdered him; that he had gone up to heaven to plead for mankind, and that he who would receive favor must espouse the cause of his countrymen, the French, in the pending quarrel.

No doubt, Bomaseen, who was a crafty Indian, invented this story; but it was believed by the colonists. The legislatures of New York and Massachusetts passed laws for the expulsion of the Jesuits from their provinces; but nothing could diminish their influence over the Indians. Warriors from Canada joined those of the St. Lawrence, and in their murderous expeditions they were frequently accompanied by French troops and ecclesiastics.

The priests are said to have received the confession of Indian and white man alike, and given absolution for their sins, before beginning their bloody work. A day was appointed for confes-

sion, and Father Rale of Norridgewock says of the Indians:

"I exhorted them to maintain the same interest in religion as if they were at home; to observe carefully the laws of war; to practise no cruelty; to kill no one except in the heat of battle, and to treat their prisoners humanely."

Father Rale.

A savage nature, however, cannot be wholly changed by partial civilization. It takes many generations to drive the barbarian from his soul, and the instructions of Father Rale were unheeded.

The little French chapel of St. Louis was waiting its bell. It had two years and a half before sent to France for a bell to call its people together to worship God; but it came not. Late in the year of 1703, a sailor who had escaped an English prison returned to Canada and told the story of the capture of his ship on board of which was the chapel bell. It was ascertained that the bell had been taken to

Boston and sold to a church in Deerfield and was now doing service for Mr. Williams' congregation.

Hertel De Rouville, a bigoted French officer, swore to have that bell, though he waded seas of blood to obtain it, and about the middle of January, 1704, he set out with a considerable force of Frenchmen and Indians to Deerfield.

Deerfield being a frontier town, the enemy had watched it ever since war between France and England had begun. It had been constantly exposed to inroads during King Williams' war, but had resolutely maintained its own, and increased in size and population, especially since the termination of that war. At the time of the attack, it was in a poor condition for defence. It was imperfectly palisaded. Several detached houses were protected by slight fortifications, and twenty soldiers had been placed within the fort; but they were quartered about in different houses and, forgetting their duty as soldiers, were surprised with the rest of the inhabitants.

George Stevens was at Deerfield, being detained by a deep snow which covered the earth. The snow was frozen hard, and the French and Indians advanced to the attack on the doomed village, over the frozen crust.

It was night, February 19th, 1704, when the assailants approached the town, using every pre-

caution to avoid disturbing the soldiery or the inhabitants, by walking carefully over the crusted snow and occasionally halting, that the sounds of their feet might appear like fitful gusts of wind; but the precaution was wholly unnecessary, for the guard within the fort had retired to sleep, deeming an attack in such weather next to impossible. The snow had drifted in places quite to the top of the palisades, and the gate was even open, so that the Indians were in the midst of the town before the inhabitants were aroused. A wild war-whoop went up on the air; the houses were assaulted by parties sent in different directions; the doors were broken open and the astonished people dragged from their beds, and pillage and personal violence in all its enormities ensued. Those who attempted resistance were slain.

George Stevens was in the house of his relative, sleeping the profound sleep of youth. He heard in his slumber the wild uproar without, and it mingled with a dream of battle. Once more he was on the blood-stained deck of the *Elizabeth*. He was partially awakened and drew the bedclothes over his head and shoulders, when a tremendous crash at the door, and the shrieks of the terrified inmates roused him. He leaped from the bed just as the door was burst in, and an icy blast swept over his half-dressed form. The room was

immediately filled with savages, and, knowing that captivity was certain, he had the presence of mind to don his clothes and wrap a blanket about him. He was seized by two stout warriors, and hurried away from the scene of carnage which still reigned in the town.

The minister of the place, the Rev. John Williams, who subsequently wrote a narrative of the affair and his own captivity, was a conspicuous actor and sufferer in the sad tragedy. The assault was made just before dawn of day, and about twenty Indians rushed to his house. He was awakened by the onslaught, and, leaping from his bed, he ran toward the door, which the Indians were battering down. He then called to two soldiers, who were sleeping in the chamber, and returned to his bed for the weapons which he always kept under his pillow, when the enemy rushed into the room. Seizing his pistol, he uttered a short prayer to God and, levelling the pistol at the breast of the foremost Indian, pulled the trigger; but the weapon missed fire. He was immediately seized by three Indians, who tore the weapon from his hand, tied him and kept him standing in the cold for the space of nearly an hour. One of these captors was a chief who shortly after sunrise was killed by a shot from a neighbor's house.

This house was not a garrison; but, being de-

fended by seven resolute men and as many resolute women, it withstood the efforts of three hundred French and Indians. They attacked it repeatedly and tried various methods to set it on fire, but without success, all the while suffering from the fire which was poured upon them from the windows and loopholes of the building. The enemy finally gave up the attempt in despair.

Mrs. Williams had a babe but a few weeks old and was quite feeble—a circumstance which rendered her case hopeless. Her agony was intensely increased by witnessing the murder of two of her little ones, who were dragged to the door and butchered like swine, as was also a black woman who belonged to the family.

At the expiration of about two hours, the enemy, having collected the prisoners and plundered and set fire to the buildings, took up their march from the place. In his narrative, Mr. Williams says:

"We were carried over the river to the foot of the mountain, about a mile from my house, where we found a great number of our Christian neighbors, men, women and children, to the number of one hundred, nineteen of whom were murdered afterward on the way, and two starved to death near Coos, in a time of great scarcity and famine the savages underwent there. When we came to

the foot of the mountain, they took away our shoes and gave us Indian shoes to prepare us for our journey."

George Stevens, who was among the prisoners, noticed that they had brought away the chapel bell, which had been captured by the New England privateer the *Elizabeth*. While making a short halt here, all were startled by the cracking of rifles, and a party of English dashed on the French and Indians to rescue their friends. After a short but sharp engagement, the English were driven back, leaving nine of their number dead in the snow. The French and Indians, fearing vengeance, continued to retreat as rapidly as they could.

In the course of the route, it became necessary to cross Creek River, at the upper part of Deerfield meadow. By a change of conductors, Mr. Williams, who had before been forbidden to speak to his fellow-captives, was now permitted to do so, and even to assist his distressed wife, who began to show marked signs of exhaustion. George Stevens, who was at the side of the unfortunate mother, had aided her all he could. This was the last meeting between husband and wife. She very calmly told him that her strength was fast failing and that he would soon lose her.

Husband and wife were that day separated, and he was sent forward with another party of savages.

George Stevens, who was left with the unfortunate woman, noted her flagging footsteps and offered to carry her bundle. In crossing a stream, in which the water came almost to their waists, Mrs. Williams lost her footing and fell into the water, being for a moment completely submerged. George rescued her from drowning and brought her to shore almost dead.

"Why did you not let me drown?" she asked. "I cannot go much further."

"Be brave, Mrs. Williams. Live for your husband and five children!" said George.

She made a noble effort to keep up; but, coming to the foot of the mountain, she cast her eyes up the steep ascent and, clasping her hands, sank down, murmuring:

"It's no use."

One of the Indians saw her and started toward her with a tomahawk. George knew what would follow and so turned away his head. There followed a sickening blow, a stifled groan, and all was over. George went on and overtook Mr. Williams, sitting sad and despondent at the wayside, inquiring of each prisoner for his wife. When George told him all, the good man wept, prayed and resumed his journey.

After some days, they reached the mouth of White River, where Rouville divided his force

into several parties, who took different routes to the St. Lawrence. Mr. Williams and George Stevens belonged to a party which was sent to the Indian village of St. Frances on the St. Lawrence by the way of Lake Champlain. After a short residence at that village, they were sent to Montreal, where they were treated with kindness by Governor Vaudreuil.

In the year 1706, fifty-seven of these captives were conveyed to Boston in a flag-ship, among them Mr. Williams and all his remaining children (two having previously been ransomed and sent home) except his daughter Eunice, whom, notwithstanding all his exertions, he was never able to redeem, and whom, at the tender age of ten years, he was obliged to leave among the Indians. As she grew up under Indian influence, having no other home and no other friends who could counsel and guide her, she adopted their manners and customs, settled with them in a domestic state, marrying a young Mohawk chief, by whom she boer several children. She became an ardent Catholic and was ever firmly attached to her religion.

Some time after the war, she visited her relatives at Deerfield in company with her husband. She was dressed in Indian costume, and, strange as it may seem, could not be induced to remain among her relatives, preferring her dusky husband and

half-blood children, and her wild life to New England civilization.

There was one prisoner who did not return in 1706. It was George Stevens.

He was sent to Montreal and apprenticed to a Frenchman. His master was cruel and soon aroused the hatred of the young Virginian. At the age of seventeen he resolved to make his escape and return to his friends in New England or Virginia.

George was a sailor by profession, and his first thought of escape was by the river. One dark night, he and two English sailors, who had been captured during the war, escaped from their guard, stole a small sloop and started down the St. Lawrence as fast as wind and tide could carry them.

They were pursued. From out the darkness came the flash of guns and whiz of balls. Their sails were cut with bullets, and at dawn they were overhauled and taken back in triumph.

"We need not expect mercy," declared one of the sailors.

Little mercy was expected, and less was shown. They were informed that they were no longer to be respected as prisoners of war, but were tried and condemned as felons. George was taken into court, arraigned and forced to plead. He under-

stood enough of French to know that he was being tried for piracy, and that he might hang. The case ended, and the Judge, gravely considering all the evidence, sentenced him to twelve years' penal servitude in the colony.

In despair, the young convict went out of court, heaving a sigh and, with tears starting from his eyes, murmured:

"Farewell, father, mother and all friends of my childhood. I will never see you again;" and the little chapel bell swung in the church of St. Louis, at Caughnawaga, to summon the people to the worship of God.

CHAPTER II.

THE FAIR ACADIAN.

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek. She pined in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

—SHAKESPEARE.

PRIOR to the French and Indian wars, the French emigrants upon the lakes of the north were principally from Picardy and Normandy, in France. They were mainly at the posts which had been founded for the purpose of extending the dominion and religion of France, and prosecuting the fur trade into the Indian country, from which source the courts of Europe derived their richest and most gorgeous furs. The most marked features of these posts were the fort and chapel, surrounded with patches of cultivated land, and the wigwams of the Indians. Their population was composed of a commandant, Jesuits, soldiers, traders, half-breeds and savages, all of whom belonged to a system of machinery in religion and trade.

Besides the commandants, the most prominent individuals at these trading posts were the French merchants. The old French merchant, at his post, was the head man of the settlement. Careful, frugal, without much enterprise, judgment or rigid virtue, he was employed in procuring skins from the Indians or traders in exchange for manufactured goods. He kept on good terms with the Indians and frequently fostered a large number of half-breed children, the offspring of his licentiousness.

The *Coureurs des Bois*, or rangers of the woods, were either French or half-breeds, a hardy race, accustomed to labor and deprivation and thoroughly conversant with the character and habits of the Indians, from whom they procured their cargoes of furs. They were equally skilled in propelling a canoe, fishing, hunting, trapping, or sending a ball from their rifle "to the right eye of the buffalo." If of mixed blood, they generally spoke the language of their parents, the French and Indians, and had just enough of their religion to be regardless of both. Employed by aristocratic French fur companies as *voyageurs* or guides, their forms were developed to the fullest vigor, by propelling the canoe through the lakes and streams, and by carrying large packs of goods across the portage of the interior by straps suspended from

their foreheads or shoulders. These *voyageurs* knew every rock and island, bay and shoal of the western waters.

The ordinary dress of the white portion of the Canadian French traders was a cloth passed about the middle, a loose shirt, a " molton" or blanket coat and a red milled, or worsted, cap. The half-breeds were semi-savage in their dress as well as their character and appearance. They sometimes wore a surtout of coarse blue cloth, reaching down to the mid-leg, elk-skin trousers, with seams adorned with fringes, a scarlet woollen sash tied around the waist, in which was stuck a broad knife, to be used in dissecting the carcasses of animals taken in hunting, buck-skin moccasins and a cap made of the same material with surtout.

The pilots of the lakes were active agents in the fur trade. Gliding in their canoes through the upper lakes, encamping with the Indians in the solitude of the forests, they returned to the posts, which stood like light-houses of civilization on the borders of the wilderness, as sailors from the ocean, to whom they were similar in character. They were lavish of their money in dress and licentiousness. They ate, drank and played all their earnings away, so long as their goods held out, and when these were gone, they sold their embroidery, their laces and clothes, after which

they were forced to go on another voyage for subsistence.

Such was the character of the French Canadian at the time of which we write. There were isolated spots where simplicity, culture and innocence ruled; but in most localities the French settlers were hard and brutal. One of the chief exceptions, perhaps, was Acadia. Grand Pre was noted for its mild inhabitants, its people who loved and worshipped God according to their own fashion, but who had little sympathy with the barbarous actions of Hertel de Rouville. One of the chief merchants and most wealthy and influential citizens of Grand Pre was a Monsieur De Vere, who, it was hinted, had powerful friends near the throne.

Monsieur De Vere was a widower with but one child, Adele, a bright-eyed, fair-faced maiden, noted for her beauty and gentleness. She was her father's pride and joy, and, notwithstanding she was badly petted and spoiled by her doting parent, who granted her every wish, her sweet disposition and strong common sense made her a favorite with all.

In the year 1711, Monsieur De Vere went to Quebec to learn if any effort was being made to dislodge the English at Port Royal, and, at her earnest solicitation, Mademoiselle Adele was per-

mitted to accompany her father. One bright morning, late in August, the neat, trim little sloop of Monsieur De Vere came in sight of that now famous and impregnable city, Quebec. Adele, standing on the deck of her father's vessel, gazed on the scene with all the enthusiasm and delight characteristic of her youth and nationality. Quebec was then but a village, a frontier post; but its magnificent scenery was as picturesque and grandly sublime in that day as at present. The elevated promontory of table land, which forms the right bank of the St. Lawrence, with its precipitous face, but declining gradually to the St. Charles; Cape Diamond, with its crystal quartz glittering in the sun; Point Levi, the Island of Orleans, and the little town, with its quaint old towers, forts and cathedrals, with the historic plains of Abraham far in the background, formed a picture well calculated to fill the beautiful girl with enthusiasm.

The river was full of the quaint little crafts of the *voyageurs* and *Coureurs des Bois*, gliding hither and thither, filling the air with the melody of their song. The popular air of the French *voyageur* fell for the first time on Adele's ears, and distance lending softness to the harsh voices of the musicians, she eagerly drank in the following words:

"Tout les printemps
Tout de nouvelles

Tout les amants
Changent de maitresses
Jamais le bon vin ni endort
L'amour me réveille.''

''Tout les amants
Changent de maitresses
Qu'ils changent qui voudront
Pour moi je garde la mienne
Le bon vin ni endort
L'amour me réveille.''

The song seemed to have a strange effect on the beautiful creature, and, with her great soft eyes raised to the citadel so far above as to seem among the clouds, she repeated the last strain:

"*L'amour me réveille.*"

She was only sixteen and had never had a lover; but her young and tender heart was as susceptible as wax. The expressions of love by those rude *voyageurs* made their impression on the girl, and she was lost in thought, when her father told her they were going to disembark. She looked up and saw only the great, frowning rocks and houses like flakes of snow among the hills, while those historic heights, the plains of Abraham, had disappeared behind the frowning cliffs.

"We are going ashore, Adele," he said.

"I am ready, father," she answered.

From one of the dragon-like castles on the bluffs above, there issued a white wreath of smoke, and

the boom of a cannon went crashing and echoing among the distant hills and valleys along the river. This was a salute, acknowledging their arrival, given in answer to the dipping of their ensign.

They landed and began the rugged ascent, by no means an easy task. At last they were at the lower edge of the town, a lot of straggling houses within a fortified enclosure. Some of the buildings, seeming to rebel at the narrow confines of the fort, had broken from their bounds and strayed beyond the enclosure. The State houses were large and comfortable; but, for the most part, Quebec was composed of wretched huts.

The people were as motley and dissimilar in costume as the houses in appearance. While the gentlemen preserved the garb of the age of Louis XIV., the peasants wore long surtouts, sashes, red caps, and deer-skin moccasins. This singular mixture of costume was made more strange by the Indians loitering around the fort, the French soldiers, with blue coats, turned up with white facings, and short clothes, and the number of Jesuits and priests, with their long sable gowns, black bands, beads and rosaries.

Through this motley throng, Pierre De Vere and his daughter made their way, accompanied by two servants bearing their small luggage, going

directly toward the State-house in which Governor Vaudreuil was at that moment holding a consultation on the threatened attack of the British.

PIERRE DE VERE AND HIS DAUGHTER ON THE WAY TO SEE GOVERNOR VAUDREUIL.

"Whom do you wish to see?" demanded the pompous officer of the guard, as Pierre De Vere

and his daughter appeared in front of the State-house.

"I wish to see Governor Vaudreuil," was the answer.

The officer shook his head and responded:

"You cannot be admitted to-day. The governor is very busy, Monsieur, and will see no one."

"He will see me."

"I beg the pardon of Monsieur; he will not."

By this time a group of Indians and half-breeds were gathered about the Acadian and his daughter, gazing on them in half savage wonder and bewilderment. Adele clung to her father's arm, trembling with fear, and whispered:

"He won't see us, father. Let us go away."

Pierre De Vere was not to be so easily put off; besides, if they did not go to the governor, where would they go?

"Be not alarmed, daughter; they will not harm you," he said to Adele; then, turning to the officer, he asked: "Will you inform the governor of our arrival?"

"It will be of no use, monsieur. He is very much engaged."

"Will you tell him Pierre De Vere, from Grand Pre, Acadia, is waiting?"

"Pierre De Vere," said the officer, starting and

scratching his forehead thoughtfully with his fingers. "I believe I have heard that name before."

He turned slowly about, with a military salute, and went into the house. Before many minutes, he returned more hastily then he went, with the bare-headed governor at his heels. Running to Monsieur Pierre De Vere, he extended both his hands, exclaiming:

"Ah! my dear friend, Pierre, I beg your pardon for this stupid fellow keeping you in waiting; but he did not know you."

The officer, realizing his mistake, was quite profuse in his bows and apologies.

"Do not mind it, governor. Though a civilian, I know that in the army discipline is necessary. Pray do not feel any annoyance at our having to wait."

"Who is this pretty Mademoiselle with you, Monsieur De Vere? Not your daughter?"

"In truth, she is, Monsieur."

"Verily, she is pretty," cried the governor, taking her small hand in his own, while he gazed on the fair face, flushed to crimson. "By the mass! monsieur; she will break more hearts in our army than the English will heads. But here I am standing talking all the while, forgetting that you are weary from your journey. Come into my house at once."

The voluble governor, polite as he was brave and loquacious, drew the arm of the pretty Adele within his own and led the way into the mansion set apart for himself. He presented his visitors to his wife and bade them make their home with him during their stay in Quebec.

"Affairs of State will engage my time for the day," the governor apologetically explained; "but on the morrow, my dear friend, I shall be at your service."

That day Monsieur De Vere went about the town at his own sweet will, accompanied by his daughter. There is always much that is new and strange in a frontier port. The houses were comparatively new. The fort was being strengthened and the ramparts rebuilt.

"Oh, what a beautiful place; so picturesque and grand!" cried Adele, clapping her hands with delight.

In the distance, were some men mounting heavy guns on the ramparts.

"Let us go over to where they are at work," said M. De Vere.

"No, no, father; I do so dread to see those great engines of death," she answered with a shudder. "Father, I would rather wander about the plains of Abraham."

They went to the great plateau on which Gen-

eral Wolfe afterward breathed his last, and it was quite late when they returned to Quebec. As they were returning, they met a priest, on whose face there was an expression of sadness. He held in his hands a crucifix which he kissed occasionally, while tears started from his eyes.

"Holy father, wherefore are you so sad?" asked M. De Vere.

"I have just been at the bedside of a dying sinner," the priest answered, "and my soul is filled with grief. Oh, 'tis heart-rending to witness the death of such an one!"

"Could you not give him absolution?" asked Adele.

"Sweet daughter, I exhausted all the church's prayers; yet it was unavailing;" the priest answered.

"Surely he was a hardened sinner," said the mademoiselle.

"He was a convict, and he died cursing the men who had made him a slave."

"Then, holy father, there is no help for his soul."

"None."

The priest sobbed, crossed himself reverently, and went on, while Adele and her father stood gazing after him. The bright eyes of the fair Acadian were sad for a moment, then, turning them inquiringly upon her father, she asked:

"What are convicts?"

In her simple, innocent life, the word was a stranger to her vocabulary. Her father explained as well as he could the meaning of the term, and she sighed as she said:

"Must all be doomed to that eternal death?"

"No; there is hope for the vilest who will accept absolution from the holy fathers."

"Father, might not a convict be innocent?"

The father, after a painful silence, answered:

"Many are. Human justice is short-sighted."

"If one should be innocent, would it not be cruel to confine him with others?"

"Certainly; but, my child, this is a painful subject; let us change it to something more agreeable. Look at the landscape and blue hills over beyond the river. Was ever scenery more enchanting?"

"It is beautiful, my father. I never knew any more lovely, unless it be our dear Acadia. Those murmuring pines and hemlocks bearded with moss, which, in green garments, stand like giant sentinels in the indistinct twilight of forest shades are grand, father; but our Acadian land is the only place I can ever call home."

"'Tis true, my child, of all who once inhabit the charmed vale of Acadia. The foe is in our land,—but let us return for the day wanes and is almost gone."

The governor, having thrown off his official cares, greeted his friend and old acquaintance anew. As is always the case when old friends meet after a long separation, there were many things to talk about. They recalled the happy days of long ago in sunny old France, and the many changes that were coming about.

They talked late into the night, and Adele, being tired with climbing the hills about Quebec, retired to bed and slept profoundly. The boom of the morning gun awoke her and, for a moment, she was confused. Starting up, she gazed out of the window to see the sun rising like Venus, all radiant with light and beauty, from the sea. Already, the heights of Abraham were tipped with a golden sheen, while the soft gray rocks in the deeper shades were changed to a purple hue. The river below was white with skimming sails, and the odd barks of the *voyageurs* glided hither and thither in the water, while each dimpled wavelet laughed in the morning sunlight.

"Oh, holy morn!" the girl cried, hastily making her toilet. Then she joined her father, Governor Vaudreuil and Madame Vaudreuil in the great old hall, and all went to breakfast.

The governor was never more jolly than on this morning. Adele was thoughtful, and he rallied her on her lack of spirits.

"Of what are you thinking, mademoiselle?" he asked.

"Of the song of the *voyageur*, which I heard on yester-morn, the last refrain of which is, '*L'amour me réveille.*'"

The governor, laughing, said:

"Has love never awakened in you, mademoiselle?"

"No, governor."

"Then, by the mass! you will not long remain unloved in Quebec, where there are so many gallant officers and noble men of old France."

After breakfast, the governor said he would have the day to spend with his friends and proposed to show them about Quebec. In the course of their wandering over the city, they came upon the place where a chain gang of criminals were cutting away the hard stone to build into the walls of a fort. There were forty-three in the gang, and all were fastened together by a chain. Never had Adele gazed upon more miserable specimens of humanity. As one man, they raised their great, heavy picks and struck the solid wall of rock. Their features were hardened with suffering and crime, until there was something low, sensual and barbarous in the expression of their faces. Not one of the forty-three deigned to look up for a single moment, or ceased delivering their blows on the

ponderous rock. Stationed at convenient places to guard them, were soldiers with muskets and bayonets.

The young maid gazed pityingly on the men for a few moments and then, fixing her eyes on the governor, asked:

"Who are these men?"

"Galley slaves," he answered.

"Men who have lost their immortal souls?"

"By my patron saint! I hope not," the governor answered; "yet few of them will have absolution from the chaplain. Many are vile Protestants, who deny the power of the holy father to forgive sins."

She paid little heed to what the governor was saying, for her gaze was fixed on one of the convicts. He was a young man, with a face, fresh and fair, and a frank, manly, open countenance, which seemed a stranger to outlawry. Once or twice, in raising his heavy pick, his face was turned so that his eyes met hers. Those blue eyes were clear and bright, and, despite his felon's garb, there was something interesting and familiar in his face. Where had she seen it before? Closing her eyes to outward objects, her memory recalled a bright dream of the night, before, in which this face had appeared to her in a most extraordinary light, bright as the sun, while on her sleeping senses floated the soft refrain:

"*L'amour me réveille.*"

Turning to the governor, she asked:

"Who is he?"

"A convict," was the answer.

"But what is his name?"

Laughing, the governor answered:

"They have no names. Each man is given a number, which is fastened on his cap and breast."

She glanced at the one who had so moved her and saw on his cap number thirty-nine.

"Did they never have names?" she asked.

"Yes, Mademoiselle; before they forfeited them, they did. Now, each is given his number, and so long have some gone by their numbers, that they have forgotten their names."

"Governor, why are they so cruelly treated?"

"They are transgressors of the law, Mademoiselle."

"Are all guilty? Are you sure all are guilty?"

"Quite so. Some have violated the civil law, and some the military law; but most are Englishmen and Protestants."

Adele was not so bigoted as to believe Protestantism a sufficient crime for such punishment. She once more turned her eyes to No. 39. He was raising his heavy pick slowly, and, turning half way round, his eyes met hers.

"I wonder if he is a Protestant?" she thought.

At this moment, her father called to her to come on, and she discovered that her party had started away, leaving her alone.

"I will see him. I will talk with him, and learn something of him," was the mental determination of Adele. That day noon, while she and her father were alone, she said:

"Father, you never deny me anything."

"No, my child; not if what you wish is proper. What do you want?"

"I want a thousand francs."

"A thousand francs, my child!"

"Father, it is right and proper that I should have the sum."

"Why?"

"To bestow on charity."

"It is quite a large sum, my child."

"Yet I want it."

Monsieur De Vere was one of the few wealthy men in the New World. He idolized his child, and had she asked for a much larger sum he would have given it her. She said no more for a day or two, but took a great interest in watching the workmen strengthening the forts. There were galley slaves, laborers, gentlemen and even women laboring on the forts.

"Father, I want to talk with him," she said one day.

"With whom, Adele?"

"Number 39."

"The convict?"

"Yes, father."

"Adele, are you mad?"

"No."

"Do you know what you ask?"

"I do."

"Why do you wish to talk with this galley slave?"

She answered his question by asking another.

"Father, are people ever permitted to talk with galley slaves?"

"Yes."

"You can get this permission for me?"

"I cannot!" the puzzled and even angry father stoutly declared.

"You can. You have only to make the request of the governor, and it will be granted."

Monsieur De Vere was inclined to treat the request of his daughter as a wild whim; but she became earnest in her demand, and he finally laid the matter before the governor.

The governor did not think there could be any harm in gratifying the childish whim of the mademoiselle. He caused inquiry to be made of the keeper of 39 and learned that he was a very

quiet young fellow, who showed no disposition to be vicious.

The mademoiselle was determined on the interview, and her father and friends, after much protestation, consented.

There was an apartment in the great stone prison set apart for visitors. It was small, dark and unhealthy; yet the presence of a pure, noble girl seemed to fill it with sunlight.

No. 39 was amazed when the warden ordered his irons removed and told him he was to meet a visitor. He did not ask who his visitor was, for galley slaves soon learn not to question. He was conducted to the door of the dark room and told to go in. He paused on the threshold, his eyes fixed on the fair Acadian, while his fingers convulsively clutched his convict cap. Before him was an angel. He had seen that beautiful spirit before, for, like a messenger of peace and hope, it had hovered about him, until he instinctively felt that a better life was in store for him. The sweet voice of this fair being addressed him, saying:

"Come nearer, I want to talk with you."

"Will I dare, mademoiselle?" he asked. His French was good, though there was a slight foreign accent, which might come from using his tongue so little.

"Yes, monsieur, you can talk with me with perfect freedom. I rule here."

Surely this must be a princess, he thought, who held the destiny of France in her hand. He bowed and gravely approached her. She pointed to a stool near, and bade him be seated.

"I dare not, in your presence," he answered.

"You will grow weary standing. Be seated, I command."

The galley slave obeyed and continued twirling his cap in a nervous, embarrassed manner. For a short time, she gazed on the frank, open countenance of the young man, and then said:

"You look like a gentleman."

"Mademoiselle, I am not a thief," he answered.

"Why are you here?"

"I was brought here for trying to escape."

"Escape?"

"Yes, mademoiselle; I was a prisoner of war."

"Then you are no Frenchman?"

"I am not."

"How long had you been a prisoner of war?"

"Almost three years."

"And no one would ransom you? Had you no friends?"

"Yes, mademoiselle; I have friends rich and powerful, who would willingly ransom me; but, alas, they know not that I live."

"Why do you not write to them?"

"Who would bear my message? The wind, or the birds, mademoiselle? I have exhausted every means known to send some message home, but in vain. The savages and the French would not believe me when I said I had friends who would redeem me."

"You want to escape, monsieur?" she asked in a low voice.

"As does the captive bird."

"Whist, monsieur! I will see that no one eavesdrops." She rose and went to each door to assure herself that no one was listening. Coming back to where the trembling prisoner sat, she said in a low, earnest tone:

"Monsieur, you shall be free."

"Mademoiselle!" he cried, falling on his knees before her.

"Rise, monsieur. Not a word. Listen; can you bribe your keeper into letting you escape?"

"If I had the money."

"How much would it require?"

"A few hundred francs."

"Here are one thousand. Conceal the money about your person. In the seam of the great rock on which your chain gang worked, you will, three nights hence, find a suit of clothes suitable for a gentleman and five hundred francs more."

"Mademoiselle, you overwhelm me!"

"Nay, monsieur, say no more. I must be very brief, for this interview cannot last long."

"What more would the mademoiselle say?"

"When you have gained your liberty, you need not feel constrained to follow my wishes further."

"Mademoiselle, I swear that your wish shall be my pleasure, and whithersoever, or on whatsoever errand you send me, I will go most cheerfully."

"I live at Grand Pre, in Acadia, and—come there."

"I will."

"Your dialect is good enough for a Frenchman. When you come, assume a French name, and be a French gentleman, travelling for pleasure."

"I will."

"I can remain no longer. Adieu, until I see you at Grand Pre."

The galley slave rose, seized the hand of the fair Acadian and covered it with kisses; then she took her departure.

Four days later, number 39 was reported as having made his escape. Search was made for him; but, as he could not be found, it was supposed he had perished while attempting to swim the river.

CHAPTER III.

END OF QUEEN ANNE'S WAR.

When the British warrior queen,
  Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
  Counsel of her country gods,
Sage beneath the spreading oak
  Sat the druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke
  Full of rage and full of grief.

—COWPER.

ELMER STEVENS, returning from a cruise to Boston, learned that his brother George was among the missing at Deerfield. He wrote to his parents at Williamsburg, Virginia, and every effort was made to find the captive youth. As years rolled on, and the surviving captives of Rouville's foray returned, they brought tidings of the prisoner. He was last seen at Caughnawaga, near Montreal, and then came an uncertain report that he was dead. How such reports get started or become verified, it is difficult to tell; but the story was believed, especially as nothing was heard of the captive. At last Elmer gave up his brother for

dead, and continued to serve his country as a privateer on the sea.

Meanwhile, life on the frontier was one constant scene of horror. The New England colonies, on their northern boundary, suffered most. The story of the Williams family was repeated a score of times. Remote settlements were abandoned. The tillers of the soil gathered in palisaded villages and labored in the fields in groups, guarded by well-armed parties. In the methods of the French and Indians there was no semblance of civilized warfare, and their cruelty everywhere inspired good men with dread. With soul filled with horror and grief, the good Peter Schuyler, mayor of Albany, at last wrote to Vaudreuil, the French governor of Canada:

"I hold it to be my duty toward God and my neighbor to prevent, if possible, these barbarous and heathen cruelties. My heart swells with indignation when I think that a war between Christian princes, bound to the exactest laws of honor and generosity, which their noble ancestors have illustrated by brilliant examples, is degenerated into savage and boundless butchery. These are not the methods for terminating the war. Would that all the world thought with me on this subject."

Such protests were in vain. The French were both bigoted and ambitious and went to a degree

of cruelty almost equal to the savages. A few pious missionaries tried to instil ideas of humanity in the breasts of the savages; but their efforts were more than counterbalanced by the ambitious officers, eager to enrich themselves. They argued that all the domain to the Kennebec was their own, and the way to conquer the English was to inspire them with such dread and horror, that they would be compelled to submit to them. They argued, as an excuse for slaying the innocent, that the way to intimidate the father, was to strike at the wife and children.

The savages, unrestrained by their Christian allies, went on in their wild career of blood and plunder, until their deeds, even at this day, pain the historian. What adds most to the shame of the matter is that they seem to have been upheld and even encouraged by the power of Church and State.

Long New England suffered, hoping to receive some relief from home; but none came, and at length she resolved to make some aggressive movements on her own account.

In 1707, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Rhode Island resolved to carry war into the French domain on the east. Recruits were enlisted for the campaign, and, early in June of the above year, Colonel Marsh, with a thousand men, sailed

from Nantucket, under convoy of a British warship, to attempt the conquest of Acadia. The French at Port Royal were prepared for them, and the expedition was a failure.

In 1710, the New England colonies, still determined to punish an enemy which had waged such a cruel and barbarous warfare, fitted out, at the joint expense of the New England colonies and New York and New Jersey, another expedition, which sailed from Boston with a fleet from England under command of Colonel Nicholson. The fleet, consisting in all of thirty-six vessels, early in September anchored before Port Royal. A few cannon shots were exchanged, some troops were landed and began to invest the place, when, on the 13th of October, it was surrendered to the English, and the name of the town and fort changed from Port Royal to Annapolis, in honor of Queen Anne. Acadia was annexed to the realm of Great Britain, under the title of Nova Scotia or New Scotland. The British flag has waved perpetually over that fortress from that day to this.

Hastening to England with the good news, Nicholson urged the conquest of Canada. The people of the province of New York, though shielded from French and Indian invasions from Canada by the powerful Five Nations, which formed an impassable barrier to them, favored the

project, because they looked with concern upon the progress of French dominion in the west, its arms reaching from the great lakes on the north toward others extending from the gulf of Mexico on the south. The French, at this time claiming all the region in the valley of the Mississippi to the South Sea, named the country Louisiana in honor of their king, and began preparations for the establishment of a great empire there.

New York and New Jersey, as well as Pennsylvania and Maryland, were naturally alarmed by the encroachments of the French, and the New York legislature sent a memorial to the queen on the subject, by the hand of Colonel Schuyler, who was accompanied to England by sachems of the Five Nations, as representatives of the Iroquois confederacy.

In London, these "dusky kings," as they were called, drew great multitudes of wondering gazers. Though the Indian of North America had been a frequent visitor to the courts of Europe, the aborigine had not, nor has he even to this day, ceased to be a wonder to the civilized world. Multitudes followed the sachems wherever they went, and the print shops soon exhibited engravings of their portraits. They were awkward in English small-clothes of black and scarlet mantles trimmed with gold lace, in which they were clad,

preferring the scanty wardrobe of their forest homes. They were shown the glory of the kingdom and entertained at sumptuous banquets by the principal nobility of the realm. They witnessed armies in review and went aboard some of the great ships of the royal navy, and at the London theatres were entertained by the best productions of the stage. In the state carriage, drawn by six horses, they were conveyed to the court, and held an audience with the queen; and, before their departure, they addressed to her majesty and to the lords of the privy council, letters bearing their signatures in the form of rude pictures of the wolf, the bear and the tortoise—their respective totems or tribal arms—in which they promised perpetual friendship and alliance with the English, which covenant they confirmed by the presentation of belts of wampum, their tokens of fidelity. In company with Schuyler and Colonel Nicholson, they returned to America in the ship *Dragon* and arrived in Boston in 1711. They had seen evidences of the amazing strength, power and glory of Great Britain, which made a deep and abiding impression upon the embassadors and their countrymen, and they avowed their readiness to aid in the conquest of Canada.

The war was now assuming gigantic proportions. An expedition for the conquest of Canada was

planned by Henry St. John, afterward Lord Bolinbroke, the friend of Pope and Swift, the brilliant orator and conversationalist and the popular but unscrupulous secretary of war under Queen Anne. The preparations were on a grand scale, and the Canadians trembled at the powerful demonstration being made by the English.

Fifteen ships of war, forty transports and six store-ships were placed under the command of Admiral Sir Hovenden Walker, and, with marines and battalions of veteran soldiers, they sailed for America and arrived at Boston in June, 1711. The New England colonies promptly raised a provincial force, and the ships sailed for Quebec on the tenth of August, bearing about seven thousand troops. Among the Americans to enlist in this enterprise was Elmer Stevens, who had been raised to the rank of lieutenant. Elmer was a brave, dashing young man, who had honestly and fairly won the honors he claimed.

When the New England privateers waited on Admiral Walker and offered their services, the admiral said:

"Send one of your best sailors aboard my ship. I want to consult with him."

They chose Lieutenant Stevens.

"You will remain on my ship as pilot," said the admiral.

Elmer felt elated at the honor conferred on him and proceeded to give the admiral all the information necessary concerning the dangerous coast they were approaching, and warned him against the dread fogs which so often render navigation perilous.

While this formidable naval force was massing against Canada, other colonies had formed a provincial army for the capture of Montreal and the holding of the region of the upper St. Lawrence. These were under the command of Nicholson, who held a general's commission and marched from Albany on the Hudson, on the same day the fleet left Boston. They were four thousand in number and were chiefly furnished by New York and Connecticut. Six hundred of them were warriors of the Five Nations.

Reports of the movements were not long in reaching the ears of Governor Vaudreuil at Montreal, who immediately dispatched Jesuit missionaries and other agents to secure Indian allies, and then hastened to Quebec to prepare for the invaders. It was during his stay at Quebec, preparing for the defence of that city, that he received his visit from Monsieur De Vere and his daughter, as recorded in the preceding chapter. Every galley slave in the dominion and every able-bodied man, even women, worked on the forts.

As the reader will remember, galley slave number 39 at this time made his escape.

Two weeks had elapsed since that dark and awful night, and a man was wandering along the wild and rocky coast. He was alone. The sky above, the forest at his back, and the sea before him. The scene was one of desolation. The wild waves beat in ceaseless fury against the unresisting rocks of the coast. The traveller sat down near the beach and, removing his three-cornered hat, gazed out to sea.

"Not a sail in sight," he murmured. His clothes were faded and his features haggard. The pedestrian had for days fed on such berries and wild fruits as grew in the forest, or such animals and fowls as he was able to capture. His breakfast had been made from a nest of young birds. Occasionally he turned his eyes back toward the forest as if he feared he was being followed.

"Not a sail in sight."

He sighed as he repeated the sentence. The traveller did not know where he was. He gazed on the surrounding landscape, coast, sea and sky, without recognizing any familiar feature. There is no more desolate scene than an uninhabited rocky coast, with a sailless sea. The ceaseless and melancholy beating of waves against rocks and the

screams of the sea birds alone break the awful silence.

The traveller did not sit long on the stone, but rose and began a weary march to the north. The gulf was below, miles wide, so the idea of his crossing it was preposterous.

He travelled on and on for three hours over the rocky uneven coast and was still out of sight of the St. Lawrence River. Pausing, he turned about and gazed out to sea; but as far as his eyes could reach he saw only the waves. Soon he discovered, coming around some headlands, a sail, then another, another, and a dozen more were coming, and the solitary traveller in this wilderness asked himself:

"Are they English or French?"

The distance was too great for him to make out the colors; but they were drawing nearer, and he resolved to wait until he could see what flag they floated.

"They are going to enter the gulf, and, if English, are no doubt the armament expected to attack Quebec." He ran hurriedly back down the coast toward the approaching fleet.

"Those clouds of fog! It will be dangerous to attempt to enter the river now!" he cried.

He reached a point of land furthest out to sea, halting by the side of a stone in the shape of an

"THEY ARE GOING TO BETRAY MY COUNTRYMEN! HOW CAN I PREVENT THEM?"

obelisk. While standing here, he was startled by hearing voices not far from him. The traveller evidently did not want to be seen, for he immediately got out of sight of the new-comers, who proved to be three French *voyageurs*.

As they came toward the beach, their voices fell on the ears of the man listening and waiting behind the stone.

"Zounds! it is the English fleet bearing down into the gulf," said one.

"There can be little doubt that their designs are against Quebec."

"By the mass! they will be formidable, too."

"They must never reach the town."

"No; for then Canada will fall."

"We have been sent to keep them away, and, if we but get aboard, we will pilot them so that they can never reach Quebec."

The man behind the stone shaft kept himself well concealed; but all the while he watched the three *voyageurs*.

"Where is our sloop?" one asked.

They looked far up the coast, and the traveller, following the direction of their eyes, saw a small sail-vessel coming down the coast, keeping close in to shore.

"They are going to betray my countrymen," he thought. "How am I to prevent them?"

He was alone and unarmed and weakened by long privation and hardship. He had not had a good, wholesome meal for years, and his frame was considerably emaciated, though he was a young man in the prime of his life. This stranger was No. 39, who escaped from the galleys at Quebec. He watched the sloop bear down to the spot where the three French pilots stood ready to sail to the English fleet to mislead them.

"God in heaven give me strength and show me the way to thwart their designs," he mentally groaned.

It had been years since he had seen his native country, and, now that a hope of being again on board an English craft was roused in his breast, that hope was to be blighted by the treachery of his enemies.

"But no; surely the commandant of the English fleet will not believe them. They are Frenchmen. They are enemies."

Breathless and panting with eagerness and anxiety, he leaned against the large shaft of stone and watched the sloop gliding swiftly to the point of rocks where the three Frenchmen stood.

"Tack ship, or you will crush in your larboard bow!" cried one of the pilots.

The sails were laid aback, the little sloop tacked, whirled gracefully past the point of rocks, and

then, coming around once more, gracefully lay along the stone on which the three pilots stood.

"Well done, Edmund!" cried one of the pilots to the man at the helm.

"Where are you going?" asked the helmsman.

"To the British fleet."

"What! We will be hanged at their yard arms!"

"We will pretend we are deserters and pilots."

"I don't believe it will save you."

"It must save us, or Quebec is lost."

The unfortunate Englishman fully comprehended their design, and all the patriotism in his noble soul was roused, so that, weak, alone and unarmed as he was, he resolved to prevent them.

Just as the three pilots stepped into the sloop, he ran toward it shouting wildly:

"You shall not! You shall not!" and he seized the gunwale of the little vessel.

"Whom have we here?" asked one of the pilots.

"By the mass! it is some mad fellow, who has broken his chains," cried another, striking the unfortunate Englishman a blow, which knocked him to the ground.

The sloop shoved off at this moment and again spread her sails to catch the breeze. The three pilots ran into the narrow cabin and procured some muskets, with which they returned once

more to the deck. The sloop was now fully a hundred paces from the shore.

"You did not slay him, Jacquez," remarked one.

"No; it seems my blow only stunned the rascal."

"Who is he?"

"Merely some crack-brained fool, who seeks to meddle with our affairs."

"See, he rises."

"In truth, he does."

The stunned Englishman was by this time on his feet and, shaking his fist at the receding boat, and uttering some vociferous threats against its occupants.

"The fool deserves a bullet; let us give it him."

The muskets were levelled, and he who seemed leader of the pilots cried:

"Fire!"

Stunning reports shook the air, and when the smoke had cleared away, No. 39 was lying on the great stone so still and motionless, that the pilots pronounced him dead. Without experiencing the least remorse at the deed, they continued their course toward the British fleet.

When the fleet of Admiral Walker arrived at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, they loitered by

the way, the admiral absolutely refusing the advice of Lieutenant Stevens and other New England sailors, whose opinions were invaluable to him.

"I must have a native pilot," the admiral declared. "We dare not risk ourselves in French waters without a French pilot."

"But, Sir Hovenden, do you reflect that a French pilot might lead us astray?" Lieutenant Stevens ventured to remark.

"Prythee, who commands this fleet?" cried the haughty admiral.

The young lieutenant bowed in mute submission and apologized for his suggestion, stating that he made it for the good of the fleet and the admiral.

"When I want your suggestions, I will ask for them," the pompous admiral declared.

Then, pacing the quarter-deck, he swore at the presumption of the American colonists.

"Why! if her majesty the queen of England were to come to America, these impudent fellows would seek to advise her."

In his anger, his wig became awry, his cocked hat was set on one side of his head, and the admiral cut a ridiculous figure. "I will send that fellow from my ship! I will have no dictating here!" he declared.

At this moment, one of the midshipmen came

up and, saluting the admiral, stated that he bore a message. The message was to the effect that a strange sloop was approaching the fleet.

"Zounds! rather odd!" growled the admiral. "Perchance it may be French pilots."

"What orders will you give, admiral?" asked the midshipman.

"Tell them to let the sloop come alongside, and we will see who they are."

The sloop approached the fleet under easy sail, and it was found that it had but five men aboard, all of whom were Frenchmen, though they spoke English.

"Bring them aboard my ship," the admiral commanded.

It was dark when the five Frenchmen were brought aboard the flag-ship of Admiral Walker. He at once proceeded to interrogate them about the gulf and river of St. Lawrence. They answered his questions in a way that was satisfactory to the foolish admiral, but which was anything but satisfactory to the young lieutenant, who was listening. They told a plausible story about deserting their countrymen on account of the cruelty of some officers, and of having determined to come over to the enemy.

This story was corroborated by some of the sailors, who had seen the smoke of guns from the

shore as the sloop sailed from it, and which the cunning Frenchmen averred had been fired at them.

Admiral Walker was fully satisfied now that the pilots were all right, and he resolved to trust them. He told them to stay aboard his vessel and give directions in regard to sailing the fleet.

"Admiral Walker, I beg pardon for this interference," said Lieutenant Stevens. "Be assured that it is my love for my country that prompts me to do what to you may be unseemly in a provincial officer. I must speak. These men whom you trust are spies. I know something of the coast, have listened to their directions, and know if followed they will drive you right on the rocks and sink the fleet."

The admiral gazed on the impudent young American who had dared express an opinion contrary to his own. His eyes flashed fire; the backbone of his sharp nose seemed to grow higher and higher, while his lips parted in rage, and his breath came in sharp, quick gasps. The storm burst in all its fury on the head of the young provincial. How dared he, an American by birth, and only a provincial, instruct an English nobleman in the art of war? His acts were presumptuous, and he would not listen to him longer. He ordered him to be gone and thank fortune that he did not have him whipped with the cat-o-nine-tails.

Quite crestfallen, the young lieutenant turned away and, with a sigh, retired aft. He uttered no complaint; but in his heart he thought:

"What stupendous folly this is! The admiral is mad and will ruin the fleet."

Haughtily rejecting the advice of all the New England pilots, the admiral listened to the Frenchmen, who had an interest in misleading him. His fleet was soon after driving on the shore. On the night of the 2d of September, just as he was going to bed, the captain of the vessel came down to the admiral's cabin and said:

"Land is in sight. We are in great danger."

"I don't believe you," the haughty admiral declared, and, coolly undressing, he went to bed.

The officer, disgusted, turned away, declaring that the admiral was mad. A few moments later, Lieutenant Elmer Stevens rushed down exclaiming:

"For the Lord's sake, come on deck, or we shall be lost! I see the breakers all around us."

"You silly Americans are frightened at shadows," declared the admiral, leisurely putting on his gown and slippers. "We English officers are not to be frightened at trifles." He ascended to the deck, where he at once saw the imminent peril to all the fleet and crew. His orders to save the fleet came too late. The vessels were driven on

the rock-bound shore and eight of them lost, and with them perished on that night almost a thousand men.

In the midst of the utmost confusion which prevailed, the cry went upon the night air:

"We are betrayed! The Frenchmen have betrayed us!"

"Where are they?"

Search was made; but the five *voyageurs* were too shrewd to be caught. They had embarked in a boat and pulled away in the dense fog. The admiral fired a pistol in the direction they had gone, and some of the marines discharged their guns into the fog and darkness, but without effect, and the Frenchmen were soon beyond reach of their shots.

The ship of the admiral was saved from the rocks; but not a hundred cables away could be heard the cries of poor wretches whose vessel had gone down on the hidden reefs.

"Man the boats and go to their rescue," cried the admiral.

Lieutenant Stevens was one of the first to descend to a boat. Seizing the helm, with six stout oarsmen he glided away toward the cries. One poor drowning wretch was picked up, and then there came rolling down upon them one of those terrible, dense Newfoundland fogs, which

seem to benumb the body and bewilder the brain. The sailors paused, leaning on their oars, and Elmer, who steered the boat, knew not which way to guide the prow. All about could be heard the wild angry roar of waters.

"God save us, shipmates, or we will be lost!" one poor fellow groaned.

It seemed as if they were being drawn right into a maelstrom, and that escape was impossible.

To turn from one wild roaring cataract was only to face another. Death and pitch darkness surrounded them on every side. So dark and so dense was the fog, that the men could not see each other, though but two or three feet away.

Lieutenant Stevens, in this strait, remained silent for a moment, listening to the roar all about them. To return to the ships was as impossible as to go any other direction, for nothing could be seen. Suddenly he cried:

"Starboard all!"

The sailors, who awaited for some order, responded, and in a twinkling the boat shot through a channel with breakers dashing so close on either side, that they felt the cold spray on their faces. Once through this dangerous passage, they were in smoother water, and pulled for some distance in the pitch darkness. At last, the lieutenant ordered them to desist, and again all rested on

their oars and listened. Like a raging storm on their larboard and in their wake, came the dashing of angry waters until they were almost deafened.

"Whither shall we go, lieutenant?" asked one trembling oarsman.

"That, I do not know."

After a few moments, he ordered the men to pull forward, though some declared it was taking them beyond reach of the vessels. At last a land breeze sweeping over the water, partially lifted the dense fog, and one of the oarsmen cried:

"A light! a light!"

"Where away?" asked the officer.

"On our starboard."

Dimly shining through the remaining fog, which had grown less dense, was a dull red light. At first they were at a loss to make out what it was. Some thought it a ship's lantern; but the young officer declared it was too bright to be a lantern, and insisted that it came from the shore.

"Perchance it is the moon rising from the sea," suggested one of the sailors.

But the lieutenant insisted that the light was not in the east. Darkness and shadows breed superstition, and the sailors were ready to declare that the light was from some sea wraith or monster, luring them on to ruin; but Elmer kept the

head of the boat pointed toward it, and they glided rapidly on.

"I see an object passing before it," cried the lieutenant, who was watching the light.

"What is it like, Mr. Stevens?" asked one of the men at the oar.

"I cannot say, only that it is an opaque body moving about the fire, and I frequently see it obscuring the light. It seems to be a person or persons heaping fuel on a fire."

He came to this conclusion from the great flashing blazes which shot up into the sky, as if the flames were being fed with fresh fuel. As they bore nearer, doubts gave way to certainty. A man had kindled a fire as a beacon light on the shore, and no doubt with the intention to guide them to land. Was he a friend or a foe? The chances were that the builder of the beacon fire was the former and they steadily but cautiously pulled to shore. It was a rocky, dangerous shore, and the tall man came down to the water's edge to caution them. He stood on the stones near the water, holding a firebrand in each hand, directing them where to land, and in a few moments all were safely on shore.

"I feared you would be wrecked," he said, "and so I built a fire."

"Do you live here?" asked Lieutenant Stevens.

"No; I am a wanderer——"

"But what ails you? your head is covered with blood."

"I was wounded to-day. It is but slight," the stranger answered. "Come to my fire; it is all I have to offer you, for food and shelter I have not known for a long time."

The stranger's voice was hoarse and unnatural from colds and long suffering. His face was partially concealed by the ragged neckcloth with which his wound was bound. The sailors gathered about the fire and regarded their host with some degree of suspicion.

"Zounds! he is an odd one," the lieutenant declared. "I cannot make him out."

Though he offered to stand guard while they slept, they would not trust him, and one of their own number remained awake all night. The stranger who had kindled the beacon light sat apart from the others most of the time in silence, holding his wounded face, which still bled, in his hands. He occasionally gazed strangely at the officer, and several times seemed on the point of asking him some question, but did not do so.

When morning came, the remnant of the fleet could be seen several miles out in the bay. The fog rolled away and revealed the wretched condition of the English ships. The Lieutenant and

his men determined to go to them. The stranger of the beacon light borrowed a gun and some ammunition at daybreak to go out into the forest for game. He had not returned, and they decided not to wait on him, so, when their benefactor returned with a fat buck on his shoulder, they were a mile away pulling toward the fleet.

"Gone! deserted again!" the wanderer groaned, and, sinking down upon the ground, he wept.

For a few days after the disaster, the fleet of Sir Hovenden Walker continued to linger about the mouth of the St. Lawrence. Then a council of war was held, and it was concluded best to abandon the expedition. The disheartened admiral returned to England with his ships, while the provincial troops were sent to Boston. Hearing of the calamity and the result, Nicholson unwillingly returned with his land force to Albany and left Montreal unmolested. Walker, after falsely charging the disaster to the incompetency of Elmer Stevens and other New England pilots, claimed credit for himself in retreating. In his correspondence with Bolingbroke, he, among other things, stated:

"Had we arrived safe at Quebec, ten or twelve thousand men must have been left to perish of cold and hunger. By the loss of a part, Providence saved all the rest."

The admiral was very much disappointed in not receiving the public honors which he thought due him for assisting Providence.

Preparations were being made by New England and other American colonies to take matters in their own hand, when in the spring of 1713, the war was ended by a treaty concluded at Utrecht, by which England obtained the privilege of being the chief trader of the world in African slaves, and received large accessions of territory from France. The eastern Indians, wearied with the war, sent delegates to Boston to sue for peace; and at Portsmouth the governors of Massachusetts and New Hampshire made a solemn treaty of amity with the chiefs of those tribes, on the 24th day of July, 1713.

Elmer Stevens had given up his brother for dead, as it was now almost ten years since he had heard of him. At the close of the war he abandoned a seafaring life, married a Boston girl and returned to Virginia to assist his father in managing his large plantation.

CHAPTER IV.

ADELE AND THE STRANGER.

O, faithful love, thy poverty embraced!
Thy heart is fire, amid a wintry waste;
Thy joys are roses, born on Hecla's brow;
Thy home is eden warm amid the snow:
And she, thy mate, when coldest blows the storm,
Clings then most fondly to thy guardian form.

—Elliott.

Though Acadia, by the capture of Port Royal, in 1710, became an English province, it was not, according to the strictest sense of the term, conquered. The Acadians at Grand Pre and other places preserved their language, religion and manners. They offered no physical resistance, yet they refused that obedience of the spirit, which English conquest demands.

At Grand Pre lived Monsieur De Vere hoping day by day that his countrymen would rally to the rescue of his beloved peninsula, and free them from the dominion of the hated English. He had returned shortly after the escape of the prisoner from Quebec; but so busily was he engaged with

the French governor in urging him to take some immediate measures to drive the English from Port Royal, that he never learned of the escape of galley slave No. 39, or, if he did, it was but a passing thought and gone in a moment.

Scarcely was the Monsieur returned to his beautiful home at Grand Pre, when he heard of the preparations of the English to assault Quebec. He waited in breathless suspense as it were, until he learned of the disaster to Walker's fleet and the return of Nicholson.

Crossing himself, the good Catholic exclaimed:

"May the saints be praised! The cross triumphs over the infidel, and the true church will be established in the New World despite the enemies of God."

One day, he chanced, by the merest accident, to recall to mind his daughter's strange but persistent request to see galley slave No. 39, and wondered what had been the result of the interview. He did not remember that his daughter had ever mentioned the result to him.

"I will ask her," he thought. Consequently he summoned his daughter. Adele came, and when her father asked about her interview with the galley slave, a faint flush suffused her cheek, and her great, dark eyes dropped to the floor.

"Why did you wish to see him, Adele?"

"He was so young, father, and looked so innocent, I wanted to know his story."

"And did you learn it?"

"I did."

"He was a vagabond, I trow."

"No, father."

"A common thief?"

"No."

"You deny it, Adele. Pray, how do you know? Why do you speak with such great assurance?"

"He told me."

"By the mass! do you think his word worth considering?"

"I do."

"My daughter, you are young and too apt to be moved by sentiment."

"Not in this instance, father."

"Is he a Frenchman?"

"No."

"What! an Englishman?"

"An American, born in Virginia."

"It is all the same."

"He has powerful relatives who would ransom him, had they known he was in prison."

"Is he not in prison yet?"

"No."

"How know you?"

"No. 39 escaped before we left Quebec."

The father fixed his eyes on his daughter, as if he would read her thoughts. She avoided his earnest gaze, and there came to him a faint suspicion that his daughter might have had considerable to do with the escape of No. 39; but Monsieur De Vere loved his child to a weakness. Had she been other than a girl of excellent common sense, she would certainly have been spoiled, for her father was foolishly indulgent.

If his daughter—his only child had a whim to set at liberty a prisoner, he would not condemn her for it. It was her kindness of heart which prompted her to do the deed.

After a long silence, he asked:

"My child, was he not a thief?"

"No."

And Adele answered the question with as much indignation as she could assume with her dear father.

"How do you know?"

"He was a prisoner of war," she answered, "captured by the combined forces of Indians and French, from some New England frontier town and brought to Canada, and then, because he and some others took a boat and tried to effect their escape, they were sent to the galleys."

"Was it not stealing?" asked the father.

For a moment the pretty girl was silent, and then she asked:

"Father, if you were an English prisoner, would you not escape if you could?"

After a few moments' silence, the father admitted:

"I would. I deem it the proper thing for every Frenchman to escape our common enemy, the English, and render what service he can to his country."

"Will you not give equal privilege to the English?"

"But they have departed from the true faith."

"They think they are right and you wrong. Give to them the same freedom of thought you would ask for yourself."

"By the mass! Adele, you plead their cause well."

"No, father; I plead the cause of both. I am a Catholic; but I do believe it is more a matter of contention for lands and supremacy in the New World than religion which brought about this war."

The father found himself unable to cope with his daughter and consequently changed the subject.

Days wore on; weeks passed, and nothing was heard of No. 39. Perhaps, after all, he had only

escaped prison to meet with death in some terrible form, she thought. Then she shuddered as she recalled the many dangers he would have to undergo in the wilderness to escape from Canada. Often, as she stood by the gate in front of her father's house, her young mind dwelt on the stranger, and at such times she found herself humming the song of the *voyageur:*

"*L'amour me réveille.*"

The weeks and months wore on into years, and peace had been declared. It was a happy restoration and the French in Acadia, though still under the English yoke, found it mild. Their religion was tolerated, and sometimes even patriotic French songs were sung.

One fine summer day, Adele astonished her father by the assertion that she was going to visit Port Royal. What had put that strange whim into her head?

The father tried to dissuade her; but Adele was resolved. She went by land through a wilderness, attended only by some faithful servants and a half-blood guide. Adele hoped to gain some information of the man whose freedom she had procured.

"He is an Englishman, and he will go to an English settlement," she thought.

To a person who has witnessed all the changes

which have taken place in the western country since its first settlement, its former appearance is like a dream, or romance. He will find it difficult to realize the features of that wilderness which was the abode of his infant days. The little cabin of his father no longer exists. The little field and truck patch, which gave him a scanty supply of coarse bread and vegetables, have been swallowed up in the extended meadow, orchard or grain field. The rude fort in which his people had resided so many painful summers has vanished, and, "like the baseless fabric of a vision, left not a wreck behind."

A prominent feature of the wilderness through which Adele and her little retinue made their way was solitude. Those who plunged into the bosom of this forest left behind them not only the busy hum of men, but domesticated animal life generally. The parting rays of the setting sun did not receive the requiem of the feathered songsters of the grove, nor was the blushing aurora ushered in by the shrill clarion of the chanticleer. The solitude of the night was broken only by the howl of the wolf, the melancholy moan of the ill-boding owl, or the terrible shriek of the panther. Even the faithful dog, the only steadfast companion of man among the brute creation, partook of the silence of the desert. The discipline of his master

forbade him to bark, or move, but in obedience to his command, and his native sagacity soon taught him the propriety of obedience to this severe government. The day was, if possible, more solitary than the night. The gobble of the wild turkey, the croaking of the raven, or the woodpecker, tapping on some hollow tree, did not do much to enliven the dreary scene. The various tribes of singing birds are not inhabitants of the wilderness. Not being carnivorous, they must be fed by the labors of man. At any rate, they have never existed far from human habitations, and have always followed up civilization. Dense, dark and dreary was the immense expanse of forest which Adele and her faithful servants were compelled to traverse.

At last, Port Royal, or Annapolis, was reached, and the mademoiselle remained there several days, forming the acquaintance of many of the English people and making many strange inquiries that puzzled wise heads.

Her long, tiresome mission was ended, and a fruitless one it proved. She was compelled to return home heavy-hearted.

"He is dead," she sighed. "Did he live, he would have kept his word with me. He would have come to Grand Pre."

Nothing could shake her unbounded faith in the man whom she had rescued from slavery.

It was when the heats of noon died gradually away from the earth, that Adele and her small retinue set out on their return homeward. De Bray, the *Coureur des Bois*, declared that they would have a storm.

Their road lay among murmuring pines and hemlock, grown old and moss-covered, through dark aisles, of which the wood contained many. With her waiting-maid at her side, De Bray in front and the others bringing up the rear, the mademoiselle continued her journey.

The day waxed and waned, and still the little cavalcade was far from the home of the mistress. The sun was setting in the old Acadian forest. The few shafts of sunlight that had pierced their pillared gloom from out the billowy clouds were lost in fathomless depths, or splintered their ineffectual lances on the trunks of the tall pine trees. For a time, the sombre gray of fallen branches, which matted the echoless aisles, still seemed to hold a faint glow of the dying day; but this soon passed, as light and color fled upward. The dark, interlaced tree-tops, that had all day made an impenetrable shade, broke into fire here and there; their dead and barren top branches glittered, faded and went utterly out. A weird twilight, that seemed born of the wood itself, slowly filled up and possessed the aisles. The straight, tall trunks

of the pines and hemlocks rose to such prodigious heights, that they were lost in the gathering gloom overhead, while occasionally a fallen branch stretched its huge length into obscurity. A strange breath filled these mysterious vaults. Mingled with the sweet-scented cedar was the damp odor of decaying wood. The fallen monarchs were the dead of by-gone ages, and those dark vaults, their trunks, while the silence was a solitude of a forgotten past.

Only the trampling of horses' feet on the ground disturbed the silence, save when the rumbling of distant thunder along the western horizon fell on their ears. The *Coureur des Bois* cast uneasy glances about him, and when an opening appeared in the forest, which was very seldom, he turned his gaze toward the west, now shrouded in the gloom of approaching night and storm. De Bray was a brave man and, for himself, little heeded the storm which threatened to burst on them; but when he considered his delicate charge, unaccustomed to a tempest in the forest, he could not repress a shudder.

Lost in a painful revery, Adele jogged along on her horse through the forest path, all unconscious of the dangers of a storm in the wilderness. She had never heard the crashing thunders reverberating in those gloomy old woods. She had

never seen a monarch splintered by the lightning's wrath, or heard the howling tempest tearing up monsters by their roots. The mind of the maid was on that face seen in chains and dungeons, and she asked herself again and again:

"Is he dead, or does he live?"

The storm which the *Coureur des Bois* had predicted was beginning to creep visibly over them. At first, a low and distant thunder gave warning of the approaching conflict of the elements; and then rapidly rushed above them the dark ranks of clouds. The suddenness of the storm had something almost preternatural about it.

Adele was startled from her painful revery, as a few large drops broke heavily among the boughs that overhung the path, and then, swift and intolerably bright, the forked lightning darted across their very eyes and was swallowed up by the increasing darkness.

"Swifter, good De Bray!" cried Adele to the *Coureur des Bois*. "The tempest is coming on rapidly."

The guide urged his hardy little horse to a swifter pace along the forest path. The clouds thickened; nearer and more near broke the thunder, while in the distance could be heard the dashing rain and roaring wind.

"Is the Mademoiselle afraid?" asked the guide.

"No. How far are we from home?"

"A league and a half, at least," he answered.

"Darkness will soon overtake us."

"Verily, it will."

"How will we see?"

"We shall light a pine knot."

He did not have long to search among those woods before he found a knot, and with his tinder box he quickly lighted the torch; but the rain was falling in torrents, and no torch would long burn. In a few moments the torch was snuffed out by the gust of wind. A slave threw a cloak about the mademoiselle, to keep her from the rain. It was pitch dark and to follow the road to Grand Pre was utterly impossible. In this dilemma, what was to be done? They were yet some distance from the house, and no aid seemed near.

"There is," said the *Coureur des Bois*, "a hunter's cabin about a mile off. It has been long deserted; but I could find it, I am quite sure. I can bring you there, where you might have shelter until the storm has passed."

"Take us there as soon as you can," said the mademoiselle.

The cavalcade started along the narrow path through the woods, but were compelled to grope their way.

The storm, as great storms usually do, lingered

in the distance, rumbling, roaring and threatening, as if to give every one an opportunity to escape its wrath. Already it had grown so dark that even the experienced eyes of the *Coureur des Bois* could not see the path through the wood, save when one of those vivid flashes of lightning painted the glare of perdition on the sky, the reflection of which gave to the forest a momentary brilliance greater than the noonday's sun.

De Bray continued to urge his jaded steed forward at a trot, and the others followed. The storm was coming on in their rear, and once more a volley of rain-drops fell among the leaves.

This was but the skirmish line of the storm. The heavy battle lines were not far in their rear. Just as the storm seemed gathering in all its fury in their rear, the guide uttered a shout, and a light suddenly burst on their view. It was not three hundred paces away, and De Bray cried:

"Some one is stopping at the old hut! Come on!"

Their horses, seeming to have regained new life, bounded forward at a gallop toward the light.

At this moment there came a tremendous crash overhead, and a hemlock, not thirty paces on the left of Adele, was shivered to splinters from its topmost branches to its roots. Her horse, stunned by the shock, for a moment quivered and sank

beneath her. She was powerless to urge the animal forward; but one of the servants struck the beast a sharp blow with his whip, which made it bound forward.

Adele was bewildered, hardly conscious of whither she was going, while crash after crash overhead and all about them made the earth tremble. Heaven's artillery had begun to play in earnest, and the giants of the forest were falling on every side.

She heard voices calling to her, but could not answer. Her horse, mad with fright, leaped into the clearing, and was bounding past the hunter's cabin to the wood beyond, with the speed of the wind, when a tall man leaped suddenly from the door and at half a dozen bounds was at the side of the flying steed. The angry lightning, playing in spiral whirls about them, revealed the handsome features of a young man, dressed in garments once genteel, but now worn and shabby. His hand of iron seized the steed and hurled it to its haunches, while angry flames of electric fire flashed all about them, seeming to set the world ablaze.

She was partially conscious of falling, then of some one catching her in his arms, and of being carried tenderly into some sort of shelter, and all was a blank.

When she recovered consciousness, a pine knot,

stuck into the dark wall of a log hut, gave forth some light, and a great deal of smoke. Overhead could be heard the roar of the storm, the crash of thunders and the falling rain; but who was that man bending over her? Surely she was dreaming still, and on the wings of the tempest she seemed to hear the soft refrain:

"*L'amour me réveille.*"

It was no dream, for a voice, which was of more substantial stuff than dreams, asked:

"Mademoiselle, are you better?"

"What has happened, Monsieur?" she asked, starting up, to find herself on a pile of skins and furs.

"Nothing, save that you were caught in a storm."

She recalled all in a moment and, gazing about her, discovered her servants standing in a group near a broad fireplace in which blazed a few pine sticks.

"Do not be alarmed, Mademoiselle," said the young man. "You are out of danger; the storm will soon be over, and then you can resume your journey home."

"Do you live here, Monsieur?"

"I am only a temporary sojourner at this hut, Mademoiselle."

"Are you a hunter?"

"Not by profession."

She was now able to sit up on the bed of skins.

"Is Mademoiselle better?" he asked.

"Thank you, yes," she answered.

When she sat up, the light from the torch fell on the face of her preserver, and she started back, clasping her hand over her heart and murmuring:

"It is he!"

"Is Mademoiselle ill?"

"No, Monsieur."

She could say no more for several minutes, and then she asked in a feeble voice:

"Have you been here long?"

"Only since yesterday."

"Whence came you?"

"From along the borders of the St. Lawrence."

She was silent; but her eyes drooped for a few moments, and then, fixing them on his face, she noted how pale and care-worn it was.

"Have you been ill?"

"I have, Mademoiselle."

"Where were you?"

"In the forest."

"And your nurse?"

"I had no physician, or nurse, save the Indians."

"You have suffered?"

"I am a man, Mademoiselle, and I do not murmur."

Then they sat in silence, while the storm began to abate. When the rain almost ceased to fall, she gazed on the face of the pale man at her side, and asked:

"What is your name, Monsieur?"

"Pierre De Barre," he answered in low, solemn tone.

"Where were you going?"

"To Grand Pre."

"Why?"

"To fulfill a promise given one to whom I am indebted for life and liberty."

Adele silently gazed into the fire which flamed and sparkled from the pine logs. The fury of the storm was over, and the clouds were flying over the ocean, from whence they originally came, while the moon, like a bashful girl, was peeping out from a rift in the sable cloak of the storm. De Bray came timidly forward and, bowing, said:

"Mademoiselle, the storm is gone. Will you resume your journey home?"

"Is it safe?" she asked, glancing up at her rescuer.

The *Coureur des Bois*, supposing that she was addressing him, quickly answered:

"Mademoiselle can go in safety."

"But the forest is dripping wet," suggested Monsieur De Barre.

"It will dry soon."

Adele longed to be one moment alone with her rescuer, and sent the guide and slaves to look after the horses. Then she ordered the negress and her maid from the room on some pretext. When they were alone, she turned to him and said:

"Monsieur—No. 39—don't you know me?"

"My deliverer!"

"Had you forgotten me?"

"Not an hour, since the day you gave me the means of procuring my liberty," he answered.

"And are you coming to Grand Pre?"

"If I live."

"It is but a short distance, and I want to introduce you to father. He will not allow one who rescued his daughter from a terrible death to go unrewarded."

"Mademoiselle, if I could die for you a thousand times, I could not repay you for rescuing me from a living death."

"Hush, Monsieur; no one must ever know of that."

"If you wish it, I will never mention it."

"I wish it, Monsieur De Barre. When you come to Grand Pre, let this night be our first meeting."

"As the Mademoiselle wishes, so it shall be."

"Such is my wish, Monsieur."

"One thing the Mademoiselle must know."

"What is it, Monsieur?"

"My name is not Pierre De Barre."

"I suspected as much; but that name will do. Don't think of any other. The servants are coming, and we must talk no more. Remember, 39 is never to be mentioned again by either of us."

"I will remember, Mademoiselle."

The *Coureur des Bois* at this moment appeared and stated that everything was in readiness. The maid came and put the cloak upon Adele's fair shoulders. Monsieur De Barre found some dry furs to line her saddle, and in a few moments she was on her way to Grand Pre, happier than she had been at any time since she began the journey. The object of her mission was accomplished.

Her father was wild with grief and anxiety, and they met a party of people he had sent for them. When his beloved child was restored to him, safe and unharmed, he laughed and wept for joy. Then the artful Adele told him of her adventure in the forest, and how a brave gentleman, Monsieur De Barre, had saved her life.

"I must see the fellow," cried the happy father. "By the mass! I must see him and reward him for his gallantry."

"He is no common *Coureur des Bois* or *voyageur*,

father, but a gentleman," said the artful and enthusiastic maiden.

"I know it. I know it; by St. Peter! it is romantic. Is he young?"

"Yes."

"And handsome?"

"Handsome as Apollo, father."

"And brave?"

"As a lion."

"I declare, but one result can follow such an adventure. I will lose my child," and then the old Frenchman looked so sad, that his daughter put her arms about his neck, kissed him and assured him that whatever might happen she would never leave his roof.

"Then, by the mass! you shall wed this handsome stranger, if you wish it."

Adele blushed; but for hours she sat enraptured at her father's side, sounding the praises of Monsieur De Barre.

CHAPTER V.

THE SOUTH-LAND.

What heroes from the woodland sprung
When, through the awakened land
The thrilling cry of freedom rung,
And to the work of warfare strung
The yeoman's iron hand!''

—BRYANT.

UNITED by common language and nationality, as well as common interests, the English colonies from an early existence were in sympathy with each other. This sympathy increased as did their interests, until to be an English-American was to insure friendship from Maine to the southern borders of South Carolinia. In the southern colonies the advance was noted, as well as at the north and east. They had their struggles, their cares and anxieties.

The Carolinias were not alone peopled by emigrants from Europe, for Massachusetts, Connecticut and even Virginia furnished their proportion.

Under the teachings and examples of the noble Archdale, both of the Carolinias began their career

of permanent prosperity. Although politically united, each acted independently of the other from the close of the seventeenth century; and both made a steady advance in population and wealth and in all the arts of refined society.

The settlers of North Carolinia turned their attention to the richer lands back from the sea; and hunters trapped the beaver and otter in the waters far in the interior along the streams and among the hills. Before the advance of civilization, the Indians had begun to fade like a romantic but terrible dream. The powerful Hatteras tribe, which, at the time of Lane's expedition, numbered about three thousand, in the year 1700 could muster but fifteen warriors, while another tribe on the Chowan had entirely disappeared. The remainder of the savages in that region had been defrauded of their lands and driven back into the deep forests, where they and their brethren perished, by the vices and diseases of the white man. No wonder the North American Indians saw, even thus early, that they were doomed to pass away before the powerful white race. Powhatan, the emperor of Virginia, had said:

"They only want a little land; they will do us no harm."* He did not understand the whites. He lived to know that he had made a grievous

*See "Pocahontas, a Story of Virginia," page 83.

mistake, for the Indians had fed an insect which in time had become a devouring dragon.

In 1704, the freedom of the North Carolinians —"every one of whom," it was said, "did what was right in his own eyes, paying tribute to neither God nor Cæsar"—was disturbed by an attempt to establish there the ecclesiastical dominion of the Church of England. The Carolinians at this time were almost utter strangers to any sort of public worship. They had among them Presbyterians, Independents, Lutherans and Quakers, men who drew their politics, their faith, and their law from the light of nature. According to the royalists, the majority "were Quakers, atheists, deists and other evil-disposed persons." It was among such people that the pious zeal or bigotry of the proprietaries selected Robert Daniel as deputy governor, a fit instrument to rule the colonies and establish the Church of England. The legislature chosen without reference to this end, after much opposition, acceded to the design, and further enacted that no one, who would not take the oath prescribed by law, should hold a place of trust in the colony. Thus did North Carolinia first gain experience of disfranchisement for opinion's sake, and first heard of glebes and a clergy, while churches were ordered erected at the public cost; but the people had too long drunk at the fountain

of freedom to yield. The laws could not be enforced. Six years afterward, "there was but one clergyman in the whole country." The Quakers, led by their faith, were foremost in their opposition. They were "not only the principal fomenters of the distractions in Carolinia; but the governor of the Old Dominion complained that they made it their business to instil like pernicious notions into the minds of his majesty's subjects in Virginia, and to justify the mad actions of the rabble by arguments destructive to all government."

When there occurred a vacancy in the office of governor, in 1705, anarchy prevailed. The northern colony had usually been governed by a deputy, appointed by the governor of South Carolinia, and Thomas Cary was commissioned as such deputy in the usual form. The proprietaries disapproved the appointment, and gave leave to the little oligarchy of their own deputies to elect a chief magistrate. They selected one William Glover; and the colony was forthwith rent with divisions. On the one side were churchmen and royalists, the immediate friends of the proprietaries; on the other, according to their statement, "a rabble of profligate persons," meaning Quakers and other dissenters, and that majority of the people which was unconsciously swayed by democratic instincts. Each

party had its governor, and each elected its house of representatives. Both were failures. One wanted a legal sanction, and the other popular favor. It had been the common practice for North Carolinia to resist and imprison her governor, until, according to writers of the day, they came "to look upon that as lawful which had been so long tolerated," and the party of the proprietaries was easily "trodden under foot." The Quakers were a numerous people there and, having been fatally trusted with a large share in the administration of that government, were resolved to maintain themselves therein.

In the hope of restoring peace and order where only confusion and anarchy had reigned, Edward Hyde was dispatched to govern the province; but he was to receive his commission as deputy from Tynte, the governor of the southern division, and, as Tynte had already fallen a victim to the climate, Hyde had no authority to act save private letters from the proprietaries. He tried to organize a government, even convened a legislature; but it was elected under forms, which, in the eyes of his opponents, tainted the action with illegality, and it showed no desire to heal by prudence the distraction of the country, but, blinded by zeal for revenge, made passionate enactments, "of which they had not power to enforce the execution," and

which, in Virginia, even royalists condemned as unjustifiably severe. At once, "the true spirit of Quakerism appeared" in open disobedience to unjust laws. With some of his friends, Cary took up arms, and it was rumored that they were ready for an alliance with the Indians. The governor of Virginia, an experienced soldier named Spotswood, was summoned by Hyde as an ally.

Governor Spotswood was embarrassed. He thought the country could not be safe so long as such incendiary spirits as swayed Carolinia were permitted to go unpunished; but the difficulty of marching troops into a country so cut up with rivers rendered the thought almost madness; besides, there were no troops but militia, the common people, or citizen soldiers, and as so many of them were in sympathy with the Carolinians, he readily saw the folly of such an attempt. The governor of Virginia might as well have attempted a military expedition against foxes and raccoons, or tried to enforce religious uniformity among the colonies, as to employ methods of invasion against men whose dwellings were so sheltered by creeks, so hidden by forests, so protected by solitudes as to be inapproachable by any regular army.

The insurgents played a high hand, obstructing the course of justice, demanding the "dissolution of the assembly, and the repeal of all laws they

disliked." Spotswood did send a party of marines from the guard-ships which were at his disposition; but not a shot was fired.

Cary and the leaders of his party boldly appeared in Virginia, for the purpose, as they said, of appealing to England in defence of their actions, and Spotswood compelled them to take their passage in the man-of-war just ready to sail for England. Though the leaders were gone, North Carolinia remained as before. Its burgesses, obeying the popular judgment, refused to make provision for defending any part of their country unless they could bring into the government persons obnoxious to the opposite party, and therefore the assembly was promptly dissolved. There was little hope of harmony between the proprietaries and the inhabitants of North Carolinia.

Notwithstanding the internal dissensions with which the Carolinias were torn, they were enriched by some excellent immigration. In 1607, some Huguenots came from their temporary settlement in Virginia, and seated themselves on the beautiful banks of the Trent, a tributary of the Neuse. They were followed, two years afterward, by emigrants from Switzerland, who founded New Berne at the head of the Neuse. At about the same time, a hundred fugitive German families, led by Count Graffenried, from the devastated Palatinates on the

Rhine, came to seek shelter and repose. They founded settlements on the headwaters of the Neuse, and banks of the Roanoke.

Not long after these inland settlements were planted and had begun to spread, a fearful calamity fell upon the Germans. The remnants of the exasperated tribes, who had been driven from the forests to the mountains, had nursed their revenge, until it became too strong for repression. Incited and led by the Tuscaroras, a fierce Algonquin tribe, they joined in an effort to repossess their lost country. In this patriotic endeavor the Corees, a tribe living near the seaboard and further south, became their allies. All of a sudden they fell with such fury upon the scattered German settlers along the Roanoke and the borders of Pamlico Sound, that, in a single October night in 1711, they slew one hundred men, women and children, and lighted up the country for scores of miles with the flames of burning dwellings. Like fiends with knife and torch they swept along the borders of the Albemarle Sound, killing, plundering and burning, during the space of three days, until, overcome by exhaustion and drunkenness, they were by nature compelled to desist. On the very day the murderous raid began, John Lawson, surveyor-general of the province, and Count Graffenried, were taken captive by the savages.

Lawson was tied to a tree and burned to death; but the Count saved his life and gained his liberty by adroitly persuading them, that he was the sachem of a tribe of men who had lately come into the country, and were in no way connected with or related to the English. This event put a check to internal quarrels and the wildest excitement spread over all North Carolinia. In affright, everybody fled toward the sea, and many left the province, and those who remained appealed to their brethren in South Carolinia for aid. Colonel Barnwell hastily collected some Carolinians and a body of friendly Indians composed of Cherokees, Creeks, Catawbas, and Yamasees, and, striking the oncoming tide of savages, rolled it back.

The Tuscaroras were the greatest sufferers in the sequel to this murderous onslaught. They were driven to their fortified town in the present county of Craven, and there made a solemn treaty of peace with the whites. The savages no doubt intended keeping their treaty; but the rage of the South Carolinians could not be appeased by so easy a victory, and on their return home, they, in violation of their treaty obligation, committed many outrages on the Indians.

The savages, enraged at the perfidy of men whom they had thought superior in honor and mental ability to themselves, flew to arms. Once

more, terror reigned throughout the south, and for a while it seemed as if the fell purpose of the savages to annihilate the intruders would be accomplished.

The South Carolinians had scarcely reached home when the cry for help once more came from the northern woods, and back to their rescue they went. Colonel Moore, with a small band of white men and a considerable body of friendly Indians, came upon the hostile savages on the banks of a creek one morning just at sunrise. His Indian scouts had the night before discovered the locality of the Indians' camp and hastened to him with the information. It was the intention of Moore to strike the Indians before dawn of day; but he became lost among the swamps and did not come upon them until just as the sun was peeping over the eastern forests.

The sharp crack of half a dozen rifles aroused the Tuscaroras to the immediate necessity of defence. Being taken by surprise, they were thrown into confusion, and the white men, advancing in a solid body, poured in a destructive volley which laid five dead and nine wounded on the ground.

They fell back, but rallied and came on to the attack, when the Cherokees and Catawbas assailed them on their right and left flanks, while the Carolinians resolutely charged in the centre, and this

drove them from the field. They were now discouraged and fled to their fort, in what is now Greene county, where eight hundred of them were made prisoners.

The remnant of the tribe which escaped capture and death fled north and joined their kindred near the southern shores of Lake Ontario, where they became the sixth nation of the Iroquois Confederacy in the province of New York. Shortly after this crushing defeat of the Tuscaroras, a treaty of peace was made with the Corees, which insured the North Carolinians from further molestation from that source.

This Indian war had cost the province a large sum of money, for the payment of which bills of credit were issued to the amount of forty thousand dollars. This was the first paper money issued in North Carolinia.

While the people of North Carolinia were suffering from civil commotions and Indian raids, the South Carolinians were having their tribulations from their Spanish neighbors in Florida and from barbarians on their west. James Moore their governor was more belligerent than any of his predecessors. When news reached him that Queen Anne had, in May, 1702, declared war against France and Spain, he determined, with as little delay as possible, to send a force against the Span-

iards at St. Augustine. The assembly, agreeing with the governor, appropriated a sum nearly equal to ten thousand dollars for the enterprise. An army of six hundred whites and as many Indians was raised, and in two divisions they proceeded, one by land and the other by sea, to make the attack. The governor commanded the forces on the ships, and Colonel Daniels the division that crossed the Savannah River, traversed Georgia along the coast, penetrated Florida and made the first attack. The Spaniards retired within their fort, with provisions for four months, where they were safe from harm, for their enemies had no artillery.

Soon after Daniels had invested the town, Governor Moore arrived with his vessels and troops and proceeded to blockade the harbor of St. Augustine. Daniels, having plundered that part of the town outside the stockade, was sent to Jamaica for artillery, and before his return, two Spanish war-vessels appeared and frightened away the blockaders. On his return, the colonel narrowly escaped capture; but he managed to escape, reached Charleston in safety, and the ill-advised expedition was at an end. It cost the colony a large sum of money, and to defray the expenses bills of credit were issued to the amount of twenty-six thousand dollars, being the first issue of paper money made by South Carolinia.

Governor Moore's desire for military glory was by no means satiated, and, late in the following year, he again tried his skill. His next expedition was against some hostile Indians, who were in league with the Spaniards. The Appalachians, a Mobilian tribe, occupied a region in what is now the State of Georgia, between the Savannah and Altamaha rivers. These Indians among whom the missionaries had labored for years had always been friendly to the interests of the Spaniards. With a force competent to insure success, the governor proceeded against these Indians, desolating their villages, laying their gardens in waste, carrying eight hundred men, women and children into captivity, and making the inhabitants of the whole region vassals of the crown of England. The movement, successful as it was, proved injudicious. It planted a thorn of irritation in the sides of the surrounding Indians, which rankled there for years, and proved one of the causes which afterward spurred them into fierce hostility.

The province was just growing tranquil once more, after the termination of the war with the savages, when internal commotions began stirring up strife in its bosom. The foolish proprietors, with more church love than religion in their souls, resolved to establish the liturgy of the Church of England in South Carolinia, as the standard order

of public worship. Sir Nathaniel Johnson, who was the official successor of Governor Moore, found a majority of churchmen in the assembly, and easily executed the wishes of his masters. Dissenters suffered persecution, were deprived of the rights of free citizens and disfranchised. A season of turbulence followed, and, in 1706, they appealed to the crown. The following autumn, the assembly, by an order of Parliament, repealed the law of disfranchisement. The Anglican Church, nevertheless, maintained its supremacy in ecclesiastical affairs in the province until the War of the Revolution.

The anger of the Spaniards was roused by the attack of the South Carolinians on St. Augustine, and they resolved on revenge. An expedition of five war vessels, under command of the French admiral, Le Feboure, and a large body of troops, was sent from Havana to attack Charleston, conquer the province and annex it to the Spanish territory in Florida. When, in May, 1706, the squadron crossed Charleston bar, and about eight hundred troops were landed at different points, the commandant sent under a flag of truce to the city a peremptory order for a surrender, threatening to take the place by storm in case of a refusal to submit. The governor had been apprised of the expedition and was prepared to meet it. When the

flag arrived, he had so disposed the provincial militia and a host of Indian warriors, as to give an exaggerated idea of the strength of the Carolinians. Without giving the messenger an opportunity to make any extended observation, he was dismissed with a defiant reply that the English were ready to repel any attack they chose to make on them.

Scarcely was the messenger gone, when the governor began to plan an assault on the Spanish troops landed. With a select party of militia and Indians, he went, under cover of night, to a suitable location for assaulting the enemy. Just at dawn a blast of trumpets sounded the assault, and a volley of musketry followed. The Spanish guards fell, and the Carolinians, with their Indian allies, dashed into the camp, shooting and cutting down or capturing all whom they found.

Many were killed, more captured, and the remnant were driven back to their ships. At the same time the provincial navy, small as it was, prepared to attack the invading squadron. The French admiral, amazed as well as alarmed at the display of valor shown, weighed anchor and fled to sea. Next day a French war ship with recruits, not knowing what had happened, sailed into the harbor and was captured by the colonists.

This made the victory complete. The dark storm cloud which had threatened the destruction

of all the colony had been dissolved and all was sunshine and peace; but not for long were the colonists of South Carolinia to enjoy peace and prosperity. A more frightful tempest was brooding over the colony, which gathered with fearful celerity. A league had been formed among the surrounding Indian tribes to exterminate the English. This league was the secret work of the Spaniards in Florida, and the French in the Mississippi Valley, who were planning for the extermination of the English. Within the space of forty days a confederacy had been formed, including the whole Indian tribes from Cape Fear on the north to the St. Mary's on the south and back to the rivers beyond the mountains in the west. The warriors of the league were fully six thousand strong. It comprised the Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Catawbas and Congarees on the west and the Creeks, Yammasees and Appalachians on the south. At the same time, a thousand warriors broke forth from the forests of the Neuse region to avenge their misfortunes in the war of two or three years before.

So secretly had the savages organized, that not a whisper of impending danger had reached the inhabitants of Charleston, before the news came that on the morning of Good Friday, April 13, 1715, the Yammasees had begun an indiscriminate

massacre of the white people along the seaboard. The news had been carried from the scene of destruction by a swift-footed seaman, who broke through the lines of the furious savages, ran ten miles, and swam one, and told the dreadful tale to the settlers at Port Royal. There was consternation and dread everywhere. People fled in canoes and in a ship, and carried the first intelligence of the sad event to Charleston.

For days a stream of terror-stricken planters and their families was pouring into the city, and it was thought that the capital was in danger. The governor acted promptly and with efficiency in the emergency. He took measures to prevent men leaving the colony. He placed the province under martial law; took measures to secure all arms and ammunition to be found, and called upon the citizens to prepare to fight valiantly for their lives and prosperity. Even the negro slaves, or those who had proved faithful, were armed; and with the motley army of white men, Indians and negroes, twelve hundred strong, he marched to meet the savages, who were approaching from the interior, spreading death and devastation as they came.

Twenty miles east of the Savannah River, the governor met the oncoming band of savages, and a sharp fight followed, which lasted for three hours with doubtful results. Each party fell back from

the field; but the governor, rallying his forces before the Indians expected him, dashed with implacable fury on them. They retreated, and the Carolinians, with their motley allies, drove the Yammasees across the Savannah River and through Georgia, giving them no rest, until they found it under the protection of the Spanish cannon at St. Augustine.

Not only were the Yammasees punished, but the warriors from the north were driven back into the forests, and the Cherokees and their neighbors, who had not yet taken up the hatchet, retired to their hunting grounds, deeply impressed by the strength and prowess of the white people.

So completely were the Indians humbled, that they were willing to sue for peace, and so in the beautiful month of May, in the year 1715, a treaty was made, which brought peace and sunshine once more to unhappy South Carolinia.

The storm and tempest over, the people began once more to look about them and prepare for advancement. The little cabin home, which had been so long neglected that weeds and bushes had begun to grow about the door-step where the children played, was once more opened. The blackened and long disused chimney once more emitted the blue smoke, and all was peace, tranquillity and progress. Once more the woodman's axe was

heard echoing throughout the forest, and the crash of falling timber made music less terrible than the crack of rifles and war-whoop of savages.

Proprietary government in South Carolinia was nearing its end. From the beginning, it had been a heavy burden on the colonists. The governors appointed by the proprietors, being independent of the people, and conceiving themselves infinitely above them, had often been haughty and exacting, rather irritating than conciliating the popular mind. While the colonists were laboring to build up a permanent and prosperous state, the proprietors refused to assist them in times of danger or to reimburse their expenses incurred in defending the domain from invasion. The people were compelled to bear the whole expense of the late war with the Indians, although the proprietors enforced their claims for quit-rents more remorselessly than ever.

"What care they for the people?" asked Roger Stevens, a grandson of Philip Stevens of Virginia. Roger Stevens had served as an officer in the Indian trouble, and had also been a member of the assembly. He was a well-to-do planter and a man of unbounded influence among his fellow-men. When questions of deep import came up for discussion, the opinion of Roger Stevens was sought. Being thoroughly indignant at the proprietors, he spoke with a boldness, which, in any other man, would

have been treason. "In times of war," continued Stevens, "we are left to fight our own battles and defend the homes which we cannot call our own. What have they done toward making our lot in life easier or our condition more happy? Verily, nothing. We are tenants of suffrage paying quit rents for lands which we have cultivated, wrested from the wilderness and bought with our own blood. They seek to deprive us of every liberty dear to man. We are not even permitted to worship God according to the dictates of our own conscience, but must yield our religious consciences and liberties to the Church of England. Such slavery ill becomes the children of men who braved dangers of the wilderness."

Many of the colonists shared the opinions of Roger Stevens; but few were as outspoken as he. They saw no way to cast off their chains, but by revolution, and no security for the future, but in royal rule and protection. So they resolved to revolt. Their popular assembly declared they would have nothing further to do with the proprietors, and asked governor Johnson to rule in the name of the king. This he refused to do.

"Let us call a convention of the people," said Roger Stevens, "and choose a governor for ourselves."

"That would be treason," one declared.

"No; it would be patriotism. We owe no allegiance to a corporation—a monopoly that seeks to enslave us."

There was a large assembly of men at an old meeting-house which had not been used for years as a house of worship. The men in attendance at this public meeting were typical frontiersmen of the south. Many wore the coon-skin cap and carried their rifles with them.

Fire-arms had greatly improved, the last fifty years. The match-lock was scarcely ever seen. The old wheel-lock had given place to the snaphance or flint-lock, which had been improved. In attending all public meetings, men carried their guns from force of habit. The woods were filled with wild game, and their rifles frequently supplied their tables.

At the meeting, where Stevens had uttered what, by the royalists, was construed into incendiary remarks, it was determined to call a convention of the people and choose a governor for themselves.

The first day of December was appointed by Johnson as a time for a general review of the militia of the province. The same day was chosen by the convention as the time for the election of a popular governor. On learning what the intention of the people was, Johnson countermanded the order for the review, and ordered the arrest of

VIII

THERE WAS A LARGE ASSEMBLAGE OF MEN AT AN OLD MEETING HOUSE.

Roger Stevens and some of the other leaders of the revolt; but the warrants were not served.

Friends of Stevens, Bulkley, Campbell, and others named in the warrants went to them and informed them of the governor's designs. These men simply shouldered their rifles, left their cabin homes and set out for Charleston through the forest. It is doubtful if the officers holding the warrants made any serious efforts to capture the malcontents whom they represented as breathing treason. Safely along the forest paths, with their guns on their shoulders, the frontiersmen made their way to Charleston. The militia assembled in large numbers in the public square at Charleston. They were a part of the people, and when the governor ordered their commander to disperse them, he answered:

"I obey the convention."

The people then proceeded to the election of a chief magistrate, and James Moore was chosen. Soon afterward proprietary rule was dismissed from the soil of South Carolinia. The royal ear listened favorably to a petition presented by an agent of the colony, in England. The charter of the proprietaries was abrogated, and, in 1720, South Carolinia became a royal province, with Francis Nicholson as royal governor.

North Carolinia succeeded in shaking off pro-

prietary rule without resorting to actual revolution. From the moment that the southern colony passed under the wing of royal protection, the northern colony grew more restive, and complained of being the servants of a corporation. In 1729, they were actually on the verge of revolution, when the proprietors, seeing what must inevitably be the result, made a virtue of necessity and sold their domain to the crown for a sum amounting to about eighty thousand dollars, and North Carolinia became a royal province. The two Carolinias were separated, and George Burrington was appointed governor of North Carolinia, while Robert Johnson was made chief magistrate of South Carolinia.

These lovers of liberty in the south-land were soon convinced that they had gained nothing by the change. From the time of the separation to the French and Indian war, they were involved in disputes with the royal governors.

Maryland and Virginia, the other two colonies of the south-land, bore their share of the struggle with the Indians, forming a record somewhat similar to the history just narrated.

The greatest event which occurred in Virginia during the first half of the eighteenth century was at the home of a planter on Bridges Creek, on the 22d of February, 1732. The house commanded a view over many miles of the Potomac and the op-

posite shore of Maryland. It was a plain, substantial mansion with nothing elegant about it. The yard was ornamented with chestnut and fig trees. In the house, on the day and year above mentioned, was born a child who was destined in the future to consolidate and form out of a few rude colonies a great and glorious nation; to complete what Columbus had begun; to build up a powerful republic in the New World.

Not a vestige of that house remains. A stone marks the site, and an inscription denotes it as being the birthplace of

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DEBTORS' PRISON.

To Carolinia be a Georgia joined:
Then shall both colonies sure progress make
Endeared to either for the other's sake;
Georgia shall Carolinia's protection move,
And Carolinia bloom by Georgia's love.
—GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

ONE of the most posperous and wealthy planters of Virginia was Elmer Stevens, whose plantation joined the extensive farm of Mr. Augustine Washington, then a modest, cultured gentleman of Virginia. In the year 1721, Elmer Stevens' son Noah was born. He was destined to take a prominent part in the future struggles of the colonies and even to see them amalgamated into one comprehensive nationality, to enter upon the arena of the world's politics, and take a place among the foremost nations of the earth.

The little blue eyes which gazed in wonder upon the Potomac, or the tall, wide-spreading chestnuts, whose shades formed the playground of his child-

hood, were to gaze on the first star-spangled banner ever unfurled by the sons of freedom.

Noah Stevens, even when a child was fond of sitting on his father's knee and listening to the wild stories of his life at sea. Those tales made such an impression on him that, almost as soon as he could talk, he declared:

"I am going to be a sailor."

Whenever he saw the white-sailed sloops gliding up the Potomac, he clapped his hands in glee and cried:

"I am going to sea! Oh, I am going to sea!"

He was eight years old when his father told him of the terrible fight on board the New England privateer in which his brother, then but a lad, was wounded, and how he was taken to Boston and left with some relatives to recover. He told how while at Deerfield he was captured with many others by Indians and taken away to the great north woods.

"And did you never see him more?" asked the child.

"No."

"Where is he?"

"In heaven."

"Did the Indians kill him?"

"Undoubtedly they did."

"What was his name?"

"George."

"And he would be my uncle?"

"He would, Noah."

Then little Noah sat for a long time with his head bowed in his small hands, lost in deep thought. Young as he was, he had heard more stories of captivity than the average man of forty at this day and age. The frontier teemed with romance and adventure. Novels were lived and acted, rather than imagined. Men and women had disappeared for years and then, all of a sudden, had returned from a life of captivity in the forest. Why might not this man also be a captive?

"Father, uncle George may be alive yet," said Noah.

"Impossible, my son."

"Only a few days ago Solomon Daniels, who was twelve years a captive of the Tuscaroras, made his escape and came home. Might not he?"

"But we heard that your uncle George was dead."

"Did we not hear that Mr. Daniels was dead?"

"Yes."

"But he still lives."

"True, true, my son."

"And so uncle George may live."

Mr. Stevens sighed and shook his head sadly, as he answered:

"I have tried to hope so, Noah; but it was hoping against hope. I gave it up. It has been so long that he must be dead."

He had no dread of having to divide the vast estate which he inherited from his father with his younger brother. Under the English law the estate of the father passed to the eldest son; but, could George have been found, Elmer Stevens would willingly have given him half the fortune he inherited from his father Robert Stevens, who by will had so directed.

Robert Stevens was in his time the wealthiest man in Virginia, having inherited his fortune from his father and jointly shared it with his sister, who lived in New England. He died when Noah Stevens, his grandson, was but one year old, and Elmer being his only surviving son inherited his fortune. When Elmer Stevens surveyed all those broad acres and magnificent plantations, he was constrained to say:

"I have enough and more than enough. If my poor brother George were alive, how willingly would I give him half of all this wealth."

As Noah grew older, his desire to go to sea became stronger. He heard much of England, the mother country from whence came nearly all the inhabitants of Virginia. One day he said:

"Father, I want to go to England."

"You shall go, Noah, when you are old enough; but why do you wish to go to England?"

"It is the home of my ancestors."

"No, my son; the home of your ancestors on your father's side is Spain. My father was the son of John Smith Stevens a son of Philip Stevens or Philip Estevan, who was the son of Francisco Estevan, who lived at St. Augustine, and was born in Cuba, the son of Christopher Estevan, who went with Pizarro to Peru and with De Soto discovered the Mississippi. He was the son of Hemando Estevan, who came with Columbus on his first voyage to America two hundred and thirty-five years ago."

"How long our people have lived!" the lad answered.

The boy wanted to go to England to college. The mother approved the plan of her ambitious son, and favored sending him to Oxford.

Two or three years later Noah Stevens was sent to England, and entered a school preparatory to taking a course at the world-renowned university of Oxford. Being an American youth, he excited the attention of many. One day he had a visitor in the person of Colonel James Edward Oglethorpe, a graduate of Oxford, a brave soldier and a member of Parliament.

"You want to enter Oxford?" said Colonel Oglethorpe to the boy.

"Yes sir, as soon as I can."

"How old are you?"

"Fifteen."

"And you are a bright lad, I am told. No doubt, you will do credit to Oxford; but I have come to talk with you about America. I may go there myself."

The boy opened his bright blue eyes and said:

"It is a glorious land. It has not so many people as England, nor such great houses; but the forests and plains and mountains are grand."

COL. OGLETHORPE.

"There is a great country south of the Savannah River," said Oglethorpe.

Noah was well versed in Virginia geography and history and answered:

"Yes sir; but no one can safely live there. It is the neutral ground between the Spaniards and English, and they are always at war."

"The Spaniards view with increased jealousy the rapid increase of English settlements in America, especially in the region bordering on Florida, which Castilians claim by right of first discovery," said Oglethorpe. "The English are also rapidly

gaining a monopoly of the Indian trade, and are exercising a wide influence over the native inhabitants in the gulf region, who have been taught by past sad experiences to look on the Spaniards as their abiding enemies. No doubt the Castilians in Florida will cast all the obstacles they can in the way of any further English settlements at the south."

"Do you contemplate a settlement in the south?"

"I do."

"Where?" asked Noah.

"South of the Savannah. When you are in London, come and see me, as I want to talk with you further about your country."

Noah Stevens promised to accept the invitation, and Oglethorpe went away.

It was evident even to the lad that Colonel Oglethorpe was well posted on affairs in South Carolinia. The dangers which menaced the people of that colony were fully understood and appreciated by the colonel, who, however, did not hesitate to brave them. That colony early in the eighteenth century was well stocked with slaves from Africa, who, in the rice-planting districts, performed nearly all the manual labor, and became essential to the prosperity of the colony. In order to cripple the advancement of the English settlements, the Spaniards enticed their slaves to run

away, promising them freedom and the rights of citizenship if they would come to St. Augustine.

This plan worked so effectually, that a complete regiment of negroes was found at St. Augustine, who were taught to hate the English as their most

"DO YOU CONTEMPLATE A SETTLEMENT IN THE SOUTH?"

bitter and inveterate enemies. This was an alarming state of things for the South Carolinians, and they anxiously sought a remedy for the evil.

Selfishness and philanthropy went hand in hand in founding the great commonwealth of Georgia. Between the Savannah and Altamaha rivers, there

was a region wholly unoccupied by white inhabitants at the time Oglethorpe and the youth Noah Stevens discussed the condition of the New World. The South Carolinians proposed to erect a barrier between themselves and the Spaniards in Florida, by planting an English Colony in that region. They asked the British government to do so; but there were great obstacles in the way, and so far they had failed to accomplish anything. Voluntary emigrants preferred a settled country, away from immediate danger; and a penal colony for British convicts was not desirable.

Oglethorpe, however, was a man with a great heart in his body which beat for all mankind. He was very much exercised about the condition of prisoners for debt in Great Britain. These men, guiltless of any crime, were crowding the jails of the kingdom, and enduring sufferings more horrible than those inflicted upon negro slaves in the West Indies. Disease and moral degradation were making sad havoc among them. The hearts of the benevolent yearned to relieve them. A kind-hearted citizen of London, of great wealth, bequeathed his fortune to the government to be employed in liberating the most deserving insolvent debtors from the jails, where they were doomed to hopeless indigence and misery by cruel laws oftentimes more cruelly administered.

This act of generosity caused Parliament to appoint a committee to inquire into the condition of prisoners for debt. Colonel Oglethorpe, as humane as he was brave, was at that time a member of Parliament, and it was he who made the suggestion that such a committee should be appointed. Oglethorpe was made chairman of the committee and at once entered with vigor and zeal upon his duties.

The revelations of those prisons are almost incredible. Howard's writings have left vivid pen pictures of those scenes, and the pencil of Hogarth given us actual delineations of them. The English merchant, unfortunate in business, often through no fault of his own, was suddenly hurled from a sphere of affluence and usefulness to the dreadful dens called prisons, with the vile and vicious as their only associates. So terrible was the fear of men incurring obligations which they could not pay, that healthy speculations, which are the life of business, almost ceased, and trade suffered.

Mr. Lossing, in his history "Our Country," cites an incident which appeals to the hearts of all feeling men, as it appealed to the soul of the founder of Georgia.

"Oglethorpe stood before one of those men, who had been a distinguished alderman in London when he was a boy, and had been highly esteemed for his many virtues and practical benevolence. He

had also been a merchant prince, but had been ruined by great losses. His creditors sent him to prison. In an instant, he was compelled to exchange a happy home and delightful society for a loathsome prison cell and the company of the debased. One by one his friends, who could aid him in keeping famine from his wretched abode, disappeared, and he was forgotten by the outside world. Twenty-three years he had been in jail. Gray-headed, haggard, ragged and perishing with hunger, he lay upon a heap of filthy straw in a dark, damp, unventilated room. His devoted wife, who had shared his misery eighteen years, had just starved to death and lay in rags by his side, silent and cold. An hour before, he had begged his jailer, with outstretched arms of supplication to remove her body to the prison burying-ground. The inhuman wretch, who knew his history, refused with an oath, saying, with horrid irony:

"'Send for your alderman's coach to take her to the abbey!'

"The man expired, when he had finished his sad story. There and then, inspired by God, Oglethorpe conceived a scheme of providing an asylum for such as these beyond the sea, where they might enjoy comfort and happiness. He also resolved to bring such jailers to punishment. The records of

some of the English state trials show how earnestly he pursued these felons."

No sadder story was ever told than that of Charles Montreville, a young and influential London merchant. He had a young and beautiful wife and a child Annie, a beautiful little girl of but six summers, when he was led by a scheming knave to invest in an enterprise which caused his financial ruin. Montreville placed himself in the power of an unscrupulous monster, who in the end plunged him in prison for debt.

His faithful wife, with her child, made a noble effort to release the father; but no one could be found able or bold enough to aid him. Bond, his persecutor, received the prayer of wife and child for mercy with laughter and scorn. The wretch even taunted them and finally imprisoned both with the father. Long months and years the family languished neglected and forgotten in prison.

Little Annie, who in early life had been carefully nursed, was now the associate of ruffians and monsters, for there was no distinction shown among prisoners. Those confined for debt were no better than the pickpocket and highwayman. Father and mother kept their child near them, and starved themselves that she might have sufficient food.

The parents were both seized with slow and lin-

gering fevers which sapped their lives away, and as they lay on their miserable pile of straw unable to rise they prayed God to come to the relief of their child. The brutal jailer had assured them that she should rot in the prison until the debt was paid. For six long years the family had languished in jail, and the parents were dying slowly but surely.

One day the jailer came with the miserable allowance of stale bread and water for them, when the father, by a great effort, rose to a sitting posture and said:

"I want to talk with you."

"Speak then, for I have no time to spare with such as you."

"We are dying."

"I've heard naught else for a fortnight, and you live yet," interrupted the jailer.

"Yet we will soon be gone and there is our child growing to maidenhood. Will you not grant the last prayer of a dying father and release her from this wretched dungeon? She has done no wrong that she should suffer."

"Silence! I did not come to hear a sermon," growled the cruel jailer. "Release a prisoner whom I get a sixpence a day for keeping. Marry! you must think me a great dunce, to take bread out of my own mouth."

The father, by a great effort, got on his knees and prayed him to spare the child as the last request of a dying father; but the jailer spurned him with his foot and quitted the cell, closing the iron

"DON'T YE GO TO GIVIN' UP IN DESPAIR, FOR DELIVERANCE IS COMIN'."

door with a bang, and turning the ponderous key in the lock.

The poor father fell by the side of his wife, and both began to sob and bemoan the fate of their child, when another prisoner, called Gypsy Meg, who was scrubbing the corridor, came down to the

door of their cell and, rattling on the bars, whispered:

"Don't ye go to givin' up in despair, gent and lady, for deliverance is coming. I heard of it."

"What mean you?" asked Montreville.

"I don't know what it means; but Madge hear new prisoner talk. Just come—say all prisoners for debt be sent to America. Oglethorpe do it."

The strange, incoherent words of Gypsy Meg could not be understood by Montreville and his wife, until next day, when Colonel Oglethorpe, attended by an American youth of fifteen or sixteen years, came to look upon the wretched family. Oglethorpe had seen many objects of misery and compassion; but never had he seen as deplorable a sight as this. Strong man as he was, he was melted to tears. He had known Montreville in better days and knew that a nobler being never lived. He had disappeared suddenly from social and business circles, and he had not seen or heard of him until he found him in this loathsome dungeon.

While the dying parents were listening with joy to the deliverance which had come for their child, Noah Stevens stood gazing into a pair of large dark eyes, which beamed upon him with soft tenderness. Soft eyes in that prison were like diamonds in a heap of rubbish. The face of the little maid was pale and haggard. She was clothed in rags, sur-

rounded by filth and all that was unlovely, yet the windows of the soul were bright, clear and pure.

It was too late to save the parents; but, by promising to transport the maid to the new colony, her freedom was given her. Three days later, Charles Montreville and his wife breathed their last, and their benefactor had them buried in the same grave.

To the English government, Oglethorpe proposed to plant a colony of these unfortunate prisoners for debt in the unoccupied country below Savannah. His colleagues readily assented, and, in his report to the House of Commons, he laid his scheme for the colony before that body. The plan had the advantage of securing a promising domain to the British crown, which otherwise might fall to the Spaniards in Florida. The colony would also relieve the South Carolinians from danger, besides taking from prisons and placing in homes a large class of worthy British subjects. The king and parliament favored the project. American colonization had already proved fruitful to the English government. An appropriation was made for the object, and, on the 9th of June, 1732, the king granted a charter for founding the colony of Georgia; the name being given as a compliment to King George II., the reigning monarch of Great Britain.

Twenty-one "noblemen and gentlemen" were entrusted with the management of the new settlement, who were constituted "Trustees for settling and establishing the colony of Georgia." One of these trustees was Oglethorpe. To them was given the powers of legislation for the colony for the space of twenty-one years, at the expiration of which time, a permanent government was to be established by the king, or his successor or successors, in accordance with British law and usage.

The great philanthropist, who had managed and planned this scheme for the benefit of the unfortunates of his realm, tendered his services to accompany emigrants and assist them in making their first settlement. Never did any project more completely commend itself to the hearts of the British people. Donations from all ranks and classes were freely given to assist the emigrants in planting comfortable homes in the wilderness. A generous gift was made by the Bank of England, and the House of Commons, from time to time, voted money, amounting in the aggregate, in the course of two years, to one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. The trustees chose Lord Viscount Percival as president, and a code of regulations for the colony, with agreements and stipulations, was speedily prepared. Everything being in readiness, thirty-five families—amounting to one hundred

and twenty emigrants, men, women and children—sailed from Gravesend for Georgia in the ship *Anne*, of two hundred tons burden, on the 6th of November, 1732. Oglethorpe, who was commissioned as the first governor, went with them, and the Rev. Mr. Shubert, of the Church of England, also accompanied them as their spiritual guide. The trustees of the colony, in the hope of growing silk in Georgia, sent with these emigrants a dozen Piedemontese silk-workers.

Noah Stevens, who had indirectly been drawn into the plans of the colonists of Georgia, became so deeply interested in the scheme that he forgot his lofty ideas of graduating at Oxford, and determined to accompany them. His long line of noble ancestors had been colonists, and he inherited some of their spirit and fire. Writing to his father of his determination, he received a letter giving assent, and when the good ship *Anne* sailed from Gravesend for the southern shores of North America, he was one of the passengers.

The heart of the young American had been touched with all he had seen in London. The iron fetters of the debtor prisons had entered his very soul, and he shuddered when he thought of them. As the vessel bounded over the waves, he felt constrained to say:

"America is the home of free. There are no

prisons for debt there; but the grand old forests, plains and mountains breathe freedom."

He was destined to live to see the day when this beloved land was to become an asylum for the oppressed of all lands.

As he turned from the receding shore, his eyes fell upon a shy little maid, who had come on the deck to cast a last glance at the land which, despite its oppression, she regarded as her home. The face was quite familiar, yet he knew not where he had seen it. She was about to retire, when he asked:

"Little maid, what is your name?"

She paused, as if frightened, and turned her dark eyes timidly toward him, as she answered:

"Anne."

"It seems I have seen you before; but I cannot recall the time or place."

The great dark eyes drooped, until the long, silken lashes fell on the pale emaciated cheeks. She was plainly but neatly dressed; but the haggard expression of her face precluded any idea of beauty. The child, for she was scarcely more, timidly shrunk from his view and was about to retire from the deck, when he went quite close to her and asked:

"Have I not seen you before?"

"You were there," she answered.

"Where?"

"In the prison."

"Yes, I saw many maids at the prison, perhaps yourself among them. Are your parents aboard?"

Then the great, dark eyes grew dim with tears, as she answered:

"My parents are in heaven."

"They perished?" asked Noah, somewhat startled.

"Yes, you were there."

"I—I remember now. You are Anne Montreville, are you not?"

She nodded.

"I have not forgotten you, poor little maid. The sad lesson taught me there will be remembered to my dying day."

"Heaven will reward the good people who came in answer to their prayers," she answered, while the tears silently coursed down her thin cheeks.

"Have you a home in the family of some of these good people?"

"Mr. George Saturfield has adopted me."

Noah made inquiry about Mr. Saturfield and learned that he was a poor, but worthy man with a wife, who, having no children, adopted Anne. Having assured himself that the little maid who had excited his interest would have an excellent home, he dismissed her for the time being from his mind.

About the middle of January, 1733, the *Anne* arrived at Charleston harbor. The emigrants were received with great demonstrations of joy. The South Carolinia assembly voted them a large supply of cattle and other provisions, for they regarded the newcomers as valuable auxiliaries; and the *Anne* was piloted from Charleston into Port Royal Sound, near Beaufort Island whence the emigrants were to be conveyed to the Savannah River in small boats. The council of South Carolinia furnished Oglethorpe with a guide, and he went forward to select a suitable place for a settlement.

Oglethorpe chose the Yamacraw bluff on the Savannah River, about ten miles from the sea, where Governor Moore, about thirty years before, had planted a small tribe of Creek Indians, as a suitable place for the first settlement. The spot selected was a high plain, with a river front forty feet above the stream, which gently sloped to the swamps in the rear. Having laid out a town here, the governor of the new colony returned to Beaufort and conducted the emigrants to the location which was to be their future home.

It was the 1st of February when the hopeful emigrants arrived on the spot and, spreading their tents, slept peacefully that night, for the first time on their own soil.

The South Carolinians, realizing the value of

such neighbors, did all in their power to encourage and aid them. They sent them boats with additional provisions, and a body of rangers for the protection of the colonists, while the latter were building their cabins and a fort for their defence. The projected town was christened Savannah, and at an early hour the next day after their arrival, the ring of axes and crash of falling trees evinced that the work of improvement had begun. Comfortable dwellings and a formidable military work on which cannon were mounted sprang up. Oglethorpe's letter to the trustees in regard to the location was full of enthusiasm. Among other things, he said:

"Upon the river side, at the centre of this plain, I have laid out a town, opposite to which is an island (Hutchinson's Island) of very rich pasturage, which I think should be kept for the trustees' cattle. The river is pretty wide, the water fresh, and from the key of the town you see its whole course to the sea, with the island of Tybee, which forms the mouth of the river. For about six miles up into the country the landscape is very agreeable, the stream being wide and bordered with high woods on both sides."

Realizing that the inhabitants of the new colony would be compelled to defend themselves and their homes, before they left London, they received some

military training from the sergeants of the guards. The improvements in arms had wrought a material change in discipline. For nearly a hundred years, the lance and spear among infantry had been discarded, and the musket and bayonet had taken their place. Armor was found to be of little avail against bullets, and a great hindrance to the celerity of movement, so that it was nearly discarded. Almost the first act of Oglethorpe was to form a military organization; and he frequently exercised them in the presence of the Indians, that they might be early impressed with their military skill.

When the fort was completed and the cannon mounted, the governor gave his attention to establishing peaceful relations with the Indians. They were within the territory claimed by the powerful Creek (Muskogee) confederacy, and but a short distance from the seat of a tribe composed partly of Yamacraws and partly of Yamasees or Savannahs, over whom presided To-mo-chi-chi, a venerable chief. He was ninety-one years of age and had been banished for some unknown cause by his people, the lower Creeks.

Oglethorpe sought an early interview with To-mo-chi-chi, which was held under the tall pines and wide-spreading live-oaks that covered Yamacraw Bluff, with Mary Musgrove, the half-breed Creek wife of a South Carolinia trader, as interpre-

ter. To-mo-chi-chi pledged his unwavering friendship for the whites, and gave his influence to Oglethorpe in bringing about a general convention of the heads of the confederacy. That convention assembled at Savannah late in May, 1733, and was attended by fifty chiefs representing eight tribes of the Muskogee or Creek nation.

Through an interpreter, Oglethorpe addressed the assembled chiefs. He represented the power and wealth of the English Government, and dwelt on the advantages to be derived from an alliance with them. When the governor ceased speaking, To-mo-chi-chi, the venerable chief, on behalf of the Creek warriors cordially assented to what had been proposed. In conclusion he said:

"I was a banished man. I came here, poor and helpless, to look for lands near the tombs of my ancestors, and the trustees sent people here. I feared you would drive us away, for we were weak and wanted corn; but you confirmed our land to us, gave us food and instructed our children." Then, giving Governor Oglethorpe a buffalo skin, on the inside of which were delineated the head and features of an eagle, he added: "Here is a little present. I give you the skin of a buffalo adorned with the head and feathers of an eagle, which I desire you to accept, because the eagle is the emblem of speed and the buffalo of strength.

The English are as swift as the bird, and as strong as the beast; since, like the former, they flew over vast seas to the uttermost parts of the earth, and, like the latter, they are so strong that nothing can withstand them. The feathers of the eagle are soft, and signify love; the buffalo's skin is warm, and signifies protection; therefore I hope the English will love and protect our little families."

A treaty was made, by which all the unoccupied lands within the defined boundaries were assigned to the English, which treaty was confirmed by the trustees on October 18, 1733. The colony of Georgia, fostered and cared for by South Carolinia as a bulwark between that colony and the hostile Spaniards of Florida, early began to thrive. Almost one of the first acts of the law-making powers of Georgia was to prohibit the drinking of rum.

In the spring of 1734, Oglethorpe went to England, leaving the colony in the care of others. He invited the old Creek monarch To-mo-chi-chi, with his queen, See-naw-ki, their adopted son and nephew, Too-na-ho-wi and five other chiefs to accompany him, which invitation they accepted. The barbarians were as much objects of curiosity in Europe as were the first savages taken by Columbus to the court of Spain. They were presented to the king and were entertained by his highness, and the Prince of Wales gave Too-na-ho-wi a gold watch,

with an injunction to call upon Jesus Christ every morning, when he looked at it.

Oglethorpe tarried over a year and a half in England, returning in the year 1736. He brought with him several cannon and one hundred and fifty Scotch Highlanders, who were well skilled in military art, and who constituted the first army in Georgia during its early struggles.

More important perhaps than soldiers and cannon were two passengers on that ship. They were Rev. John Wesley, the founder of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and his brother Charles Wesley, who came to preach the gospel in the new world. To-mo-chi-chi greeted John Wesley with:

"I am glad you came. When I was in England I desired that some one would speak the great word to me. I will go up and speak to the wise men of my nation, and I hope they will hear you; but we would not be made Christians as the Spaniards make Christians. We would be taught before we are baptized."

After waiting until the colony of Georgia was formed, Noah Stevens returned to his Virginia home, where, under the shade of the beech trees, he sported with the prattling babe of his neighbor, little George Washington.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FRENCH IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

Stern daughter of the voice of God;
O, Duty; if that name thou love,
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou art victory and law
Where empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptation dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity.

—WORDSWORTH.

IF the novelist should be true to life, the historian should be impartial, and the writer of historical romances is supposed not only to see the external man of the past, but to possess the power of probing the heart and reading his thoughts. In this romance the reader has learned something of the atrocities of the French and Indians. To advance no farther in this narrative, we have only the English view of the subject.

The contention was more a contention for supremacy in the New World than of religion. In the name of religion deeds were done that shamed humanity. It was a spirit of politics, a struggle

for national supremacy, which produced the butcheries, and it was more the work of scheming statesmen and ambitious officers, like Hertel De Rouville who captured George Stevens, than the acts of the priests or preachers.

Even among the clergy were some ambitious men who disgraced their cloth; but they were politicians in purpose, while priests in name. It is pleasant to turn from the ambitious, scheming priest to the true man of God, who has the salvation of human souls at heart.

When we come to discuss actual and natural rights, we must admit that the Indian was the owner of the soil, and, humiliating as it is to confess, the white man was the usurper. In the name of God, he came with a Bible in one hand to convert him, and a sword in the other to drive him from his home.

Spain, by right of discovery, certainly had the true title to the United States. While Cabot discovered the eastern coast, probably from Maine to Virginia, no claim was made in his time to this dominion. Verazzani, a Florentine, sailing in the interest of France, did pretend to seize North America in the name of France, while Cartier certainly was the discoverer of Canada.

Thus three of the greatest powers in Europe held a portion of the New World and began early to

grapple with each other for the supremacy. Their claims were conflicting, and quite sufficient for the great lawsuit in which the highest court, a resort to arms, was appealed to,—a lawsuit that lasted for many years.

Each nation had its rights and grievances; each had its good and great men, and while Elmer Stevens and his family live in Virginia without any knowledge of the brother George, save that he probably perished in the great north woods, let us take a glance at the French in the north and west, who were stamping their impress on the country and natives.

There can be no doubt that the French in America, through the influence of the Jesuits, easily persuaded the Indians to become the friends of the Frenchmen in peace and their allies in war. The seeds of French dominion in America were planted by Champlain at Quebec, who selected for his companions and spiritual advisers some of the mild and benevolent priests of the Franciscan order, whom he declared to be "free from ambition," save in the salvation of souls.

These priests were not aggressive enough to suit the ambitious Gallican Church, nor worldly wise enough to serve the State in carrying out the political designs for enlarging French dominions in North America. They were withdrawn from Can-

ada and supplanted by Jesuits, who, with the help of Champlain, established an alliance with the Hurons on the St. Lawrence, and in the country westward; and so began that wide-spread affiliation of the French and Indians which proved disastrous to the English colonists.

As early as 1636, there were fifteen Jesuit priests in Canada, a band of zealous, obedient, self-sacrificing men, ready to endure every privation and encounter every danger in the service of their church. At an assembly of Huron chiefs and sachems at Quebec, Champlain introduced three of these black-robed missionaries to his savage allies as men who would teach them things pertaining to the spiritual welfare of themselves, their kindred and people. The three Jesuits were Brebeuf, Daniel and Davost. With faith which never forsook them, these men, consecrated to saving souls, followed the savages through the dreadful forests of the Huron dominions stretching along the northern borders of the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario to the shores of Lake Huron, near which they established the first mission house of the Jesuits among the Indians.

During the journey, which was full of fatigue and peril, the priests shared in all the toil. They waded streams and swamps, climbed rocks, when on the waters plied the oar, assisted in carrying the

canoes around almost forty waterfalls, slept on the bare earth with no covering but the sky, while their principal food was jerked venison and pounded corn. Brebeuf carried with him the materials for the administration of the holy communion; while around the neck of each was a cord holding a heavy breviary or orders of the daily service in the Roman Catholic Church.

The Indians were taught to believe in Jesus Christ as the guardian spirit of their lives, and that it was He and not the many deities with which their wild fancy had peopled earth and water, that they must worship. The worship of the Roman Catholic Church, from its solemn and impressive ceremonial, early took a fast hold on the Indians. Balboa, Cortez and Pizarro early impressed the natives with their worship. The French Jesuits soon had a firm grasp on the mind of the savages, and held a controlling influence over the rude children of the forest from the gulf of St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico. In their work, they were encouraged by the Church in France and the Pope at Rome; and a year before Massachusetts provided for the establishment of a college in that province, one was founded in Canada for the education of Indian boys, who, it was designed, should become missionaries and teach their people.

Soon after the establishment of this school, a

young French widow of great wealth established the Ursuline convent at Quebec for the religious training and education of Indian girls. This pious young woman, who devoted her fortune to the work of elevating the heathen from darkness, came to America with three nuns and was received on the shore at Quebec by the governor and garrison of the fort. On reaching the shore the devout women stooped and kissed the earth in token of their adoption of the new country as their home. Then they were escorted to the church, followed by a crowd of Indian men, women and children, where the Te Deum was chanted in the midst of thanksgiving.

With the spread of religion and French education in the new world, came the expansion of French dominion in America. In 1640 they took possession of Montreal, and a united prayer went up from the people of France that the Queen of Angels might take that region under her protection. Missionaries rapidly followed on the heels of each other, and, in the short space of thirteen years, sixty of them had carried the gospel and French power from the Niagara River to the remotest bounds of Lake Superior. Here, despite the many perils they encountered among the numerous tribes, which were continually at war, they established mission houses.

In 1641, Raymbault and Jogues visited the Indians at the falls of St. Mary's, at the outlet of Lake Superior. This was five years before the New England Elliot had preached to the Indians within a few miles of Boston Harbor. The missionaries themselves possessed the weakness and virtues of the order. For fifteen years Jean De Brebeuf endured the infinite labors and perils of the Huron mission, and exhibited, as it was said, "an absolute pattern of every religious virtue." Once, imparadised in a trance, he beheld the mother of Him whose cross he bore, surrounded by a crowd of virgins, in the beatitudes of heaven. Once, as he himself has recorded, while engaged in penance, he saw Christ unfold his arms to embrace him with the utmost love, promising oblivion for his sins. Once, late at night, while praying in silence, he had a vision of an infinite number of crosses, and, with a mighty heart, he strove again and again to grasp them all. Often he saw the shapes of foul fiends, now appearing as madmen, now as raging beasts, and often he beheld the image of Death, a bloodless form, by the side of a stake, struggling with bands, and at last falling as a harmless spectre at his feet. Having vowed to seek out suffering for the greater glory of God, he renewed that vow every day, at the moment of tasting the sacred water, and his desire for

martyrdom grew into a passion, until he exclaimed:

"What shall I render to thee, Jesus, my Lord, for all thy benefits? I will accept thy cup and invoke thy name!" and in sight of the eternal Father and the Holy Spirit, of the Virgin Mary, most Holy Mother of Christ, before angels, saints, apostles and martyrs he made a vow never to decline the opportunity of martyrdom, and ever to receive the death-blow with joy.

The Jesuit missionaries suffered terribly from the Iroquois Indians, the hereditary enemies of the Hurons. Isaac Jogues, on his way to St. Mary's, was taken prisoner by the Mohawks on the St. Lawrence. He might have escaped; but there were unbaptized converts, and a Jesuit missionary was never known to save his own life at the risk of a soul. He was tormented with hunger and thirst and in several villages was compelled to run the gauntlet. Father Bressani was taken prisoner while on his way to the Hurons. Beaten, mangled, mutilated, driven bare-footed over rough paths, through briars and thickets, scourged by a whole village, burned, tortured, wounded and scarred. He was an eye-witness to the fate of one of his companions, who was boiled and eaten; yet some mysterious power seemed to preserve his life, and he and Jogues were humanely rescued by the

Dutch. The devoted missionaries encountered danger and suffering in every form, from the perils of nature as well as the inhumanity of savages. Some were drowned on the way to their missions; some starved to death; others, losing their way among the pathless snows, perished by intense cold.

In time, each solitary mission among the Hurons became a special point of attraction to the invading Iroquois and liable to the horrors of an Indian massacre. Such a fate befell the village of St. Joseph. On the morning of July 4th, 1648, when the warriors were absent on a hunt, the village was attacked by the Mohawks. A group of helpless women and children flew to the missionary, Father Anthony Daniel, to escape the tomahawk, as if his lips uttering messages of love, could produce a spell that would curb the madness of destruction. Those who had formerly scoffed at his mission implored the benefit of baptism. Bidding them ask forgiveness of God, he dipped his handkerchief in water and baptized the crowd of frightened suppliants. He had just accomplished this important duty, when the palisades were forced. Instead of flying, the holy man of God, ran to the wigwams to baptize the sick, give absolution, and then, when the wigwams were set on fire and the Mohawks approached his chapel, he serenely advanced to resign his life as a sacrifice to his vows. As

the savages drew nearer, they let fly a volley of arrows at the missionary. All gashed and rent with wounds, with arrows still sticking in his flesh, he addressed to them, with surprising energy, the affectionate messages of divine mercy and grace. Then the fatal blow was given, and he died with the name of Jesus on his lips. The wilderness furnished him a grave, and the Huron nation were his mourners.

Next year, the villages of St. Ignatius and St. Louis were destroyed by the Iroquois. In the latter village were Brebeuf and Lallemand. Both might have escaped had they not remained behind to bend over the dying converts and give them baptism. They were made prisoners. Brebeuf was set apart on a scaffold, and, despite every indignity and outrage offered him, rebuked his persecutors and encouraged the Huron converts. They cut off his lower lip and nose, applied burning torches to his body, burned his gums and thrust hot irons down his throat. Deprived of his voice, his assuring countenance and confiding eye still bore witness to his firmness. The delicate Lallemand was stripped naked and enveloped from head to foot with bark full of rosin. Brought into the presence of Brebeuf, he exclaimed:

"We are made a spectacle unto the world and to angels and to men."

The fine bark was set on fire and when it was in a blaze, boiling water was poured on the heads of both the missionaries. The voice of Lallemand was choked by the thick smoke; but the fire having snapped his bands, he lifted his hands to heaven, imploring the aid of Him who ever gives strength to the weak. Brebeuf was scalped while still alive, and died after a torture of three hours; but some historians state that the sufferings of Lallemand were protracted for seventeen hours. Thus went out the lives of two, who had been heroes in the cause of their Master, and whose deaths were the astonishment of their executioners.

Massacres and persecutions quenched not the enthusiasm. The Jesuits never receded one foot; but, as in a brave army, new troops press forward to fill the places of the fallen, there were never wanting heroism and enterprise in behalf of the Cross and French dominion.

The French were bold and aggressive. In 1654, two young traders went from Quebec to the wilderness far westward toward the Mississippi River, where they remained for two years and returned with fifty canoes and a number of Indians. Their marvellous accounts of the magnificent countries which they had traversed excited great enthusiasm, and the Church and State determined to possess that goodly land. Father Alloüez, a daring Jesuit,

went boldly into that region. He proclaimed the king of France as sovereign of the Chippewas, and built mission houses in their country. He preached to the fiery Sioux, and from them heard of the magnificent Mississippi River which the Indians called the Father of Waters. When this wonderful intelligence reached Quebec, Fathers Marquette and Dablon, two energetic priests, set out to explore the mysterious land and plant the banner of the cross in the very heart of the heathen world. Among the Chippewas, they labored lovingly for their God and their king; and when Joliet, an agent of the French government of Canada, arrived there, Marquette gave him efficient aid in his political designs. He summoned a convention of all the surrounding tribes, at the falls of St. Mary's between Lakes Superior and Huron, where he had erected a rude chapel and founded a mission. There, by the side of the cross, the national emblems of France were raised in token of the conquest of the dominion in the name of Louis XIV. of France.

Marquette was not satisfied with these discoveries and conquests. He had heard of a wonderful river called the Mississippi and determined to seek it. He, as an "ambassador of God," and Joliet, an "envoy to discover new countries," went up the Fox River to the watershed between the

Mississippi and the lakes in birch canoes and, crossing the portage, went down the Wisconsin until its waters mingled with those of the great stream. Late in June, 1673, they were upon the bosom of that mighty river which De Soto had discovered, nearer the gulf, a century and a quarter before.* The Indian name was Mississippi, which interpreted means Great Water or Father of Waters.

Father Marquette and his bold companions erected light sails over their canoes and voyaged quite rapidly on the broad bosom of the mighty river, with winds and currents carrying them past the inflowing waters of the Missouri and Ohio and other smaller tributaries, occasionally stopping on the way to hold friendly intercourse with the natives. They came at last to a point below the mouth of the Arkansas River, where they found a tribe of sun-worshippers, who appeared hostile. But for a revered symbol of peace held up by Marquette as they floated down the shores lined with hostile savages, the missionaries would certainly have been destroyed. On the borders of Iowa, a chief had presented the priest with a beautifully wrought and richly ornamented calumet, or pipe of peace, which the good father held aloft. Its well-known form and the rich plumage that adorned it commanded the attention of the fiercest savages,

* See "Estevan," page 363.

and their leader, a venerable man, with nine others, sprang into an immense log canoe and paddled toward the Frenchmen. The ancient chieftain also bore a calumet in his hand, which he gave to Father Marquette as a token of friendship.

Axes of steel were found among the Indians, which was conclusive evidence that they had had intercourse at some time with European nations. After satisfying themselves that the Mississippi River did not flow into either the Atlantic or Pacific Ocean, but emptied into some intermediate bay, gulf, or sea, they turned the prow of their bark northward and before the first frosts of autumn had touched the foliage of the forest-lined banks, they reached Green Bay.

For two years more, Marquette labored among Indians near the present site of Chicago and then crossed the eastern shores of Lake Michigan. A fatal disease had seized upon his lungs, and he was soon conscious that death was near; yet he passed along the shore in his canoe, propelled by two men, until it entered a small stream which for a long time afterward bore his name. They carried him tenderly ashore and laid him on the leaves in deep shadows of the grim old forest. With joy, he informed his companions that he would soon die, and requested them to leave him alone while they unloaded the canoe.

"I will call you when the end draws near," he said in his sweet, cheerful spirit.

They went and were engaged in their work when they heard his feeble voice calling to them:

"Come—come!"

They hastened to his side and one stood at his head and the other at his feet.

"Bring some holy water which I prepared," whispered the dying man. This was done, and he dipped his fingers in it and anointed his own brow. Then he took from his neck a crucifix which he had worn for years, placed it in the hands of one of his companions and whispered:

"Hold it constantly before my eyes, so long as life remains in my body."

The companion, kneeling at his feet held aloft the crucifix while he bowed his head in prayer. Surely, since the crucifixion, the eye of man has never beheld a more solemn sight, than this old saint dying in the forest where he had given his life to God. With clasped hands, Father Marquette then pronounced aloud the profession of his faith, and soon afterward he died, as he had desired to do, in the bosom of the wilderness in the service of his Master, without human aid. A grave was dug by his weeping companions, who carried him to it, ringing his little chapel bell, which he had brought with him. Near his grave

they erected a large wooden cross, which for a long time marked the spot where slept all that was mortal of the second discoverer of the Mississippi, and the founder of Michigan.

About this time, Robert De La Salle, a young Frenchman, who had been educated for the priesthood in a Jesuit seminary, but who preferred a secular life, was seated at the foot of Lake Ontario, and enjoying a monopoly of the fur trade with the Five Nations south of the lake. He had built a fort on the site of modern Kingston and named it Frontenac in honor of his patron. The mild Franciscans, now tolerated in Canada, were carrying on their religious work among the Indians under the favor of La Salle.

Stirred by old accounts of Spanish voyagers to America, and especially by the published adventures of De Soto giving the incidents attending the discovery of the Mississippi, he had spent most of his early manhood in building air castles of that wonderful but unexplored country. The stories of Father Marquette's voyage on that stream, so mighty in higher latitudes, influenced his heightened ambition with a desire to become a pioneer in those far off regions and to perfect the explorations of the "Great Water." He had also heard of the Ohio River and the beauty and wealth of the country through which it flowed, and he resolved to

attempt the establishment of a widely extended commerce with the natives there and, if possible, plant colonies in the vast wilderness. With these aspirations he went to France and found favor with Colbert, the famous minister of Louis XIV.

It required a sagacity like Colbert's to comprehend the possibilities of the scheme, and he induced the king to extend La Salle's monopoly of the fur trade among the Indians, and to give him a commission to perfect the explorations of the Mississippi River. With some merchants and others and an Italian named Tonti as his lieutenant, late in 1678, La Salle returned to Frontenac to equip for the expedition. With his forces and a Franciscan priest, in a great canoe, they crossed Lake Ontario and went up the Niagara River to the site of Lewiston. They established a trading-post in that region, and near the present city of Buffalo, above the cataract, they built a sailing vessel in which they crossed the lakes to Mackinnack and, pushing forward, anchored in Green Bay, west of Lake Michigan. From Mackinnack, or Mackinaw, La Salle sent back the brig laden with a rich cargo of furs and awaited her return. He tarried impatiently among the Miamies at Chicago, for some time, when, with Tonti, Father Hennepin and two other Franciscans and about thirty followers, he boldly penetrated the wilderness westward on foot

and in canoes, until he reached Lake Peoria, in Illinois. Building a fort here, he sent Father Hennepin forward to explore the upper Mississippi, while he returned to Frontenac to look after his property.

With two oarsmen, Father Hennepin went down the Illinois River until the Mississippi was reached, which was in the month of March. They were detained here some time by the floating ice; but when it had passed Father Hennepin, invoking the aid of St. Anthony of Padua, ascended the stream to the great falls which bear the name of his patron saint.

Hennepin is not an accurate chronicler, for, though he never went further up the river than the falls of St. Anthony, he claims to have discovered its source. The falls he describes with tolerable accuracy, considering his disposition to exaggerate, and near them he carved a cross and the arms of France upon the forest trees, and in the Autumn of 1680 he returned to Green Bay by the way of the Wisconsin and Fox Rivers. Meanwhile, Tonti, who had been driven out of Illinois by the Indians, took refuge among the barbarians on the western shore of Lake Michigan.

La Salle had not given up the exploration of the Mississippi. He brooded over it by day, dreamed of it at night, until with him the idea became a

ruling passion. In 1682, he returned to the Illinois country with men and supplies for the enterprise.

Early in the year, with twenty-three Frenchmen and eighteen New England warriors, ten women and three children, that enterprise was undertaken. They reached the Mississippi in February and embarked upon its bosom in a strong and spacious barge, which had been constructed for the purpose, and many of the natives followed in canoes. In this manner they descended the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, everywhere observing the evidences of unbounded wealth in the bosom of the soil along its course. They stopped at many places and held intercourse with the natives, who came to the river banks in large numbers to meet them. At one place below the mouth of the Arkansas River, they found a powerful king over many tribes, to whom La Salle sent presents. His ambassadors were received with great respect, and the monarch sent word by them that he should visit their chief in person. He came in great state, preceded by two horses, and a master of ceremonies with six men, who cleared the ground over which his majesty was to pass, and erected a pavilion of mats to shield the king from the sun. The dusky monarch was dressed in a white robe falling to his knees, that had been beautifully woven of the inner bark of trees. He was on foot, and was preceded by two

men bearing immense feather fans as white as snow. A third carried plates of copper highly polished. His interview with La Salle was grave and dignified, and he used many gracious words, so they parted with mutual assurances of friendship. The people over whom the king ruled were a part of those barbarians of the gulf region who worshipped the sun and were called the Taenses.

La Salle proceeded southward, planted a cross and the arms of France on the borders of the Gulf of Mexico and proclaimed that the whole Mississippi valley was a part of the dominions of King Louis. He named the magnificent dominion Louisiana, in honor of his monarch, who was then in the height of his honor. So was planted in the very heart of the North American continent, the germ of the French empire which grew up there early in the eighteenth century.

Having accomplished this much, La Salle went back to Quebec, and thence to France, where he laid a report of his discoveries before the delighted monarch. Colbert was dead; but his son was in power and inherited his father's genius and enterprise. He procured for La Salle the king's commission to colonize Louisiana.

In the year 1684, when La Salle was at the French court, on the subject of his discoveries, he not only won the esteem of de Seignelay, the min-

ister, but brought him to agree that he should prosecute his discoveries and attempt to enter the mouth of the Mississippi by sea, in order to form a settlement. All winter was spent in making preparations for his expedition. By his commission, he was to command all the French and savages that lay between Fort Lewis, which he had already built upon the River Illinois, and that part of Florida called New Biscay; and the French commodore, who was to carry him to America, was enjoined to give him all the assistance in his power.

Four vessels were built at Rochefort, on board of which were embarked one hundred soldiers, a Canadian family, thirty volunteers, some of whom were gentlemen, and a few ladies and workmen. Three ecclesiastics, with four others, among whom was Father Zenobe, composed the rest of the company, together with a citizen of Rouen, one Joutel, who was a man of some capacity, and was intended as a kind of an assistant to La Salle. The ships destined for this discovery were the *Joli*, of forty guns, commanded by M. de Beaujeu; another vessel of six guns, which the French king made a present of to La Salle; the *Amiable*, a merchant ship of about three hundred tons burden, which carried La Salle's baggage and implements, and a ketch, of thirty guns, freighted with ammunition and merchandise.

This little squadron had scarcely cleared the land, when the main-mast of the *Joli* broke, and all the four ships returned to Rochelle, from whence they again set sail on the first of August, and on the sixteenth day were in sight of the Madeiras. By this time, La Salle and Beaujeu had quarrelled. The latter proposed to put into Madeira, to take in water and provisions; but as the success of the expedition depended on its being kept a secret from the Spaniards, La Salle resolutely opposed their stopping; and this circumstance increased their animosity. When they arrived in Hispaniola, Beaujeu came to anchor at Petit Guaves. Business of great importance had been entrusted to La Salle by the minister, with M. de Cussi, the French governor, who lived on the north side; so that Cussi, with two other French officers, was obliged to repair to Petit Guaves, where he found La Salle greatly indisposed, chiefly through vexation, two Spanish peraguas having taken his ketch off the island.

The growing discontents between La Salle and Beaujeu made all the adventurers despair of success. Having dispatched his business at Petit Guaves, La Salle set sail from thence the 25th of November, more embroiled than ever with Beaujeu. About the 12th of December, they entered the gulf of Mexico; but were obliged, by contrary

winds, to lie by till the 18th. On the 28th, La Salle discovered Florida and, having been informed that the currents in the gulf set strongly in for the east, he did not doubt that the mouth of the Mississippi lay a great way to the west; consequently he bore westward. On the 10th of January, 1685, he was near the object of his search, without knowing it, and passed it, without sending any of his people ashore. Some days after, beginning to be sensible of his mistake, he wanted to return; but Beaujeu refused to obey him, and La Salle acquiesced, though he had been extremely obstinate in all their differences of minor consequence. Still holding to the west, they at last arrived, without knowing where they were, at the bay of St. Bernard, one hundred leagues to the west of the mouth of the Mississippi. Here La Salle discovered a river, which he mistook for the Mississippi; and here he resolved to land his people. On the 20th of February he sent orders to the commander of the *Amiable*, the merchant ship, to lighten her, that she might sail up the river, and ordered one Le Belle to command her; but the captain of the vessel refused to receive him. Meanwhile, some of La Salle's company, who had landed, were carried off by the savages, and as he himself was hastening to their rescue, the *Amiable* was run ashore, designedly as it was thought, by the commander.

The crew was saved, and some part of the cargo. The whole of it might have been saved had not the vessel's long boat been destroyed on purpose. Next morning, the *Amiable* bulged; so that no more was got on shore than thirty casks of wine and brandy and some barrels of flour and salted meat. A bundle of blankets and several other things, being driven from the wreck to the shore, were seized by the savages. They were demanded by La Salle and his people with so much roughness, that the Indians resolved to be revenged and refused to give up their booty. La Salle seized their canoes, which they had left ashore, an outrage which greatly exasperated them. Advancing in the night to his camp, they killed some of his men, and wounded others. Among the latter was Moranger, his own nephew.

It appears, from all accounts, that La Salle was obstinate, proud and passionate, to the last degree, qualities ill suited to such an undertaking. Beaujeu, who considered his station as commander of a royal ship, superior to that of La Salle, to whose orders he was subjected, could not bear with his peevish, tyrannical humor and took all opportunities to thwart him in his projects. All the sensible and independent part of the adventurers, some of whom had risked large sums in the undertaking, were disgusted for the same reason. They complained

that all their hardships were owing to La Salle's headstrong humor, in his disdaining to advise with any one; and some of the most considerable among them proposed returning to France with M. Beaujeu, who was making ready for his voyage. La Salle applied to him for the cannon and bullets, which he had on board; but Beaujeu answered that the season was so far advanced, that he could not spare time, as they were in the bottom of the hold, for putting them ashore. This was not the only mortification La Salle met with at this time; for, though the captain of the *Amiable* was convicted of running his vessel ashore with design, yet Beaujeu received him and his crew on board, and, setting sail, he left La Salle with no more than ten field pieces ashore, and almost quite destitute of balls and ammunition.

These untoward circumstances were far from daunting La Salle. He set about erecting a storehouse, which he intrenched and fortified as well as he could, though Hennepin says that the fort was almost finished before Beaujeu sailed. While the fort was building, La Salle gave the charge of it to Joutel and left about one hundred and twenty persons with him. With the remainder, which did not exceed fifty, he proceeded in his own frigate up the stream, still of opinion that it was either the Mississippi, or a branch of that river. He

had not made great progress, when, hearing some discharges made by Joutel against the savages, who were molesting the store-house, or fort, as it was called, he returned with five or six of his company, and informed Joutel, that, having found a most commodious situation, he had begun to build a fort further up the river. He then took leave of Joutel and returned to his newly founded fort, where he soon perceived that the savages had robbed his workmen of their tools and utensils, and that even when they were supplied with others, they knew not how to use them; so that the work went on slowly.

In the beginning of June, La Salle sent an order to his nephew Moranger, to bring all the people from the old to the new fort, excepting thirty, who were to be left with Joutel and the store-keeper. Scarcely was the main body gone, when two ruffians entered into a conspiracy to murder these two officers, and desert with their spoils. This plot was discovered by a third soldier, whom the conspirators wanted to make an accomplice, and Joutel put them both in irons. On the 14th of July, a fresh order came from La Salle, commanding Joutel to entirely abandon the first fort, and repair to him with all his people, which he accordingly did; but he found La Salle and his new settlement in a wretched condition. The fort was but little ad-

vanced; for scarcely any part of it, except a small magazine, was covered over head. They had planted and sowed; but little came up, and even that little had been destroyed by wild animals. Several of the most considerable adventurers were dead, and maladies were every day increasing among the living. All these mortifying circumstances greatly affected La Salle; but he dissembled his chagrin and continued to behave with incredible spirit and industry. No sooner were his people reunited, than he set them the example of working at the fort with his own hands, which would have had an excellent effect by raising an emulation among the men, had he not destroyed it by his excessive cruelty and severity. He gave them no respite from labor; he could not bestow on any one a civil expression; he punished every fault with the utmost rigor; and misery, which commonly renders other men sociable, seemed only to exasperate him into inhumanity. At the same time, despair and want of wholesome food threw his men into a kind of languor, which carried off numbers. To crown those misfortunes, the imprudence of some of his people had rendered the inhabitants of the place irreconcilable enemies to the new settlement.

The natives were called Clamcoets, a cruel, perfidious people, but remarkable for covering their

revenge and deceit under the appearances of buffoonery and gayety. They had strong liquors of their own making, and were extremely addicted to drinking.

At last La Salle finished his fort which he called St. Lewis, and he gave the same name to the bay of St. Bernard, into which he still believed the Mississippi discharged itself, and therefore he resolved to make an accurate survey of it in his frigate. He covered the roof of his fort with green turf, to prevent its being set on fire by the arrows, which the savages used to discharge with lighted matches tied to them. It happened luckily for La Salle and his adventurers, that those barbarians were cowardly to a ridiculous degree, and two or three Frenchmen often put as many dozen of them to flight; but they never failed to destroy the French, when they could do it by stealth. La Salle, finding he could not reclaim, endeavored to subdue them, and he had many skirmishes with them, in which he was always conqueror; yet he never could bring them to give him information concerning the country or lend him their peraguas, which were so necessary for him in his intended voyage. So far, however, he prevailed, that, being intimidated, they removed to a convenient distance from the fort, and gave the new settlers time for cultivating their lands, and raising their stock. These meas-

ures they took with amazing success, and even found time to build canoes, which proved of the greatest utility in the undertaking. At last, in the month of October, La Salle, with the bulk of his people, went on board his frigate, leaving Joutel, with thirty-four persons under his command, at Fort Lewis, and strictly enjoining him, that he should admit none of those who attended him into the fort, without a particular order signed by himself. About the middle of January, 1686, Duhaut, one of the adventurers, whose younger brother, Dominique, had been left in the fort, came back to it alone in a canoe, and Joutel thought he had so little to apprehend from him, that he received him into the fort without a particular order for admission from La Salle. This man reported that La Salle's pilot had orders to sound the mouth of the river; but that, going ashore with five men, they were all murdered, while they were asleep, by the savages; and La Salle next morning found the remains of their bodies, which had been devoured by the wild beasts. Although the death of this pilot was an irreparable loss to La Salle, he ordered the frigate to advance up the bay, while he himself crossed it with two canoes, then proceeded by land, attended by twenty persons, till he reached the banks of a fine river, where Duhaut pretended he accidentally lost them, and that, in searching for

them, he was insensibly carried back to Fort Lewis. About the middle of March, La Salle returned in a very miserable condition with his brother M. Cavalier, an ecclesiastic, who had attended him, and five or six persons. The rest of his attendants, among whom was his youngest nephew, a youth about fifteen years of age, whose name was likewise Cavalier, was detached in search of his frigate, on board of which were his linen, baggage and most valuable effects.

To keep up the spirts of his people, he pretended to be wonderfully pleased with the discoveries he had made, and seemed even to forgive Duhaut for returning to the fort without his leave. Next morning, young Cavalier and the rest of his companions returned, but brought no accounts of the frigate, to the great mortification of La Salle, who had proposed first to send it to the French American islands for supplies, and then to have coasted all the gulf of Mexico in prosecuting his discoveries.

About the beginning of May, a few days after La Salle himself had set out in quest of the frigate, an account arrived of its being wrecked on the opposite side of the bay. The crew, who had reached the shore, set about building a raft; but it was so badly executed, that all those who ventured on it were drowned. The survivors made

another with better success, on which they put all they could save out of the wreck, and they happily passed on it into the river on the opposite side of the bay, where it was useless, because it could not carry them up to the fort; nor durst they travel by land for fear of the savages. At last, meeting with an old canoe, they refitted it as well as they could, and it brought them to Fort Lewis.

La Salle had then been two months gone, and it is not at all to be wondered at, if the settlement he left behind him was full of discontent and murmurings at what they suffered from his unaccountable conduct. Many of them, who could not remain shut up in the walls of the fort, were murdered by the savages, as they were hunting. The more sedentary, being the most valuable part of the settlement, were carried off by diseases. Many of them ventured even to throw themselves upon the barbarians, who gave them liberty to live in the Indian manner, while those who remained entered into a conspiracy, at the head of which was Duhaut, whose younger brother was with La Salle. Joutel, the commandant of the fort, gaining a knowledge of these cabals, acted with so much prudence and resolution, that he kept the conspirators in awe till the return of La Salle, which was about the month of August. During this last ramble, he had visited the country of the Cenis,

with whom he had made an alliance, and they furnished him with five horses laden with provisions; but he had learned nothing of the main object of his search, and of twenty men he carried out with him, he brought eight back. Among the missing was Duhaut's brother; but La Salle pretended that he had given him and several others, leave to return to the fort. These new losses augmented the discontent of the settlers, whom La Salle's presence, however, overawed; and as the Clamcoets had begun to renew their incursions, he communicated to Joutel a design he had formed of transferring his settlement to the country of the Illinois, with which he was well acquainted. In the mean time he declared he would undertake a third journey to visit that people.

As he was preparing to set out, he was attacked by a fever, which confined him until the end of December, when, recovering, he renewed his preparations for his journey, and, having given Joutel leave to attend him, he nominated another in his room to command the fort, the works of which had of late been much strengthened, and it was stored with a sufficiency of provisions for all who were to be left in it, who did not exceed twenty persons, seven of whom were women. About the beginning of January, 1687, he set out, attended by sixteen men, including his brother Cavalier, and his two

nephews, Father Anastase, Joutel, and Duhaut. For the convenience of travelling, La Salle ordered the five horses, which he had brought from the Cenis, to be loaded with provisions. This third ramble seems to have been dictated by necessity; for, in fact, he could remain no longer among the Clamcoets, and he missed the end he had proposed, which he pretended to be the discovery of the Mississippi, but which, in fact was to render himself master of the Spanish mine of St. Barbe, a more romantic enterprise than the other. Having travelled a little way, he met some savages, whom he knew so well how to humor, that they parted in an amicable manner. He then crossed many rivers; but they increased so fast, and were sometimes so swollen by rains, that he resolved to build a large canoe for crossing them, to be carried over land upon poles, and this proved of singular use.

The countries through which he passed were extremely pleasant, and some of them populous. Three great villages, particularly, are named, Taraba, Tyakappon, and Palonna. The course by which he travelled was northeast, and at last he arrived at the country of the Palaquessens, who, he was told, were in alliance with the Spaniards. Among his attendants was one Hiens, whose true name was James, an English soldier, one Larcheveque, and a surgeon called Liotot. As it was impossible for

the travellers to carry with them a sufficiency of provisions to maintain them through the whole journey, they had recourse to hunting, the country through which they travelled being full of excellent game, and they divided themselves into small parties for that purpose. Moranget, La Salle's valet, and one Nika, an Indian, but a most admirable hunter, formed one of those parties, and, as it is reported, fell in with Duhaut, Hiens, and Liotot. A quarrel ensued, in which Moranget is said to have abused Duhaut, whose younger brother was suspected to have been put to death by La Salle's own hand. It is probable that the tyranny and insolence of La Salle determined those men to despatch him, but that they did not think themselves safe without first murdering Moranget, the valet and the hunter, a scheme which they accordingly executed, when they were asleep, in a most inhuman manner, Larcheveque and the pilot Tessier being their accomplices. Despair, rage, and misery prompted them to cross a river which lay between them and La Salle, to murder him likewise; but they were detained two days by the swelling of the waters. By this time La Salle became excessively uneasy, because Moranget and his two servants had not returned, and he resolved to go in quest of them, taking with him Father Anastase and an Indian, and recommending the care of his

little encampment to Joutel. Having travelled a little way, he fired his gun at some eagles that were hovering in the air, which in those parts is a sure sign of carrion being near, and the discharge informed the assassins where he was. Two of them, Duhaut and Larcheveque, passed the river, and the former, concealing himself behind the bushes, instantly shot La Salle dead. Father Anastase expected the same fate, but was informed by the assassins that he was safe. Charlevoix and Hennepin have bestowed great encomiums upon La Salle's vast abilities, perseverance, spirit, and courage, but, admitting all they say to be true, every man of sense who reads his history must consider him no better than a madman, with lucid intervals. The manner of his death was, however, deplorable and, perhaps, a loss to the public. That he had made great discoveries of nations lying upon the Mississippi can scarcely be doubted; but his austere, reserved humor, joined to his pride and ambition (which seem to have been unbounded), prevented his opening himself to any confidant on that subject. The French court, long after his death, availed itself even of the manner of it, by pretending, in their memorials, that his discoveries comprehended the whole extent of the country to the Mississippi, and even to the west of that river.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE COLONIAL CONGRESS.

Europe is given a prey to sterner fates,
And writhes in shackles; strong the arms that chain
To earth her struggling multitude of states.
She, too, is strong and might not chafe in vain
Against them, but shake off the vampire train
That batten on her blood, and break their net,
Yes, she shall look on brighter days, and gain
The meed of worthier deeds; the moment set
To rescue and raise up draws near—but is not yet.

—BRYANT.

THE student of American history can at once see what would be the result of three such powerful nations as England, France and Spain contending for supremacy in North America. The gold fields of the West Indies, Mexico and Peru were practically exhausted, and these domains were dwindling into countries of minor importance. Spain had a firm hold on them and with the exception of a few islands and colonies, held almost undisputed sway in South America. It was in the temperate zone, in the northern part of the western hemisphere, where the great nation of the new

world was to be formed. The wise men of France and England saw and realized this, and with the French claiming all the Mississippi valley and the English the Atlantic coast from Acadie to Florida, it required no seer or prophet to foresee a bloody outcome of the events.

The time was almost ripe for the settlement of these questions. The French not only claimed the Mississippi Valley, but the valley of the Ohio. English emigration had pushed across the Alleghany Mountains, and isolated settlements here and there began to dot the fertile region.

Serious questions sprang up among the American colonies. Americans whose fathers and grandfathers had been born on American soil had less respect for the mother country than those who emigrated to the colonies. The king often sent bad governors to rule the people; taxes were exorbitant, and they were made to support a parliament in which they had no representation. The stories of Bacon's rebellion were not forgotten, for it was only half a century since the Virginian made their first bold stroke for liberty. Although the rebellion had been crushed by the tyrant Berkeley, it was still remembered, and there were many who had participated in the struggle who prophesied:

"It will come again. There is trouble ahead; but who can say how it will end?"

The men were born and at this time living in America who were to solve this intricate problem. Sporting on the shores of the Rappahannock was a little boy, trundling his wagon, or riding his cane for a prancing horse, prattling in his joyous childhood, who was the coming Moses to lead his people out of the bondage of kingcraft into the glorious light of liberty and freedom.

Great minds, the product of the new world, were growing which would teach all Europe lessons in good government of the people, for the people and by the people.

Mr. Elmer Stevens and his son still lived near Mr. Washington. Noah little dreamed that the bright little boy who daily frolicked on his father's lawn, pulled the ears of Mr. Stevens' hounds and hurled stones at the pigs and chickens, would one day lead armies to victory, and build up a nation.

In 1736, Noah Stevens learned that his friend Colonel Oglethorpe had returned from England and he prevailed on his father to allow him to make a visit to Georgia.

On his arrival in Georgia, Noah early formed the acquaintance of a man named John Wesley and his brother Charles Wesley. They were religious enthusiasts, clergymen of the Church of England, who came to make war upon the invisible foe of righteousness. John Wesley was then thirty-three

years of age, and came as a missionary of the gospel among the settlers and surrounding pagans. Charles came as an assistant to his brother in this warfare, and as secretary to Governor Oglethorpe. They had begun a course of independence in England quite contrary to the church, and the pulpits of their church were closed against them.

"You have come as a missionary to the new world, and I hope your work may bear fruit," said Noah. The divine shook his head and said:

"They object to our method of serving God. I believe one should be converted before he should preach. I came to convert the heathen and found I was not converted myself."

John Wesley was fervent in spirit and eloquent in speech. A large congregation attended his ministration at Savannah at first; but the austerity of his maxims, his fearless denunciation of vice and even foibles, and his rigid exercise of ecclesiastical authority soon involved him in serious disputes with the settlers, who were a peculiarly mixed people. Without really knowing it himself, he was a pioneer in thought and the founder of a new creed, and as every exponent of new thought must run counter to established ideas, Wesley became unpopular and was sorely vexed and irritated by opponents on every side. At last he became involved in a difficulty with a woman, whom he

refused to admit to the communion, and left the province in disgust after a two years' ministry "shaking the dust off his feet," as he expressed it, and believing his mission in Georgia a failure.

The Wesleys were succeeded by George Whitefield, who, being more practical than they, succeeded very well in the new colony. He established an orphan asylum in Georgia, which for years was supported by voluntary subscriptions from England.

The Spaniards at St. Augustine became jealous of the rapid growth of Georgia. Oglethorpe, not being fully prepared to resist an invasion, sent a messenger to St. Augustine to invite the commander to a friendly conference. As soon as the messenger departed, he set out in a ship with fifty Highlanders exploring the islands along the coast of Georgia. On St. Simon's Island, he founded the town of Frederica and built a fort there. In the Altamaha Sound, he visited New Invernes (now Darien), where he found a few Scotch Highlanders, who greeted him warmly. Here he marked out a small fort which was constructed, and a few cannon were planted.

When Oglethorpe returned to Savannah, it was warm spring weather; but his messenger to St. Augstine had not yet returned, and he proceeded to manifest the intentions of Great Britain to sus-

tain its claims to the country as far south as the St. John's River. On Cumberland Island he built a fort which he called St. Andrew's, which would command the mouth of the St. Mary's, the stream which finally became the southern boundary of Georgia. At the southern extremity of an island at the entrance of St. John's River, he also planned a small military work, which he called Fort St. George. He also founded Augusta far up the Savannah River, and erected a stockade there as a defence against the Indians from the west who might be under the influence of the French or Spanish traders.

These preparations for defence irritated the Spaniards at St. Augustine, who detained Oglethorpe's messengers as prisoners and threatened war. The news spread among the friendly Indians, and old To-mo-chi-chi came with painted warriors to offer his aid. The Chickasaws sent a delegation to bear assurances of friendship and fidelity to the English. With such allies as these, Oglethorpe felt strong enough to cope with the Spaniards.

These alliances so alarmed the governor of St. Augustine that he expressed a willingness to treat for a settlement of all disputes, and an honorable treaty was made. The messengers were released, and the Georgians abandoned Fort St. George.

The home government at Spain disapproved of

the treaty; and Oglethorpe was notified to meet a commission from Cuba at Frederica. This conference resulted in nothing. The Spaniards peremptorily demanded the evacuation of all Georgia by the British, and of all South Carolinia below the parallel of Port Royal, claiming all of that region as a part of the dominions of Spain.

Oglethorpe hastened to England to consult the trustees and secure military aid. The Spaniards had three regiments of soldiers at St. Augustine. He was commissioned brigadier-general over all the military in Georgia and South Carolinia, and authorized to raise troops in England to serve in America. In the summer of 1738, he returned to Georgia with some troops.

The colony was not prosperous, for many of the emigrants were gentlemen unfit to build up a great province where muscle and brain were demanded. The use of slave labor, so productive in other colonies, was forbidden in Georgia, and tillage was neglected. The Scotch, Swiss and German settlers were inadequate to give that vitality to industrial pursuits necessary for the development of the resources of the virgin soil.

English merchants were boldly carrying on a system of smuggling on the coasts of Spanish America at the expense of Spanish commerce, which was fostered by the English ministry, who

were blindly bent on destroying the Spanish colonial system in America. The result was a declaration of war in 1739.

Oglethorpe knew that St. Augustine had been strengthened by more troops, and he resolved to strike a blow there, before the enemy should be well prepared. His rule had been anything but a peaceful one, for he had crushed out a conspiracy to assassinate him, also a negro insurrection in South Carolinia.

Early in 1740, he invaded Florida and captured some Spanish outposts. In May, he again entered Florida with six hundred Carolinia militia and a large body of friendly Indians. He marched directly on to St. Augustine, capturing a little fort twenty miles from that city and another but two miles from it.

Noah Stevens, who accompanied the expedition as a volunteer, bore a message from Oglethorpe to the Spanish governor demanding a surrender. As he entered the walls of that old fort he remembered the story he had often heard, how Philip Stevens, his ancestor had, one hundred and fifty-three years before, been captured by Sir Francis Drake at this fort and borne away to England.

Oglethorpe's demand for the surrender was defiantly refused, and he began a siege, determined to starve them into submission; but swift-sailing gal-

leys ran the weak blockade which his little squadron formed in the harbor and threw supplies into the fort. Oglethorpe had no cannon with which to batter down the walls of the fort, and, warned by the increasing heats of the coming of the sickly season he raised the siege and returned to Savannah.

Two years later, the Spaniards, with a fleet of thirty-six vessels from Cuba and a land force about three thousand strong, started for the harbor of St. Simons, which was reached in July, 1742. Oglethorpe was on hand, but with a force of less than one thousand, including Indians. South Carolinia had failed to furnish any men and supplies, and Oglethorpe, in a stirring speech to his Georgia soldiers, informed them that they must depend on themselves. When the white sails of the Spanish fleet appeared off the shores of Georgia, he went aboard one of his small vessels, with Noah Stevens at his side, and said:

"We must protect Carolinia and the rest of the colonies from destruction or die in the attempt. For myself, I am prepared for all dangers. I know the enemy are far more numerous than we; but I rely on the valor of our men, and, by God's help, I believe we will be victorious."

When the Spanish fleet passed the English batteries at the southern end of the island, however, Oglethorpe realized that resistance would be folly.

He ordered his vessels to run up to Frederica, while he spiked his guns at St. Simons, and retreated to the same place with his troops. There he waited for reinforcements from Carolinia; but they came not, while he was annoyed by frequent attacks from the Spaniards. Noah Stevens, with a small party of Georgians and Indians, repulsed three of these attacks in one day.

Having somewhat tested the metal of the Spaniards, and finding them lacking in courage, he reported to Oglethorpe that they were encamped near St. Simons, and so carelessly guarded, that a force much inferior to their own might attack and defeat them. Oglethorpe was so impressed with Noah's statement, that he determined to attack the Spanish encampment that very night. He moved cautiously along a road which he had caused to be made, with a dense live-oak forest draped with Spanish moss on one side, and a deep morass on the other. All would have gone well, had not a Frenchman in his little army fired his musket and deserted to the enemy. The Spaniards were roused, and Oglethorpe fell back to Frederica.

"We are lost," said Oglethorpe. "The traitor will betray our weakness."

The fertile brain of Noah Stevens was not slow in laying a plan whereby the evil could be turned to good account.

"Governor Oglethorpe, write a letter to the deserter and speak of him as if he were a spy sent by yourself. Instruct him to represent that the Georgians are very weak in numbers and arms, and advise the Spaniards to attack us at once, and, if they will not do so, try to persuade them to remain at St. Simons for three days longer, for by that time we will have a British fleet with two thousand soldiers aboard to attack St. Augustine. You know the bearer of this letter will carry it to the Spanish commander, and the deserter will probably be hung as he deserves and the Spaniards frightened away."

"How shall we send such a letter?"

"By a Spanish prisoner."

"I will do it."

He did, and the result was all that could be asked. The French deserter was arrested and hung for a spy; a council of war was called, and, while it was in session, some vessels from Carolinia were seen at sea, which were mistaken for the British fleet alluded to, and the Spaniards determined to attack Oglethorpe immediately and then hasten to the defence of St. Augustine.

Noah Stevens, who, with a party of young men and Indian scouts, was in the forest near enough to watch the enemy, became apprised of their design. He hastened to Oglethorpe with the

information, and they prepared to resist the attack.

On the narrow road flanked by the forest and the morass, within a mile of the fort, Oglethorpe placed his Highlanders in ambush. As the first division of Spaniards were advancing along the road to the attack, there suddenly burst forth a sheet of flame and the Spaniards fell like grass before the scythe. Almost the whole party was killed or captured. A second party, pressing forward to their relief, met a like fate, and the other Spaniards, becoming confused and alarmed, fled to their ships, leaving almost two hundred dead on the field. The scene of this battle is to-day pointed out as "The Bloody Marsh."

The Spaniards returned to St. Augustine, and the commander of the expedition, Don Manuel de Monteano was dismissed from the service on account of his conspicuous failure. The stratagem and courage of Georgia's governor saved Georgia and South Carolinia from utter ruin.

"Oglethorpe had settled, colonized and defended Georgia with rare courage, energy and skill, not for personal glory and worldly gain, but for a great and benevolent purpose. Having firmly established the colony, he returned to England, in 1743, where, after performing good military service for his king against the 'Young Pretender,' he retired to his

seat in Essex. When General Gage returned to England from America in 1775, he was offered the chief command of the British army in this country, though he was then almost eighty years of age. His benevolent ideas did not suit the temper of the British ministry then, and General William Howe received the appointment. When, at the close of the Revolution, John Adams went to England as American minister at the British court, Oglethorpe was among the first to congratulate him because of the Independence of his country. The brave founder of Georgia died next year, at the age of almost ninety years, with all his mental faculties in full vigor." *

The great diversity of character among the inhabitants of the colonies of North America was sufficient to build up a great, free, liberal and glorious nation. This diversity was owing chiefly to the origin, early habits of the people and the climate. The early inhabitants of Virginia were from classes in English society wherein a lack of rigid moral discipline allowed free living and its attendant vices. This circumstance, combined with the influence of a mild climate, produced a tendency to voluptuousness and ease among the Virginians and their southern neighbors. Generally they ex-

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* Lossing's "Our Country," Vol. III., page 482.

hibited less moral restraint, more hospitality and greater frankness and social refinement, than the people of New England. New England was peopled by the middle classes of society, including a great many religious enthusiasts, very rigid in their manners, shy and jealous of strangers and extremely strict in their notions. They attempted to regulate the habits and tastes of society by formal standards. Their early legislation recognized the right to control the most minute details of social life. The general court of Massachusetts, on one occasion, required the proper officers to notice the "apparel" of the people, especially their "ribbands and great boots." Drinking of healths in public or private; wearing funeral badges; celebrating the church festivals of Christmas and Easter, and many other things, which were really harmless, seemed quite improper to magistrates and legislators, and especially to the Puritan clergy, who controlled in all matters. The Puritans detested the Church of England, the Catholics and the Quakers, and whatever was indorsed by the latter was liable to be rejected by the former.

When oppression and danger to the lives, liberties and rights came, however, the colonies were found standing firmly by each other. Puritan New England, Cavalier Virginia, Dutch New York and Catholic Maryland were all found marching

side by side and clasping hands in a glorious *e pluribus unum*.

Agriculture was the principal pursuit of the American colonists of English antecedents. All along the history of the country, commerce and manufactures struggled against unwise and unjust laws for existence. With forced self-reliance, the people had been compelled from the very beginning to make their own apparel, furniture and implements of labor, which they could not buy from the looms and workshops of old England; and manual labor was regarded as honorable and dignified, especially in New England and the immediately adjoining provinces.

Commerce of the English American colonies had a feeble infancy, and was dwarfed in its growth by oppressive navigation laws. Trade had hardly reached the dignity of commerce before the Revolution. Massachusetts vessels, as early as 1636, had made voyages to the West Indies with favorable results, and a small trade sprang up all along the American coast, which was regarded with joy as the harbinger of a flourishing American commerce; but England, always jealous of her rights, in 1651 passed the navigation act which warned the American people that they were to depend on tilling the soil alone for sustenance. The ocean was England's. The restoration of this infamous

law, in 1660, satisfied the colonists that their commerce was doomed, because it threatened to rival that of Great Britain. Not only was England interested in American commerce; but she was very much exercised over American industries, as she is to this day. After calling the attention of Parliament to American industries from time to time, laws were enacted to regulate them. In 1719, the House of Commons declared that "erecting any manufactories in the colonies tended to lessen their dependence on Great Britain," and they were discouraged. Earlier than this an English author had written:

"There be fine iron works which cast no guns; no house in New England has above twenty rooms; not twenty in Boston have ten rooms each; a dancing-school was set up here, but put down; a fencing-school is allowed; there be no musicians by trade; all cordage, sail-cloth and mats come from England; no cloth is made there worth four shillings per yard; no alum, no salt made by their sun."

The British government kept as strict a guard over the manufactories as she did over their commerce, and what few goods were manufactured by one colony they were prohibited from selling, bartering or exchanging with another. Infant industries, instead of being fostered and protected, met with direct opposition from the home government.

It took the French and Indian wars to drive the colonies into the thought of uniting for mutual protection, and, once united, they began to sympathize with each other and brood over the wrongs heaped upon them by the mother country. That first little confederation of the New England colonies for mutual protection against the Indians was commented on. It had been a successful scheme and the wise men in the colonies began to argue that a general continental congress might be formed. There were mental giants coming; there were statesmen growing up, whose bright and shining lights were yet to illuminate all future generations, and they were gathering strength every day to grapple with the great problems.

William Penn seems to have been the first to put forth a plan for a general union of all the colonies for their mutual welfare, in which he proposed the appointment of persons in each colony, who should meet at specified times in a general congress to mature plans for the common good, whose presiding officer should be a high commissioner appointed by the crown, and in time of war should command all of the colonial forces. His plan somewhat resembled the Grecian Amphictyonic Council, and was commended by many thoughtful persons. The idea was discussed through the press in both England and America, not with any thought

of independence, but with the idea that a national union of colonies in America would redound to the glory of Great Britain. When it became apparent that the design of the French was to supplant the English in America, a prominent citizen of New Jersey, Daniel Coxe, published a volume in London (1722) in which he proposed that all the English colonies in America should be united by a national covenant, in a national government, over which a supreme viceroy or governor, appointed by the crown, should preside in some part of America, and the governors of the several colonies should be subordinate to him; and also that there should be a general congress of deputies chosen by the several colonies to promote unity of action in times of danger. Men of all shades of political opinion made similar suggestions; and Dinwiddie, governor of Virginia, recommended, not only a union of the colonies for mutual defence, but a confederation of the Indians then friendly toward the English, with the tribes more in the interior and under the influence of the French.

Meanwhile, there had been several conventions of the leading men of the colonies, as in the case of the convention at New London, Connecticut, in 1711, when the land and naval expeditions were sent under Colonel Nicholson on land and Sir Hovenden Walker by sea, which failed, as seen. In

1722, a congress of colonial officials and Indian sachems was held at Albany for the promotion of a friendly feeling and the strengthening of the alliance then existing with the Iroquois confederacy. In 1744, a similar congress for the same purposes met at Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

These colonial congresses began to exhibit a tendency toward a national union. After news had reached the colonies of a preliminary treaty of peace having been signed by the commissioners of England and France, a colonial congress was held at Albany (1748) which certainly looked more toward a national union than for defence. This congress was convened for a two-fold purpose. The antagonisms between the royal governors and the people were alarming to the crown officers in America, and the latter wished to secure a colonial revenue through British interference, and not be subjected, in the matter, to the will or caprice of colonial assemblies. Foremost among these crown officers who were willing to abridge the rights of the people, were Governor Clinton of New York and Governor Shirley of Massachusetts. They promoted the assembling of the congress with a hope that that body would favor their scheme, and both were there with their political friends. Another purpose of the meeting was the strengthening of the bond of friendship between the Six Nations

and their savage neighbors on the west and the English. A vast concourse of barbarians were there, and, while the royal governors gained nothing for themselves, a very satisfactory arrangement was made with the Indians. They agreed that no Frenchman should abide within their borders, also, not to send any delegation to Canada, and to have their warriors ready for the service of the English whenever they should be called upon.

That there was a crisis in political affairs in the colonies, every one knew. Nothing but the French and Indian wars prevented it coming sooner than it did. The royal governors saw that something must speedily be done to curb the democratic spirit of the people, or local self-government would supersede royal authority. It was necessary to convince Parliament of this truth. Only through the Lords of Trade and Plantations could this be done. This was the board or committee appointed by the crown in 1696, to whom was entrusted a general oversight of the affairs of the American colonies. It was originally composed of seven members and a president. To them the royal governors were requested to give frequent and full information of the condition of their respective governments concerning political and commercial affairs, and particularly of the proceedings of the assemblies; also, of the appropriations for the public service and

how they were expended. To this board the royal agents in the colonies addressed their letters, and Frothingham says:

"It was the lion's mouth into which the accusations and complaints against the colonies were indiscriminately cast."

In order to arouse the Lords of Trade and Plantations to action, some overt act of disobedience must be obtained against the colonies. The bluff Admiral Clinton, Governor of New York was selected as the proper person to bring on the crisis, though each governor had some grievance to lay before the board.

Governor Clinton was not long in finding an occasion for quarrel with the New York assembly. He demanded of that body an appropriation for the support of the government for five years next ensuing, with a view of making himself, as governor, independent of the assembly. Of course they refused compliance with his demands as he expected, and he then warned them of the danger of incurring the displeasure of Parliament, and dissolved the assembly. He wrote letters to the Lords of Trade, complaining of the rebellious tendencies of a greater part of the assembly whom he charged with "claiming all the powers and privileges of Parliament," asserting that they had "set up the people as the high court of American appeal," that

they had "virtually assumed all of the public money into their own hands, and issued it without warrant from the governor," and, also had assumed the right to nominate all officers of government; to reward all services by granting salaries annually, "not to the office, but by name to the person in the office," concluding that the system if not speedily remedied, would affect the dependency of the colonies on the crown. "I beseech his majesty, through the Lords of Trade and Plantations your honorable body, to make a good example for all America, by regulating the government of New York. Until that is done, I cannot meet the assembly without danger of exposing the king's authority and myself to contempt."

As the authorities at home did not come immediately to his relief, he became involved in a bitter quarrel with the assembly of New York and finally abandoned the government in disgust, and returned home. He was succeeded by Sir Danvers Asborne, who came with orders to demand from the assembly a permanent revenue to be disbursed solely by himself. His council assured him that the assembly would refuse compliance with the demand. He became involved in a bitter wrangle and ended by committing suicide by hanging himself with his pocket handkerchief to the garden fence at his lodgings in New York.

The firm attitude of the New York assembly met the approbation of all the colonists, where republican principles were constantly on the increase. The young American Eagle was quickened in the egg, and it only needed to break the thin shell to spread its pinions and soar away to liberty.

While there was further danger from France, the American colonies clung to the mother country. The famous treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, produced peace in Europe and caused a lull only in the warfare in America. In that ancient city of Rhenish Prussia, where Charlemagne was born and where he died and where fifty-five emperors have been crowned, the representatives of Great Britain, France, Holland, Germany, Spain and Genoa signed a solemn treaty, which ended a war begun in 1740. That was the consequence of the ascension of the throne of Austria by Maria Theresa in conformity to the "Progmatic Sanction"—a royal ordinance—of her father, Charles VI. of Germany, made in 1713. That treaty confirmed six other treaties, which had been made in the space of a century; and hopeful men looked for the peace of the millennium; but the treaty was delusive, and, in the American colonies, it was only the lull before the storm, which, for a few years longer, was to make the English colonies in America endure the intolerant tyranny of royal governors.

CHAPTER IX.

THE INTERRUPTED WEDDING.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care.
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knee the envied kiss to share.

—GRAY.

IT was September, 1755, that delightful season of all seasons in Acadia. The balmy air, deprived of its excessive heat and not yet chilled by the early breath of Autumn, fanned the cheek of pretty Adrianne Blanc, as she gazed across the fields and meadows of Grand Pre. The village among the emerald hills lay like a pearl in an oyster shell not half a mile away; but through the dreamy misty fog it seemed much farther. The sun was just climbing the eastern shores and hills and tipping the church spires with golden light. Twenty-five years had wrought but little change in Grand Pre.

The broad, low meadows, spreading away before the eyes, gleamed with golden-rods, whose fires, unquenched in the morning dews, sparkled with a brighter lustre. The fields of golden grain, which

harvesters were gathering for the winter's supply, seemed to speak of peace and abundance.

Acadia was happy, and no maid in all the land was more happy on this early morn than Adrianne. She had cause to be happy, for this was to be her wedding day. At high noon she was to wed the man she loved best, Jean Baptiste De Barre, one of the most popular young men in all the parish.

As she stood by the gate, gazing down the long road, a handsome young English officer came riding by on his gayly caparisoned steed. His gaudy uniform, epaulets, sword hilt, gold cord and tassels, flashing in the morning sunlight, seemed ablaze with glory. His prancing steed went past the cottage of Madame Blanc without pausing, the rider not even turning his eyes toward the maiden at the gate.

This was something remarkable, especially as the officer was young and handsome, and the maiden at the gate was very pretty. Few persons are willing to miss a glance at a young and pretty face. Adrianne knew the officer, and she turned instinctively away as the haughty Briton rode past.

There was a story connected with this young officer and the maiden at the gate. He had been at Grand Pre ever since June. He was Henry Winslow, a nephew of John Winslow, major-general of the Massachusetts militia. Soon after his

arrival, the pretty face and bright eyes of the mademoiselle attracted his attention and he sought her acquaintance; but a youthful Acadian, Jean Baptiste De Barre, had already won the heart of the Mademoiselle. The light hair and blue eyes of Jean might lead one to suspect that he was an Anglo-Saxon rather than of French extraction. Captain Winslow, depending on his rank and superior accomplishments, sought to win the mademoiselle despite her betrothal vows, and never for a moment doubted that he would succeed. To his amazement, all his accomplishments, rank and position, availed him nothing. He grew exasperated and threatened to call out the young Frenchman. He did do so; but Jean proved to be so skilful with the rapier, that, after twice wounding his antagonist, he disarmed and humiliated him. Captain Winslow swore vengeance, and he never rode past the home of Adrianne, that his eyes did not flash with fury.

"I wish he had not come this morning," Adrianne said to herself. "There is something evil in his look."

It would not be many hours ere she would wed Jean, and then she felt that no harm could befall her.

Nearer to the village, in one of the largest and most pretentious houses, lived Pierre De Barre,

the father of Jean Baptiste. Monsieur De Barre was a quiet, unassuming man, who had devoted his life, ambition and energies to his wife Adele, as long as she lived; but Adele had been five years in her grave, sleeping by the side of her father, Monsieur De Vere, and two infant children gone before. Monsieur De Barre and Jean, his only heir, lived alone in their home at Grand Pre. Monsieur De Barre took but little interest in the politics of his wretched country. He spoke both English and French fluently, and had taught both languages to his son.

He was a moody, taciturn man, and there had been many strange stories about his early life. A servant, who had seen him bathing one day, reported that he had on his shoulder the number 39, as if burned into the flesh. This discovery was reported to two or three, until it reached the master's ears, and he ordered the slave, under pain of severe punishment, to deny the story.

Monsieur De Barre was a hale old man, whose age might be anywhere from fifty to seventy years. His form was as erect as a soldier of twenty. He mingled little in society and, since his wife's death, seemed to live only for his son. All the broad acres and fine estates which were his, came through his wife, for there was a strange story of Monsieur De Barre, a poor ship-wrecked mariner, ro-

mantically saving the life of the only daughter of the wealthy Monsieur De Vere, who fell in love with the sailor and married him.

No one ever claimed that she had married beneath her station, or that the marriage was not entirely satisfactory to her father. He made Adele a loving, faithful husband who had never been known to smile since her death.

His only child, Jean, was to wed the prettiest maiden in Acadia, which was saying a great deal. The father, who seldom sought to curb the will of his son, heartily approved the marriage, and on this morn, as was his habit, rose before the sun to gaze about the town.

His son came to the piazza, his handsome young face glowing in the fresh light of the new day.

"Jean, did you see the Englishman, Captain Winslow?"

"No."

"There is something peculiarly menacing about him this morning. I think we will sail for Virginia soon after your marriage."

"Will you leave Acadia?"

"Yes, my son."

"Why?"

Monsieur De Barre pointed toward the fort, over which the English flag was waving, and said:

"We can no longer call this wretched country

our own. In a land where all religions are tolerated, we may live happily; but in this there must come at an early day ruin and devastation. Let us flee the wrath which threatens us."

"Have you heard any confirmation of the late rumors?"

"War really exists in the colonies between the French and English, and by those loving peace a neutral ground should be selected."

"Did not Newcastle assure us there would be no war?"

"The French have no faith in Newcastle, and when Keppel sailed with Braddock's troops a few months ago, Baron Dieskau was sent to reinforce the French army on the St. Lawrence."

"There has as yet been no formal declaration of war?"

"No; but there has been fighting all along the frontier, and there is actual war which must in the end bring about a declaration of hostilities. On the sea Admiral Boscawen pursued and captured two English ships."

Monsieur De Barre knew that three thousand men had sailed from Boston on the 20th of May, 1755, under command of General John Winslow, a great-grandson of Edward Winslow of the *Mayflower*, and at this time major-general of the Massachusetts militia. They landed near the head of the

Bay of Fundy, where they were joined by General Monckton with three hundred British regulars and a small train of artillery from a neighboring garrison. The French at Beau-Sejour and other military posts on the peninsula were ignorant of the hostile preparations of the two governments, until the appearance of this armament. Resistance being vain, they yielded, and before June 30th, 1755, the peninsula was in the hands of the British. The French soldiers were sent to Louisburg, and the Acadians, many of whom had been forced into service, were granted an amnesty.

If the poor Acadians thought their troubles over, they were very greatly mistaken. Many went on hoping against hope that the conquerors would not further molest them; but the more thinking citizens seemed to realize that great trials were in store for them. They went on cultivating their lands, took the oath of allegiance, but would not pledge themselves to bear arms against their kindred and nation in religion. The avaricious English coveted their fertile lands, and made their refusal a pretext for possessing them. A question of law was raised as to whether one refusing to take all oaths required could hold lands in the British dominions. In other words, having refused to take an oath to bear arms against the French, had they not forfeited their lands? The case was referred to Belcher,

chief-justice of Nova Scotia, who, of course, decided against the Acadians.

When the French government was apprised of the scheme to rob the unfortunate Acadians, they asked that they be allowed the privilege of taking their personal effects and choosing themselves a future home.

"No," the English governor answered; "they are too useful subjects to be lost; we must enrich our colonies with them."

Several days before the day on which Jean Baptiste De Barre was to wed Adrianne Blanc, the Acadians, realizing their danger, addressed a touching memorial to the council at Halifax, which was borne by a deputation of educated men. In this memorial they asked for the restitution of the guns and canoes of the people for domestic use, promising fidelity as a ransom for them. Governor Lawrence, president of the council, treated the document with scorn, declaring it "Highly arrogant, insidious and insulting."

"Why do you want your boats?" he asked. "To carry food to the enemy? and I would remind you that a law of the British realm forbids all Roman Catholics having arms in their houses." He scolded the deputies without mercy, declaring, "It is not the language of British subjects to talk of terms with the crown, or capitulate about their.

fidelity and allegiance. What excuse can you make for your presumption in treating this government with such indignity as to expound to them the nature of fidelity? Manifest your obedience by immediately taking the oaths required before the council."

The deputies, astounded and alarmed, answered:

"We will do as our people may determine; let us go home and consult with them."

The deputation was dismissed for the day, and, during the night, hearing of the decision of the chief-justices of Nova Scotia, they became alarmed and at early dawn hastened to the governor and offered to take the oath; but the governor stubbornly shook his head and answered:

"You cannot be permitted to do so now. By a law of the realm, Roman Catholics who have once refused to take the oaths cannot be permitted to do so afterward and are considered Popish recusants."

The ambassadors were astounded to learn that they were under arrest, and in twenty minutes they were in irons and cast into prison. The chief-justice insisted that all the French inhabitants, including hundreds of innocent families, were rebels and Popish recusants; that they stood in the way of English interests in the country; that they had forfeited their possessions to the crown, and advised against the receiving of any French inhabi-

tants to take the oath, insisting on the removal of all from the province.

A more cruel edict never went forth from a tyrant. No wonder Longfellow's heart was so touched by the scene, that his facile pen produced the sweet, sad, immortal story of "Evangeline." The execution of this cruel measure speedily followed the utterances of the opinions of the chief-justice. A general proclamation was at once issued ordering all the Acadians, "old men and young men and lads of ten years of age," to assemble at designated places on the 5th of September, 1755.

Monsieur De Barre had not heard of the edict, and on this morning stood with his son in blissful ignorance of the fact that he was gazing on the last sunrise at Grand Pre.

"Jean, have you made up your quarrel with Captain Winslow?" asked Monsieur De Barre.

"No, father; he has not apologized."

"I am sorry you fought."

"Why?"

"He is a bad man. He comes of a good family; yet many a bad man comes of a good family."

"Can he harm us, father?"

With a sigh Monsieur De Barre answered:

"We know not what power he may have. The English are the conquerors of Acadia, and the

Acadian can hope for little sympathy among them, especially since they covet these fertile lands."

"Father, you really seem alarmed!" cried Jean.

"There was something in his manner really menacing."

"Have no fears of him, father," the young man responded with all the assurance and hope of youth. "He is powerless to harm me. I vanquished him once, and I doubt not that I can do so again, should the occasion demand."

"Who is he coming across the field?"

"It is Monsieur Dupre."

An old man was seen coming across the meadow. He was a typical Acadian, with short blouse, broad hat and knee breeches. His long hair hanging about his shoulders was made the sport of the wind, while his face was expressive of alarm. The golden-rods, which nodded their gayly plumed heads in his path, and the small birds which twittered before him in flocks, were unseen and unheard. Monsieur Dupre was engaged with too serious matters to enjoy the birds and flowers, lover of nature as he was.

"Monsieur De Barre! Monsieur De Barre!" he cried, almost out of breath.

"What is it, Monsieur? What has gone amiss?" asked Monsieur De Barre.

Monsieur Dupre sank down upon the bench

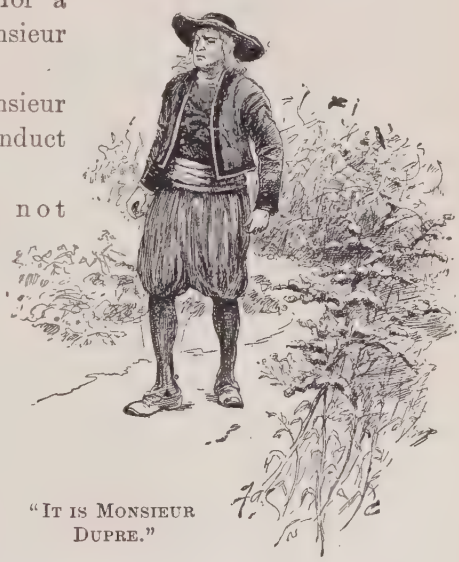
which extended the full length of the piazza and clasping his face with his hands gasped for breath. Father and son gazed on the old man with some degree of alarm for a moment, when Monsieur De Barre asked:

"What is it, Monsieur Dupre? Your conduct alarms us."

"Have you not heard?"

"Truly, we have heard nothing."

"Wait until I regain my breath."



"It is Monsieur Dupre."

For several moments the monsieur breathed heavily and then said: "Do you know that the chief-justice has decided that we have forfeited all our possessions in Acadia?"

The father was unmoved, while his son stood with bosom swelling with indignation. Neither spoke; but Monsieur De Barre remembered the malignant look on the face of Captain Winslow. Jean said nothing. The old man still sat upon the

bench panting for breath, while he turned his eyes toward Monsieur De Barre on whose wisdom and judgment he put great reliance. He breathed hard, for he had not fully recovered from his exertion.

"Is that all?" asked Monsieur De Barre calmly.

"No."

"What more is there?"

The old man was amazed at the coolness of Monsieur De Barre. He had known this man for more than twenty years, and in all that time had never known his cheek to flush with enthusiasm or his eye to kindle with excitement. While Jean was almost bursting with indignation, and their visitor was nearly speechless with excitement and dread, Pierre De Barre was as calm as if there were nothing alarming in the information. Monsieur Dupre did not answer him at first, for he was lost in wonder and amazement at the man's coolness, and Monsieur De Barre again spoke:

"What more have you to tell, neighbor?"

"An order has been issued for all the male Acadians, old men and young men and lads of ten to assemble at Grand Pre on this very day." Jean started with an angry exclamation; but the father was silent, and his placid features were as inexpressive of emotion as if they had been carved out of stone. Jean thought of Adrianne, the coming

wedding, and, turning to his parent on whose judgment he so much relied he asked:

"Father, can this be true?"

"Why doubt it?"

"It seems impossible."

"You do not know the English as I do."

"What is the intent of this gathering?"

"My son, you can prepare to leave Acadia."

The young man gnashed his teeth in despair and cried:

"Would to heaven we had retained our arms and sold our lives in the defence of our homes. Let us die rather than yield."

The stern, mild gaze of the father fell on the young man, and he said:

"Nay, nay, my son; be not foolish."

"What must we do?"

"Bow our neck to the yoke."

Then the lover thought of his coming marriage and said:

"I will have that over before the gathering at Grand Pre."

He started from the house, passing through the gate and hastening down the road. His father's house stood in the suburbs of the town of Grand Pre, while over half a mile further was the home of the widow Blanc. The path which led to the cottage was through the sumach, in places fringed

with golden-rods. At this delightful season of the year, the sumachs were crimson with bloom and berry, the golden-rod adding brightness and beauty to the scene. How often had he traversed that path with Adrianne at his side, while he breathed into her willing ears his tale of love. His soul was thrilled with hope and joy as only a lover's soul can be; but now a dread, like the cold hand of death, seemed to grip his heart, and threatened to deprive him of life.

"I will hasten to Adrianne, have the marriage over with at once, and then, come what may, she will be my own," thought Jean.

Only just around that cluster of sumachs and he would be in sight of the cottage which he loved so well. A few steps more and he would be at the side of one dearer to him than life. Just as he reached the cluster of sumachs, there suddenly rose up in his path three English soldiers, with their hated red coats and hats, and presented three bristling bayonets at his breast, while one, who seemed leader cried:

"Halt!"

Jean came to a stand-still, then, finding the three redcoats stubbornly barring his way, he sought to evade them and go around on the right; but again that stern harsh voice cried:

"Halt!" and the click of gun-cocks warned him that they were preparing to fire.

"WHAT DO YOU WISH WITH ME?"

"Don't attempt that, young man, or, by the Lord Harry, we'll fire and stretch your lifeless body at the road-side."

"What will you have?" asked Jean in English.

"You."

"What do you wish with me?"

"You will wheel about and march to Grand Pre. Have you not heard the proclamation for all to assemble at Grand Pre who live in this district?"

"I heard Monsieur Dupre tell father——"

"And yet you would run away. Zounds! you are a young rebel, a deserter, and deserve to hang."

"Please allow me to go to the cottage beyond."

"No."

"For just a moment."

"Not an instant; march!"

As the young Frenchman still hesitated, the soldiers advanced and brought their muskets at a charge to prod him with their bayonets.

It was a very difficult task; but Jean walked back down the path toward his home, hoping that he would not be detained long at Grand Pre. When he came in sight of his home, he found his father and Monsieur Dupre in the road, guarded by a dozen British soldiers, under a mounted officer. One glance at the officer, and Jean felt his heart sink within him. It was Captain Winslow, his

bitterest enemy. They were only waiting for Jean to come up, and then the captain said:

"Take them to Grand Pre at once, and plunge your bayonets into any who refuse."

Without another word, the captain galloped away, and the prisoners were hurried to Grand Pre. As they approached the village, men, women and children could be seen pouring in from every road and path, while the air was filled with bitter wailings. Some of the people were being driven in at the point of the bayonet; but a majority, having heard the governor's proclamation, were hastening in fear and trembling to the village.

Other parties joined the three who were driven to the village, so that before they reached the church, the point designated for the gathering, they numbered a score. Among others who came, were Adrianne and her mother.

"Jean, Jean," she whispered, creeping close to the side of her lover, "what will they do with us?"

"Alas, I know not."

"Will they slay us?"

"Hardly."

"Our marriage, Jean?"

"May have to be postponed, Adrianne; yet we will wed, if it be years from this day."

"I will await you, Jean."

No more was said. Men, women and children

were hastening toward the church, around which General Winslow had drawn a large body of soldiers with fixed bayonets, standing in the form of a semicircle.

A vast multitude of men and boys, old and young, were driven like sheep into the church, and the militia stood ready to execute any peremptory order the officers might issue. Not a whisper gave a warning of the purposes of the conquerors, till the plot was ripe for execution. The chief-justice, Belcher, on whose opinion hung the fate of so many hundreds of innocent families, had insisted that the French families were to be looked upon as confirmed "rebels," who had now collectively and without exception become "recusants." Besides, they still counted in their villages "eight thousand" souls, and the English not more than "three thousand." "They stood in the way of the progress of the settlement." "By their non-compliance with the conditions of the treaty of Utrecht, they had forfeited their possessions to the crown." After the departure "of the fleet and troops, the province would not be in a condition to drive them out." "Such a juncture as the present might never occur again," so he had advised against receiving any of the French inhabitants to take the oath, and for the removal of "all of them from the province." That the cruelty might have no palliation, letters

arrived, leaving no doubt that the shores of the Bay of Fundy were entirely in the possession of the British; yet at a council, at which Vice-Admiral Boscawen was present by invitation, it was unanimously determined to send the French inhabitants out of the province. After mature consideration, it was further unanimously agreed that, to prevent their attempting to return and molest the settlers that were to be set down on their lands, it would be most proper to distribute them among the several colonies on the continent. To hunt them into the net was impracticable; so this artifice was resorted to to bring in all by proclamation. And as the old men and young men and the boys of ten were gathering into the great church at Gand Pre, they expected, at the most, that they would only be required to take the proscribed oaths which they had before refused; but a great surprise was in store for them.

Jean and his father were crowded into a far corner of the church with others, while the women and children, to the number of hundreds, swarmed outside the building, awaiting in breathless anxiety the decision of General Winslow. The general arose, and all eyes were fixed on his stern, unyielding face. Hearts seemed to stand still as he took his place in the centre of the church and, mounting a table, spoke:

"You are convened together to manifest to you his majesty's final resolution to the French inhabitants of this his province. Your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds and live stock of all sorts are forfeited to the crown, and you yourselves are to be removed from this his province. I am, through his majesty's goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry off your money and household goods, as many as you can, without discommoding the vessels you go in. Now, in the name of his majesty, I declare you are the king's prisoners."

During his speech, a death-like silence pervaded the church; but no sooner had the cruel edict been pronounced than wails and sobs went up on the air. Jean made an effort to escape by one of the windows; but he found every avenue guarded by soldiers with fixed bayonets. Adrianne had been left outside the church, and at the door he begged to see her; but Captain Henry Winslow, who heard him, assured him that he would care for Adrianne.

"If you never see her again, and the chances are you never will," the officer cruelly continued, "assure yourself that she is safe with one who loves her quite as dearly as you."

Driven to madness by the taunts of the officer, Jean strove to assault him, unarmed as he was, when a soldier knocked him senseless with his

musket, and he was carried away by two of his fellow exiles.

Tall, erect and calm as a summer morn, Monsieur De Barre uttered no word of complaint. He was near to his son when he recovered, but offered no word of consolation. Father and son were taken aboard the same ship, and sailed for New York.

"Adrianne! Oh, Adrianne! where is she?" cried Jean in agony, as the ship bowled along under easy sail.

"Perchance she will follow, as all are to be sent to the English colonies."

"The English colonies!" cried Jean. "May curses heap on the English colonies!"

"My son," interrupted Monsieur De Barre, "pray do not repeat that."

"Why?"

"I am going home. I am an Englishman. I was carried into captivity to the French dominion in America, and I am being returned and set at liberty by captivity."

"Father, are you mad?"

"No; what I tell you is true. I am no Frenchman. My name is not De Barre; but wait until some more favorable time, and I will explain this mystery."

So grieved was Jean at the loss of Adrianne, that

he had forgotten his father's revelation when they reached New York, and set out at once to find his affianced from whom he had been so ruthlessly torn, though he was so ill from the blow of the soldier's musket as to be delirious at times.

CHAPTER X.

WASHINGTON.

Can tyrants but by tyrants conquered be,
And freedom find no champion and no child,
Such as Columbia saw arise when she
Sprung forth a Pallas, armed and undefiled?
Or must such minds be nourished in the wild,
Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the roar
Of cataracts, where Nature smiled
On infant Washington? Hath earth no more
Such deeds within her breast, or Europe no such shore?

—BYRON

AFTER the destruction of Jamestown, Virginia, during Bacon's rebellion, Williamsburg became the seat of government for the colony, and was the largest town in the dominion. It remained the seat of government until the War of the Revolution, when it became the capital, until 1779.

At the time of our story, Williamsburg was a thriving little town, and the centre of fashion and commerce. Noah Stevens, who had led a sort of roving life, returned to Williamsburg in the winter of 1747 and 1748, with the intention of taking a course in the William and Mary's college. The

youth had scarcely commenced his studies, when one evening, as he was taking a stroll about the suburbs of the town, he encountered a pair of soft brown eyes peering at him from beneath a hood.

He turned quickly to see a shy and modest maiden in a sleigh driven by a negro slave, hastening away. Only one glance,—but a second,—yet that was sufficient for cupid to fasten his dart into his heart.

"Who is she?" he asked himself again and again. The maiden was, beyond question, a stranger in Williamsburg. Noah questioned his mother, but neither she nor his sister knew aught of her.

"I will make inquiry," said Rebecca, "and ascertain who she is."

Rebecca Stevens was one of the best sisters brother ever had. She seemed to anticipate the wishes of her older brother and to comply with them. As we remarked a few moments ago, Noah had led a roving life. He had enrolled in the company of Captain Lawrence Washington, the half brother of George Washington and about fifteen years his senior. Under Admiral Vernon he had served in the Spanish war and assisted in the capture of Porto Bello and Darien, in 1740.

"Yes, brother Noah, I will learn who she is and tell you."

"Do, sister."

"Which way did the sleigh go?"

"Over the great hill toward the old manor house, east of the town."

"She must be the daughter of the rich man, who built the great stone house last year."

The mother was quite sure Rebecca was correct.

"What is his name?" Noah asked.

Rebecca reflected a moment and said:

"It is something like Saturday, or Saturley."

Just then a younger sister declared:

"Becca, there is a field in the name somewhere."

"Saturfield," cried Rebecca.

"Saturfield—I don't know that I ever heard the name before; yet it is quite a common one, I dare say. Where did they come from?"

"England, of course."

"Direct?"

"I suppose so."

Then Mrs. Stevens, who was plying her knitting, asked:

"Didn't they come from the south?"

"I don't think so, mother, for Captain Washington said something about Mr. Saturfield being in England."

"Does Captain Washington know him?"

"Yes."

"Then I will find out all about them when he comes to Williamsburg."

"Yes; but he is so devotedly attached to his new home, Mount Vernon on the Potomac, that he seldom leaves it," put in Rebecca.

"Not more attached to it than to his brother George," answered Noah Stevens. "I remember well the day we mustered to go to Darien. Little George Washington came down to where the soldiers were parading, and I never saw such sparkling eyes and cheeks glowing with enthusiasm, when he grasped his brother's hand he said:

"'Don't turn your back to the foe, brother.'

"When Captain Washington and I were alone, the captain said:

"'Brother George will one day make his mark as a general. Young as he is, he knows every evolution of the musket and every movement of the company. Zounds! he could manœuvre the troops as well as I, for he never missed a training day.'"

A few days later, Captain Washington was in Williamsburg and called at the home of his friend Stevens. As is usual with young men who have campaigned together, their conversation drifted at once to their war reminiscences.

Mr. Elmer Stevens, who knew something of warfare on the ocean, joined them in the conversation. He was a hale old man, whose snow-white hair was

the principal indication of age, for his eyes were bright and his frame vigorous. He was of a cheerful disposition and only became sad, when he referred to the strange, unknown fate of his brother George.

When the Captain and Noah were alone, young Stevens asked:

"Captain, do you know Mr. Saturfield, the man living in the old stone mansion?"

"I have met him."

"Is he an Englishman?"

"Yes he was born in England, so he told me; but he is as loyal to the interests of the colonies as any American."

Noah Stevens was ill at ease. His question was not yet asked, and he could not come to it at once, but rather shyly approached the subject.

"Do you know anything of the family?" he asked.

"But little. He with his wife and a daughter named Anne constitute the household; at least, such is my understanding."

"Have you ever met her?"

Captain Washington now opened his eyes and gave his young companion a stare while a smile played over his face.

"Zounds! Noah, I think I understand you now. Well, Anne is a sweet maid, whose brown eyes

are calculated to make mischief. Her father is wealthy and beyond doubt of good family. I am not sufficiently acquainted to hazard an introduction."

This was Noah's dearest wish, and he felt no little disappointment when he learned that it could not be gratified; but he said no more to his friend on the subject.

An event happened a few weeks later which brought about what Noah desired. Mrs. Wilberforce of Williamsburg gave a social party at her elegant home, to which there were invited all the best people of the village and surrounding country. Social events like this were quite common, even in the early days of Virginia, and Mrs. Wilberforce took the lead in society. Her house was one of the most elegant in Virginia, and, on the evening in question, the spacious parlors and drawing-rooms were all aglow with light. Negro servants in livery were hastening hither and thither making everything ready. In the long dining-room were great tables groaning with good things.

From out the casement on the wintry air floated the softest strains of music. The night was clear and cold. The snow lay on the ground with a crust frozen on the top. Sleighs loaded with merry people were driven to the Wilberforce mansion, and a constant stream of gayly dressed gentlemen

and ladies were entering. An assembly of gentlemen and ladies in the old colonial days, before the decay of the picturesque, was a grand sight. It was in the age of periwigs, velvet coats, ruffled shirts, knee breeches and gaiters. It was an age when the coats were of any color one might choose, and there appeared under the lamplight or fluttered in the evening breeze all the varied colors and hues of the kaleidoscope. Negro slaves were kept busy heaping on great logs of wood, and roaring fires made the rooms comfortable.

Outside, the night air was cold, and from a hundred chimneys the soft blue smoke floated away in the darkness. Noah Stevens was an invited guest at Mrs. Wilberforce's ball, and when the evening came he found himself one of the many happy guests of the fashionable lady.

It was during the first waltz, that he chanced to cast his eyes into another apartment and met a pair of dark, gazelle-like eyes, which quickened the blood in his veins and caused him to start. Noah finished the waltz, and then Mrs. Wilberforce went to him with Miss Saturfield on her arm, to introduce him to the shy young maiden whom he had seen in the sleigh. To say Noah was delighted would be stating the matter mildly.

Half an hour later, he found himself with Miss Saturfield in an alcove talking on such subjects as

usually engross the minds of young people. The music and dancers were unheeded.

"You have not been long in Virginia, have you Miss Saturfield?"

"Only a few months."

"You came from England?"

"I did."

"I was in England once—went to enter Oxford, but came back to help found the colony of Georgia. It could not be that I ever met you there. Did you live in London?"

"Yes; but I was quite small then."

"Strange, when I talk with you, I seem sure that I have met you before."

Her soft brown eyes were on the carpeted floor, and her fingers played with the lace of her dress.

"Zounds! she is strange but lovely," thought Noah Stevens. "Have you relatives in England?"

"I presume I have; but I do not know them." Then, as if to change the subject, she remarked, "Mrs. Wilberforce is lovely to-night. Her costume is so becoming."

"Very; she is an agreeable lady, and loved by all who know her."

At this moment, a negro servant came hurrying toward Noah Stevens and said:

"Beg pardon, Massa Stevens, but dar am a boy heah to see ye."

"A boy?"

"Yes, massa. Capen Washington sent um."

"Excuse me, Miss Saturfield; this may be important," said Noah, rising.

He hurried to the sitting-room, where a lad of fourteen or fifteen years of age, with a blue cloak swung back over his left shoulder, stood before the fire. He wore a three-cornered hat with blue coat and leggings somewhat worn. His face was tanned by exposure to the wind and weather. He had a riding whip in his right hand, while he spread his left out over the glowing fire.

"George—George Washington!" cried Noah, on seeing the lad. "Have you a message for me?"

"Yes sir; brother Lawrence wants you."

"Where?"

"He is assembling the militia on the upper Potomac."

"Why?"

"The Indians have committed some depredations on the frontier, and are advancing on the settlements along the Rappahannock."

"This is alarming. I will excuse myself and go at once."

"I am to go too," said the lad, his cheeks glowing with pride. "I can ride a horse as well as a man and fire a rifle, too."

George Washington, who had early imbibed a

desire for military life, was overjoyed at the thought that he was going to be one of the campaigning party.

Noah went to the ball-room to excuse himself to Miss Saturfield. He did not tell her the cause of his sudden departure, as he feared he would alarm her. Half a dozen young swains were waiting the departure of Noah, to lay claim to the new beauty for the next quadrille.

"I hope it is nothing serious," she said, when informed that he must go at once.

"Not serious, but urgent. I cannot express my pleasure at this brief acquaintance, and I hope it may be renewed."

A LAD OF FIFTEEN STOOD BEFORE THE FIRE.

She blushed, and her eyes again dropped to the floor in an unaccountable manner.

"Why does she act so strangely?" thought Noah. "One would think she had seen me before; but no, I never knew a Miss Saturfield."

He went away and joined the forces under Captain Washington, and, in dead winter, they set out to meet the depredating band of Indians which had been doing so much mischief. Through the snows of dead winter the company marched, until they came upon the Indians' camp one morning and, after a skirmish, put the savages to flight. The campaign and skirmish were so insignificant that the average historian and biographer has failed to mention them.

On this campaign the boy George Washington was taking his first lessons in warfare.

George Washington was not over two or three years of age, when his father removed to an estate in Stafford County, opposite Fredericksburg. The house stood on a rising ground overlooking a meadow which bordered the Rappahannock. This was the boyhood home of the man who was to become the father of his country. From this spot the traditional story of the hatchet and the cherry tree originated. Whether true or false, the story is illustrative of the sterling truthfulness of the boy, who became the greatest of all Americans.

At the time of George Washington's boyhood, the means of instruction in Virginia were limited, and it was the custom among the wealthy planters to send their sons to England to complete their education, as was done in case of Noah Stevens and Lawrence Washington, George's oldest brother. The dawning intellect of young George Washington received the rudiments of education in the best establishment for the purpose that the neighborhood afforded. It was what in popular parlance was called an "old field school-house," humble enough in its pretensions, and kept by one of his father's tenants named Hobby. The instruction received in this primitive school-house was of the simplest kind, reading, writing and arithmetic; but a great mind does not require a college, or learned professors to acquire an education. Washington was no graduate of any college save God's great academy of nature, and from that fountain of original truth he drank deep draughts of wisdom. He had the benefit of mental and moral worth from an excellent father. When he had reached the age of seven or eight years, his brother Lawrence returned from England, a well-educated and accomplished youth. The brothers were always strongly attached to each other. Lawrence being the elder by fourteen years, looked down with a protecting eye upon the boy whose dawning intelli-

gence and perfect rectitude won his regard; while George regarded his manly and cultured brother as a model in mind and manners.

Lawrence Washington, as well as his younger brother, inherited something of the old military spirit of the family, and when Spanish depredations on British commerce called forth resentment, even from the colonies, he was among the first to raise a company of Virginians to sail under Admiral Vernon. Noah Stevens was a lieutenant under Lawrence Washington. When George Washington, then a lad, saw the sudden outburst of military ardor, he caught the infection. This was the secret of that military spirit so often cited of his boyhood days. He had seen his brother fitted out for the wars, and listened with kindling eye and ardent enthusiasm to the letters he wrote home, and his thoughts and dreams were of war. All his amusements took a military turn. His schoolmates became his soldiers, whom he marched in parade, or marshalled in mimic frays. Strange that one so kind and gentle, so tender-hearted and noble, should be a warrior from his childhood; yet we must ever bear in mind that bravery, greatness, gentleness and kind-heartedness go hand in hand.

In the autumn of 1742, Lawrence Washington returned home from the war with Spain, while Noah Stevens lingered a few months longer in the

southern colonies. Captain Washington had fallen in love with Anne, eldest daughter of Honorable William Fairfax, of Fairfax County, who reciprocated his affections, and they were betrothed. They were to be married soon after his return; but the wedding was postponed by the sudden death of his father, April 12, 1743. Mr. Washington, at time of his death, was only forty-nine years of age. George had been absent from home on a visit during his father's illness, and just returned in time to receive a parting look of affection from his dying parent.

Mr. Augustine Washington left a large estate, which by will he distributed among his children. To Lawrence, he gave the large estate on the banks of the Potomac, with other real property and several shares in iron-works. Augustine, the second son by the first marriage, got the old homestead and estate in Westmoreland. The children by the second marriage were all well provided for, and George, when he became of age, was to receive the house and lands on the Rappahannock. In July following the death of his father, Lawrence Washington married Miss Fairfax and settled himself on his estate on the banks of the Potomac, to which he gave the name of Mount Vernon in honor of his friend Admiral Vernon. Augustine took up his abode at the old homestead at Bridges Creek.

At the death of his father, George Washington

was only eleven years of age, and the other children of the second marriage had been left under the guardianship of their mother, to whose care all the property was intrusted until they came of age. She was eminently worthy of the trust. She was a plain woman, endowed with good sense, thorough conscientiousness and prompt decision. She governed her family strictly, but kindly, exacting deference while she inspired affection. George has been called her favorite child, and perhaps he was, yet she never gave undue preference, and the implicit deference exacted from him in childhood continued to be habitually observed by him to the day of her death. From his mother he inherited a high temper and spirit of command; but her early training taught him to restrain and govern that temper, and to square his conduct on the exactest principles of justice.

It was the design of George Washington's father to send his son to England, where he might have the advantages of Oxford or some other college; but his father's early death frustrated these plans, besides depriving George of his father's instructions, and the tuition of Hobby being too limited for the boy's growing wants, George was sent to reside with Augustine Washington at Bridge Creek, where he might enjoy the benefit of a superior school kept by Mr. Williams.

His education was plain and practical. He never attempted the learned languages, nor manifested any inclination for rhetoric or belles-lettres. His object in life was to gain what was practical and useful, and he had no time for accomplishments, though his diction, rhetoric and grammar were not bad. While struggling to free a nation, he was called by the gentry and nobility plain Mr. Washington. Now that he has established a fame greater than any man past or present, these same gentry have worn out the records and stretched credulity to prove that he was of noble descent. George Washington needed no noble ancestry to make him famous. Like Cincinnatus, he sprang from the common people and was proud of his birth.

Of his early life, Washington Irving says:

"His manuscript books still exist, and are models of neatness and accuracy. Before he was thirteen years of age, he had copied into a volume forms of all kinds of mercantile and legal papers, bills of exchange, notes of hand, deeds, bonds and the like. This early self-tuition gave him throughout life a lawyer's skill in drafting documents and a merchant's exactness in keeping accounts. He was a self-disciplinarian in physical as well as mental matters, and practised himself in all kinds of athletic exercises, such as running, leaping, wres-

tling, pitching quoits and tossing bars. His frame, even in infancy, had been large and powerful, and he now excelled most of his playmates in contests of agility and strength. Above all, his inherent probity and the principles of justice on which he regulated all his conduct, even at this early period of life, were soon appreciated by his school-mates. He was referred to as an umpire in their disputes, and his decisions were never reversed."

Who will dare say that the child did not foreshadow the man? As in his school-boy days he mustered his schoolmates as soldiers, so in mature years he led his countrymen to battle and victory. As in school-boy days he was the adjudicator of disputes and legislator of the affairs of his classmates, so the matured man showed forth as the organizer of a mighty republic with himself at the head.

George Washington and his brother Lawrence had always entertained a warm feeling for each other. Capt. Lawrence Washington was a member of the house of burgesses and adjutant-general of the district. He was very popular in Virginia. George was a frequent visitor at Mount Vernon and came to love the dear old place as every American loves it still. Being a frequent sojourner with his brother, he was brought into familiar intercourse with the family of his father-in-law, the Honorable

William Fairfax, who resided at a beautiful country seat called Belvoir, a few miles below Mount Vernon and on the same woody ridge. Mr. Fairfax was a man of liberal education, who had had some military training, and no doubt he contributed much to the early military inspirations of young Washington.

George, like all boys, was delighted with stories of adventure, and the thrilling narratives of Mr. Fairfax and his brother Lawrence of their battles with Indians, Spaniards and pirates filled his soul with ambition to be a soldier.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BEARDLESS HERO.

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinels set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk to the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

—CAMPBELL.

As soon as the campaign to the forest was over, Noah Stevens returned to Williamsburg and spent the year in the school denominated William and Mary's college. It was quite different from the famous seat of learning of to-day; but Noah made considerable progress in his studies. He sought the society of Miss Saturfield, who for a few months was the brilliant star of society at Williamsburg and then suddenly disappeared. Whither she had gone was not exactly known. One rumor said she was in some of the New England colonies, another that she had returned to the south. Mr. George Saturfield, her father, it was reported, had urgent business in England, and it was afterward ascertained that he had gone to England with all his family.

After spending two or three years in trying to learn the whereabouts of the brilliant star which had shone with such splendor for a brief space on his life, Noah Stevens gave her up, and, though in dreams he saw that face again, he sighed in his waking hours and said:

"It is not to be."

He began to take a lively interest in the affairs of his country. His country needed strong arms and brave hearts, for a crisis was at hand. The disputes between the French and English in America, ripened into action.

The planting of the town of Halifax in Nova Scotia offended the French, and a partisan named La Carne, professing to act under orders of Joncaire, who was chief captain in Canada, took possession of the isthmus that connects the peninsula with the mainland, and held it with a large force of French and Indians. It was he who summoned the unfortunate Acadians to renounce their allegiance to the English and take refuge with the French. He seized and held a village (now Fort St. Lawrence) and compelled all the inhabitants to take the oath of allegiance to France.

When Cornwallis heard of this, he called upon Massachusetts to help him in dislodging the intruders. The assembly replied:

"By the constitution of this province, we must

first be convinced of the necessity of raising supplies."

So they politely refused, and Cornwallis was compelled to rely upon the slender means at his command. With four hundred soldiers he appeared in transports before the town. The alarmed inhabitants laid the town in ashes and fled across the river, where the French were too strong for the English, and the latter withdrew. A few months later a second expedition was more successful, and fort Beau Sejour, which the French had built opposite the desolate town, was captured, in August, 1750, after a sharp fight, in which three or four Englishmen were killed and as many French. This was the first blood they had shed in war since the treaty at Aix-la-Chapelle.

War had commenced in earnest, though not declared, and an English man-of-war off Cape Sable captured some French vessels. Negotiations for peaceful settlement of the boundary for American possessions were broken off, and near the head of the valley of the Ohio was the theatre of the first passage at arms.

Lawrence and Augustine Washington, the half brothers of George Washington, with Thomas Lee, were Virginia members of the Ohio Land Company. They ordered goods to be sent from London suitable for the Indian trade; and as no attempt

at settlement could be safely made without some previous arrangements with the Indians, the company petitioned the Virginia government to invite the savages to a treaty council. The company at the same time took measures for obtaining information concerning the best lands beyond the mountains. English Indian traders had traversed the passages through them, and spoke in glowing terms of the beauty and fertility of the country beyond; but the company wished more definite knowledge. Consequently, in the Autumn of 1750, Christopher Gist, a bold and skillful woodsman, acquainted with Indian life, was employed to cross the great hills and spy out the land. He was instructed to observe the best mountain passes; to explore the country as far down as the falls of the Ohio, now Louisville; to examine the most useful streams and pay particular attention to their falls; to search out the most fertile lands; to ascertain the strength of the various Indian tribes and make out a chart of all the region.

It was on the 31st of October, 1750, that Gist left Alexandria on horseback; crossed the Blue Ridge and the Shenandoah Valley; waded through snow-drifts in the Alleghany Mountains; swam his horse across the Ohio River, and made his way through a rich, narrow valley to Logstown, where it was proposed to hold the Indian council. Here

he presented himself as an ambassador from the British sovereign and was received with respect but coolness. One of the chiefs said:

"You are come to settle Indians' land. You never shall go home safe."

Undaunted by this bold threat, Gist pushed on to the Muskingum, stopping at a village of Ottawas, who were friendly toward the French. He was cordially received by the Wyandots on the Muskingum, and found here George Croghan an emissary of the Pennsylvanians, who were jealous of the Ohio Company, regarding them as rivals seeking a monopoly of the trade with the Indians of the northwest.

Gist, Croghan and other traders crossed the Muskingum and pushed on through the stately forests and the beautiful prairies, which, at this season of the year, were white with snow, and finally reached the Scioto River, a few miles from its mouth. At this point were some Delawares, and a short distance below the Scioto a tribe of Shawnoese lived on both sides of the Ohio. Both professed friendship for the English and expressed a willingness to send delegates to attend a general council at Logstown. Northward were the lands of the Miamis, a confederacy more powerful than the Iroquois with whom they were friendly, and thither the agents of Virginia and Pennsylvania

went. They were kindly received and strings of wampum were exchanged in token of friendship.

They had just signed a treaty, when four Ottawas came with presents from the French. The presiding chief at the council immediately set up the flags of France and England side by side and, addressing the Ottawas, said:

"The path of the French is bloody and was so made by them. We have made a road plain for our brothers, the English, and your fathers have made it foul and crooked and have made some of our brethren prisoners. This we look upon as an injury done to us."

With this speech he indignantly turned his back on the Ottawas and left the council. The French flag was removed, and the emissaries who bore it were ordered to return to their Gallic friends at Sandusky.

Gist was delighted with the magnificent country, and, bidding his English companions and the dusky barbarians farewell, he went down the valley of the Little Miami to the Ohio and along that stream almost to the falls. Here he turned southward and penetrated the famous blue-grass region of Kentucky, with its wonderful forests, climbed over the mountains where were the headwaters of the Yadkin and the Roanoke, and after a journey of seven months returned to Lawrence Washington

at Mount Vernon, who was chief director of the Ohio company, bringing with him a vast amount of valuable information.

The council with the western tribes was not held until June, 1752. Gist went as agent of the Ohio company. Colonel Fry, Lieutenant Stevens and another Virginian represented that colony as commissioners. Although friendly relations with the western tribes were established, the Indian chiefs refused to recognize any English title to lands west of the Alleghany mountains. They were equally firm with the French and informed both the contending powers that they were troubling themselves over a matter that did not concern them. A shrewd Delaware chief said to Gist:

"The French claim all the land on one side of the river, and the English claim all the land on the other side of the river; where are the Indians' lands?"

The question was difficult to answer. Gist did not attempt it, but said evasively:

"Indians and white men are subjects of the British king, and all have equal privileges of taking up and possessing the land in conformity with the conditions prescribed by the sovereign."

The Ohio company sent out surveyors to explore the country, make definite boundaries and prepare settlements. George Washington, through

his brother, who was chief director of the Ohio company, easily secured the position of surveyor. Noah Stevens went with him and shared his wanderings and trials in the mountains.

George had displayed great skill as a woodsman, and, when but a boy, he had a company of surveyors under him tracing lines and boundaries on which nations were to pour out their blood. English traders penetrated into the Ohio country to the domain of the Miamis and even beyond; but the jealousy of the French was roused. They saw with alarm their waning influence, and the growing popularity of the English among the Indians. They regarded the English as intruders and presaged the ultimate destruction of their fortified line of communication between Canada and the Gulf of Mexico. In 1753, they seized and imprisoned some of the surveyors and traders, and about twelve hundred French soldiers were employed to erect forts in the wilderness between the upper waters of the Alleghany River and Lake Erie. One of these was erected at Presque-isle, now Erie, on the southern shore of the lake of that name. Another was reared at Le Boeuf, on French Creek, now Waterford, and a third was constructed at the junction of French Creek and the Alleghany River, on the site of the village of Franklin.

These fortifications and hostile demonstrations

caused many complaints and remonstrances from the Ohio company, whose lands lay within the chartered limits of Virginia. The governors of Virginia and Pennsylvania had received instructions from England to repel the French by force of arms if necessary. Governor Robert Dinwiddie, who was one of the company, determined before resorting to hostile measures to send a letter of remonstrance to the French commander, and decided that Major George Washington, at this time scarce twenty-one years of age, should be the bearer of the message.

George Washington, evincing great military genius and possessing influential friends, at the age of nineteen years was commissioned major of militia, charged with defending the colony against incursions of the Indians, and he had entered on the duties of the office with a zeal which showed a wonderful adaption to such matters. Dinwiddie sent for Major Washington.

Noah Stevens was at the headquarters of the young continental officer, when the instructions came for him to repair at once to the governor.

"Will you come with me?" asked Major Washington.

"Certainly."

"A matter of considerable importance is to be discussed, and if I am to make another campaign

into the wilderness, I would like to have you accompany me."

"I shall be happy to do so," Noah Stevens answered, and they set out at once for Williamsburg. Entering the gubernatorial mansion, they were shown at once to the room of the governor. On entering the apartment with the young major, Noah saw a bald-headed Scotchman, about sixty-three or four years of age, with thin, sandy hair, stoutly built, and of an extremely nervous temperament, seated at the table. His pale blue eyes at once rested on the young major. Young Washington was full six feet in height, strongly built, with a florid complexion and every indication of good health and great physical strength.

"The work I require of you, Major Washington, is very important," said the governor eying the youthful Virginian.

Major Washington nodded his head and waited in respectful silence.

"You are aware of the encroachments of the French upon the territories of Virginia and Pennsylvania in the valley of the Ohio," resumed the governor.

"I am, sir."

"We have been instructed by the home government to resist their encroachments to the last; but I have decided, before proceeding to harsh

means, to send a letter to the French commander, asking him to desist in trespassing on the domain of the Ohio company. Are you quite willing to undertake the delivery of that letter?"

"I am."

"It is a mission of great delicacy and will require very careful management."

Washington, with a smile on his sun-browned, but handsome face, answered:

"I trust, governor, that I appreciate the importance of the mission."

"You will start at once and mark well the country through which you travel as well as the fortifications and numbers of the enemy."

Washington was further instructed to repair to Logstown and hold a communication with Tanacharisson, Monacatoocha, Alias Scarooyadi, the next in command, and the other sachems of the mixed tribes friendly to the English, inform them of the purport of his errand and request an escort to the headquarters of the French commander. He was to deliver his letter and the credentials to the French commander and, in the name of his king, demand an answer.

"Where are you going from here, Major?" Noah asked, when they prepared to set out from Williamsburg.

"I am going to Fredericksburg," he answered,

HE COMMENCED A MARCH, WHICH FOR BOLDNESS AND DARING HAS NEVER HAD AN EQUAL.

"to engage my old fencing-master, Jacob Van Braam, to accompany me as interpreter."

"Does he speak the Indian languages?"

"Several of them, and if in addition I can secure Christopher Gist, I shall feel that there will be no danger of our expedition losing its way."

Jacob Van Braam joined them at Fredericksburg, and they went on to Alexandria, where the major provided himself with necessaries for the journey, and proceeded to Winchester, which was quite on the frontier, where horses, tents and other travelling equipments were procured. Then the little party of daring frontiersmen pushed on into the wilderness by a newly opened road to Miles Creek, where the beardless hero met Mr. Gist, the intrepid pioneer, whom he engaged to accompany him as guide, while John Davidson volunteered to go as an extra interpreter.

With his party all mounted on horses, he commenced a march, which, for boldness and daring, has never had an equal. They endured every hardship incident to a dreary wilderness and the rigors of winter. The streams in the valleys were full to the brim. Over the large ones they crossed on frail and rudely constructed rafts, wading and swimming their horses through the floods of the swollen streams.

One morning when Noah Stevens rose from his

tent he found the forests white with snow. The atmosphere was heavy and damp, and the solitude of the forest was something appalling. The snow had hidden the dim path which they had followed the day before. Now the smaller trees and bushes were bent and interlaced under the accumulated weight of snow, until travel seemed impossible. The older and more experienced men of the company looked with dismay on their surroundings.

In the heart of the wood, their dim and uncertain path hidden beneath the crushing weight of snow, the horrors of being lost in the forest in midwinter crept over the hearts of some of the boldest. Noah Stevens watched the beardless face of his young commander. Young George Washington was as cool, calm and undaunted as if he had been at the home of his brother. He went aside, talked with Mr. Gist a few moments, and then set up his surveyor's compass. That wonderful needle had aided him before on more than one occasion when he was lost in the forest. After making a short calculation on his field book, he held another brief consultation with Mr. Gist and ordered the explorers to prepare to march.

The march through the snow-covered forest was picturesque. The slightest touch of a branch of tree or bush brought down showers of white flakes. The sky was obscured by slate-colored clouds, and

a dead silence, an immense, crushing loneliness pervaded the mountains. They journeyed slowly for three or four days, suffering considerably from cold and hunger.

Then there came a shower of rain, which beat the snow off the trees and washed most of it from the ground, and the party proceeded to Logstown.

The headquarters of M. De St. Pierre were only one hundred and twenty miles from Logstown. A bold and patriotic chief named Half-King, who had vehemently protested against the invasion of the French and had been treated with disdain, volunteered with two other chiefs to escort Washington and his seven English followers to the headquarters of the French.

After braving many perils and hardships, the little company found themselves, early in December, at Fort Venango (now Franklin), the French outpost commanded by M. Joncaire, who received the English civilly, but tried to detain and proselyte the Indians, though he failed. Thence Washington went to St. Pierre, who was farther up the creek at Fort Le Boeuf, and thus ended the journey of the ambassador after forty-one days in the wilderness.

With the politeness characteristic of a Frenchman, St. Pierre received Major Washington and his companions.

"You have come to bring me a letter from Governor Dinwiddie?" said the French commander.

"I have," Washington answered and handed him the letter. What effect the governor's letter had on the Frenchman neither Washington nor his companions were ever able to determine. After entertaining the Englishmen four days as friends, he placed in the major's hands a sealed letter, saying:

"This is my answer to Governor Dinwiddie."

Washington with his little band started on his return, and shortly after passing Fort Venango, as the party was riding leisurely along, Noah Stevens at Washington's side, suddenly the sharp report of a rifle broke the stillness, and a bullet hummed through the air, passing within a few inches of the beardless major's head.

"Ambuscade!" cried Washington.

"Look for a volley!" shouted Gist.

At this moment a rattling crash of fire-arms sounded on the air, and bullets whistled like hail. Fortunately for the English, they were in low ground, and the bullets of the ambushed enemy passed over their heads. They put spurs to their horses and escaped unhurt. The shots were evidently fired by Indians incited by Joncaire, the commandant at Fort Venango.

Washington and Gist, on the return, became

separated from the others, and they went to Virginia alone, crossing rivers full of floating ice, on rafts, and undergoing perils and hardships almost incredible.

At last the perilous journey was over, and St. Pierre's letter was delivered to the governor, who at once laid it before his council. The letter was soldierly and courteous in tone and expression. He said it did not become him, as a soldier, to discuss civil matters; that Dinwiddie's letter should have been sent to the Marquis Du Quesne, then governor of Canada, by whose orders he acted, and whose instructions he should carefully obey, and that the summons of the governor of Virginia to the French to retire immediately could not be complied with.

As the burgesses had been slow to take action, the governor and council determined not to await the tardy actions of the legislative body but proceed at once under general instructions from the king to enlist two hundred men to march to the Ohio River and build two forts there, before the French could descend the stream or its tributaries in the spring.

George Washington was commissioned a lieutenant-colonel and placed in chief command of the troops to be raised. While Governor Dinwiddie was convening the legislature and sending appeals

to the colonies for help, Washington established his headquarters at Alexandria and authorized Captain Trent to enlist men among the traders and frontier settlers.

All the colonies hesitated about voting men or money save North Carolinia, whose assembly patriotically responded at once. The royal governors and colonial assemblies were then wrangling fiercely about the supremacy of parliament and the rights of Americans, which caused, for the time being, a general apathy in regard to foreign matters. The former insisted upon the exclusive right of parliament to fix quotas, direct taxation and disburse moneys through the agents of the crown in the colonies, while the latter insisted on the right to those things themselves. Thus a general jealousy produced dangerous inactivity. While the royal governors and legislatures were quarrelling over their rights, danger was drawing nearer every moment. The warm spring days were coming, when snows and ice would disappear, and then the barks of the French would be seen floating on the placid waters of the "Beautiful River."

Noah Stevens went to Alexandria, where he found his young friend busy recruiting, drilling and preparing for an active campaign. He asked Noah whither he was bound.

"I am on my way to New York," Noah answered.

"To New York?" cried Colonel Washington in amazement. "Pray, why are you going to New York, my friend?"

"Do you remember, colonel, when you were a boy, coming to Williamsburg for me to accompany your brother on an expedition against the Indians?"

"I remember," the young colonel answered. "It was a trying ordeal for a boy, as I was, browned by winds and suns, to enter a fashionable ball-room. I am not now much of a society man, for my days have been spent on the frontier; but what could my call six years ago have to do with your going to New York now?"

Noah hesitated a moment before answering, and then began:

"Just before the event at Mrs. Wilberforce's, I had met with my fate in the form of a young lady, the most remarkable personage I ever saw. You are a practical man, colonel, and, though younger than I, have little or no romance in your soul. You do not know what it is to meet with one who moves your inmost soul. I cannot say this was a case of love at first sight; it was more like meeting the object of a delightful dream. I wanted to know more of her. Her face was like a painting of childhood. I was suddenly called away. I intended to renew her acquaintance and did so on

my return; but before I had fully satisfied myself, she disappeared, and for six years I did not hear from her; but a few days ago, I learned she was in New York."

"Where has she been?"

"In Europe."

"And but just returned to New York?"

"So I have been informed, and that is the reason I am going to the city."

"Captain Stevens, give over your idea for the present," urged the colonel. "I need your services."

After some persuasion, Captain Stevens was induced to forego his visit to New York and accompany Colonel Washington.

On the recommendation of Lieutenant-Colonel Washington, Captain Trent was sent forward with his recruits to construct a fort at the forks of the Ohio, the present site of the city of Pittsburg. Early in April, Lieutenant-Colonel Washington left Alexandria with a small force and proceeded to Wills Creek (now Cumberland), which he reached on the 20th of the same month. On the Monongahela, he was met by a swift runner sent by the friendly chief Half-King, urging the English to come to their assistance. The French had been seen embarking on the Alleghany at Venango, and news of their hostile movements had spread dismay

among all the barbarians friendly to the English. After giving the runner food and a flask of rum, Washington sent him back with a belt, saying:

"Tell Half-King, your friend and brother is coming; be strong and patient."

As the Virginians approached Wills Creek, Washington was met by another runner, who said the French were at the forks. The English had commenced the construction of the fort at the forks, when a large body of French under Captain Contrecoeur drove them away and took possession of the unfinished works. The Virginians hastened back to meet Washington, who, with one hundred and fifty men and three or four pieces of light artillery, was hastening across the mountains. The French completed the fort and named it Du Quesne, in honor of the governor of Canada.

As Colonel Fry had not yet joined the advance, the young lieutenant-colonel assumed the responsibility of pressing forward with his handful of raw recruits, through the rain, with a scant supply of provisions, dragging their light cannon over the wooded hills, felling trees, bridging streams, and making causeways over marshes, even removing great rocks that the main army might march easier, so that, late in May, they stood on the banks of the Youghiogeny forty miles from Fort Du Quesne. Here Washington received a messenger from Half-

King warning him to be on his guard, as the French intended to strike the first English whom they should see.

Ignorant of the numbers of the French, Washington fell back to a fertile plain called the great meadows, and hastily constructed a stockade which he named Fort Necessity. This fort was constructed near the modern national road between Cumberland and Wheeling, in the southern part of Fayette County, Pennsylvania.

Mr. Gist, who had a settlement near, went on a scout and returned on the second day, saying:

"Colonel Washington, the French are coming."

"Have you seen them?" asked Washington.

"No; but I have found their tracks within five miles of the great meadows."

Washington cast a glance eastward and said:

"I wish Colonel Fry would come; but we must not wait on him. Better complete our fort at once."

Washington and Noah Stevens were in the tent of the former, when news came that a messenger from Half-King was waiting.

"He brings important information, send him to me at once," said Washington.

The Indian came and, through an interpreter, Washington asked:

"What information do you bring?"

"There is a party of Frenchmen not far away lying in ambush."

"How far?" asked Washington. The Indian knew nothing of miles, but reiterated that it was not far, and they could soon reach them. Would he guide them to the spot? Of course, nothing would give the savage more satisfaction than to pilot the English to the hated French.

Washington turned to Noah Stevens, who still remained, and asked:

"Would you like to see the war for possession of the valley of the Ohio begun?"

"I would as soon hear the first shots now, as at any time."

"The king has authorized our governor to hold the valley, and our governor has authorized me to hold it, and, notwithstanding it is intensely dark and raining, I believe I will set out for the camp of the friendly Mingo chief and make arrangements to surprise the common foe."

"Permit me to accompany you."

George Washington, like all successful men, never hesitated when his plans were formed.

He set out with forty men to the Mingo camp. The night was consumed in the journey, and it was sunrise when the Virginians and Indians, each marching in parallel lines, in single file, sought the hiding-place of the foe. In a deep, rocky pass,

covered with bushes and stately trees, was the ambuscade of the French.

Washington was at the head of the file of Virginians, carrying a musket on his shoulder, and Noah was next. The rays of the early morning sun fell like slanting gleams of gold into the dark crater-like pit in which were ensconced the French. Something bright glittered in the sunlight, and the eagle eye of Washington knew it was a French bayonet.

"They are still there!" he said in an undertone. "Bend low; steady; forward!"

His line of men, at his command, wheeled on the left flank and, deploying as skirmishers, slowly and carefully advanced, occasionally encouraged by a low command of their beardless leader.

Just as they rose over the brow of the hill, or precipice, the French were seen beyond.

"Fire!" cried Washington, at the same time discharging his gun. A rattling crash of fire-arms broke the morning stillness, and two or three Frenchmen fell. The French were about fifty in number, under Jumonville, a brave officer, who fought desperately, until a bullet crashed through his brain and ended his life. The Virginians adopted the Indian style of fighting from behind trees and stones, and soon had slain ten of the enemy. The fight lasted fifteen minutes, and

twenty-two Frenchmen were captured, all other survivors, only fifteen in number, cutting their way through and making their escape. The prisoners were taken to Fort Necessity and sent over the mountains to eastern Virginia. Only one of the English was killed.

Thus commenced the great French and Indian war, opened by young George Washington, who fired the first gun. That long and bitter contest for the rights of man, like an earthquake, shattered into fragments the institutions of feudal ages, which had been transplanted in our country, and shook the foundations of society in Europe.

Two days after the skirmish, Colonel Fry died, and Washington was left in command. Other troops hastened forward to join him at Fort Necessity. The young commander found himself burdened with forty families of friendly Indians, Half-King among them.

"I believe I will advance at once and attack the French," Washington declared.

With the slender forces at his command, Washington advanced on Fort Du Quesne; but, learning that the French were advancing to attack him, he fell back to Fort Necessity and proceeded to strengthen it. His coolness, his courage, and the peculiar magnetism, which he possessed seemed to inspire all under him with hope and confidence.

He was informed that De Villiers, with six hundred French soldiers and three hundred Indians was advancing to attack him and would reach the fort next day.

An hour before daylight, Noah Stevens was awakened by the well-known voice of young Washington at his side.

"Have the enemy appeared, colonel?" he asked.

"No; but I feel quite sure they are not far away. I have asked Mr. Gist to go out and reconnoitre, and he has chosen you as his only companion."

"Certainly, I will accompany him," said Noah, bounding to his feet and hurriedly dressing.

"Do you want my rifle?" Washington asked. "It is the best in the army."

"Thank you, and if I return I will bring the gun with me."

Noah found Gist waiting him. The two went past the outer guards and crept down a path made by the soldiers to a small brook bordered with forests. They plunged into the wood and had not gone a mile before they were halted by the advance of the enemy. Refusing to obey the command, they were fired on and, returning the shots, fell back.

The wild, unearthly screech of Indians was heard on every side, and the dusky denizens of the forest

tried to cut off the scouts; but they were too shrewd, and, continuing to load and fire, they fell back before the advancing horde of savages and French. Colonel Washington, having heard the firing, sent a party to their relief, and the scouts were brought safely into the fort.

By this time it was broad day, and the enemy began the siege. Gun and cannon belched forth their deadly contents. The little fort all day long was a smoking volcano, continually hurling fire and death at the enemy. The smooth-faced boy in command seemed to inspire the men with confidence and courage. He was here and there and everywhere, issuing his commands with the coolness of a veteran. Noah saw him mount the ramparts to repel an assault and saw him fire his pistol almost in the very face of the foe. Such daring and coolness he had never witnessed before. The fight lasted nearly the entire day, and De Villiers, finding his ammunition failing, proposed a parley.

The day had been spent in conflict, and twilight was settling over the scene. The grass and woods about the fort were strewn with dead and dying.

Washington, whose force was so inferior to the French as to make resistance folly, agreed to surrender the fort on condition that he and his men should retire from the stockade with the honors of war and return to the inhabited portion of the

country, the Virginians agreeing to restore the prisoners taken from Jumonville's party and not to erect any establishment west of the mountains for the space of a year.

On the morning of the 4th of July, 1754, the two commanders, seated on a log outside the fort, with Indian chiefs and Virginian officers looking on, signed the capitulations. The troops then recrossed the mountains to Wills Creek, and returned to their homes, while their commander hastened to Williamsburg to report to the governor. Washington's conduct had been so worthy, though he had been forced to retreat, that his actions and the actions of his men were approved, and, when the house of burgesses met, the thanks of the colony were voted them "for their bravery and gallant defence of the country." So ended the first campaign of the French and Indian War.

CHAPTER XII.

BRADDOCK.

Still linger in our northern clime
Some remnants of the good old time;
And still, within our valleys here,
We hold the kindred title dear,
Even when, perchance, its far-fetched claim
To southern ear sounds empty name;
For course of blood our proverbs deem,
Is warmer than the mountain stream.

—Scott.

Mr. Beverly Robinson's home on the Hudson in New York was a resort for people of fashion. Robinson was rich, influential and a man whose acquaintance every one courted. His wife was a model lady, who had won the respect of all who knew her, and was a belle of the city which in the future was to be the great metropolis of the western continent.

Noah Stevens, shortly after his return from the campaign into the Ohio valley, went to New York in search of the bright spirit which had flitted away like a summer dream five or six years before. What strange spell could Anne Saturfield possess

over him that she drew him toward her? He arrived in New York early in January, 1755, and shortly after his arrival, called on Mr. Robinson to inquire about Mr. Saturfield and family.

"George Saturfield?" said Mr. Robinson. "Yes, I know him, Captain Stevens. He but recently came from England."

"Has he a daughter?"

"He has, Miss Anne, and a lovely girl she is, I assure you. She will be at our ball given in honor of General Braddock, who arrives in our city in a few days, on his way to take charge of the army in Virginia. Will you come?"

"I will, Mr. Robinson; but has not Mr. Saturfield been in America before?"

"I believe he has. I think he was once in Virginia."

"He must be the same."

"Come to the Braddock ball and meet the general. By the way, did you not serve under Colonel Washington in the Ohio campaign, captain?"

"I did; but I supposed the war was over. Both the British and French authorities have agreed to leave the Ohio valley as it was before the war. Newcastle has given assurances that defence only is intended, and that the general peace shall not be broken."

"Zounds! captain, do you believe there is any

truth in it? They will be at it with might and main ere long, I'll warrant; but come to the Braddock ball; renew your acquaintance with the pretty daughter of Saturfield and form the acquaintance of the general."

"I will."

Noah was only too anxious to attend the ball; not, however, because he cared much for the acquaintance of General Braddock. He thought only of the beautiful maiden, who had so strangely impressed him six years ago, so he yet felt in his soul the warmth of those soft brown eyes.

Noah did not have to wait until the ball to meet Anne Saturfield. He was strolling along the banks of the Hudson one day, when he heard a shriek, accompanied by a yell of terror. Then came a snort of frightened steeds, jingling of bells, the grinding of runners on the snow, and a pair of fiery steeds, drawing a sleigh in which two ladies were sitting, came running toward him.

The negro driver still clung to the reins, though he had lost control of the horses. Noah at a few quick bounds placed himself directly in front of the flying steeds. His sudden appearance checked the runaways for an instant. They hesitated whether to leap over him or retreat. That instant of hesitation was improved by Noah. Leaping forward, he seized the bits and held them. The

negro driver rolled off his seat uttering a terrified yell.

"Good lawd! good lawd, save dis niggah!"

After a few moments of excitement and wild confusion, the horses were subdued; but the negro ran away as fast as his legs could carry him. One of the ladies now spoke her thanks, and Noah started at the sound of her voice. It was Anne Saturfield.

In a few moments, he found himself on the seat, driving the thoroughly subdued horses to the house of Mr. Saturfield. He saw the ladies to the house and was invited to renew their acquaintance. Never was one more happy than Noah at this time.

The evening for the Braddock ball came, and the Robinson home was all light and splendor. Sweetest strains of music floated out through the casement, and the passers by paused to gaze through the windows at the gayly dressed ladies and gentlemen. Fashionable people in powdered wigs were seen gliding about the apartment. Coaches and sleighs were coming and unloading their human freight.

Noah Stevens was among the early arrivals, awaiting with breathless anxiety the appearance of Miss Saturfield. People so fashionable as the Saturfields were of course late. While waiting,

he heard the loud jingle of sleigh bells, and a sleigh drawn by four horses dashed up.

"She has come," thought Noah.

The parlor and drawing-rooms presented a lively scene at this moment. They glowed with light and splendor, and uniforms glittered in the lamplight. The musicians filled the air with harmonious strains. The door was suddenly opened and the master of ceremonies, a tall, straight young fellow in white knee breeches and scarlet coat with powdered wig, announced:

"General Braddock!"

At this instant, a short, stout man in uniform, with chapeau on his head and a sword which almost reached the floor, stumbled over a rug and fell sprawling into the room. There was a flutter of excitement. The young ladies tittered and giggled. Mrs. Robinson and the older ladies were horrified at the awkward entrance of so great a man as General Braddock, while her sister Mary Philipse could not restrain her merriment.

Mr. Robinson sprang forward to assist the gentleman to rise. He was uninjured by his accident, though his chapeau had fallen off, and with it his powdered wig, exposing a large, bald head.

"Never mind me, sir. Egad! I am all right. Zounds! that fool don't understand politeness, or he would have caught me!"

He was a stout man, smooth shaven and so low in stature that the tails of his military coat almost touched the floor.

"I am sorry, general, that this happened," began Mr. Robinson.

"General!" roared the new-comer, mopping his florid face with his handkerchief. "Zounds! but dub me a general, and I will tumble in head first every day in the week."

Are you not General Braddock?"

No, sir! I am Major Bridges!" roared the officer, in a voice something less powerful than a lion's. "I am only a member of the general's staff, come to announce his arrival," and the attitude which Major Bridges struck was eccentric and comic.

"I am glad to meet you, Major Bridges, and I hope the general will favor us with his presence as soon as convenient."

"Egad! you will find him quite a ladies' man and—zounds! but here he comes himself."

General Braddock, accompanied by another staff officer entered, and was introduced to the guests by Mr. Robinson.

"Well, major, did you announce our arrival?" asked the general.

"That I did, General, and in a striking manner, too," answered Major Bridges.

When Braddock was told how the major tumbled

into the room, he laughed heartily at the mishap, and the major declared that the general would make him the butt of ridicule for six months to come.

"ZOUNDS! BUT DUB ME A GENERAL AND I WILL TUMBLE IN HEAD FIRST EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK."

Braddock was a tall, stately Irish gentleman of forty, with a clear, piercing, steel-blue eye. He

was major-general and commander-in-chief of all English-American forces. Edward Braddock was a man in fortune desperate and in manners brutal, in temper despotic, obstinate and intrepid, expert in the niceties of a review and harsh in discipline. As the English secretary of war had confidence only in regular troops, it was ordered that the general and field-officers of the provincial forces should have no rank, when serving with .the general and field-officers commissioned by the king. This order so disgusted Washington, that he retired from the service and his regiment was disbanded.

Braddock came to America with the utmost contempt for Americans, and his death was the greatest blessing which could have happened to them. Had he lived, the general would have set up a military despotism in the colonies, with himself as the head.

Mr. Robinson introduced the gay general and his staff-officers to his guests. When he came to Noah Stevens, the general said:

"So you are the Mr. Stevens, who was with Mr. Washington at Fort Necessity?"

"I was with Colonel Washington, general," Noah answered.

"Why not call him general? Titles in this country are cheap. Call him general."

"He deserves the honors he has won."

"Honors! By my soul! is it an honor to advance to meet a foe, and at first smell of powder turn your back and fly? Zounds! Mr. Stevens, my regulars will show you how to fight those French and barbarians."

Noah Stevens felt the insult of the brutal officer most keenly. He curbed his rising wrath and answered:

"General Braddock, you may find it to your advantage to take some lessons of provincial soldiers."

"Lessons from provincials! Zounds! man, do you think an American can teach a British officer anything in the art of war? Egad! I will court-martial any provincial who attempts such a thing."

The cheek of the young American flushed with indignation, and he was almost on the eve of making some hasty rejoinder, when Anne Saturfield came gliding noiselessly forward to where he stood, and linking her arm in his own, led him aside.

"Captain Stevens, I want to talk with you," she said.

"I am always willing to listen to you, Miss Saturfield; yet I am sorry you interrupted me just now."

"Why?"

"I want to knock that English general down for his insolence."

"Oh, Captain, don't dare do anything so terrible.

Don't arouse the anger of General Braddock. Never mind his insults."

"You are not an American?"

"No; but I feel that Europe will some day learn the power of the Americans."

"I hope so."

"Let us not discuss politics. My conscience hurts me, captain."

"Your conscience, Miss Saturfield? Why should your conscience trouble you?"

"For the reason that I have been deceiving you."

"Deceiving me?" he cried in amazement. "How have you deceived me, pray?"

"Do you not remember seeing me before?"

"Yes, at Williamsburg."

"But before that."

"I seem to have seen you, but where? Your face is like a sweet, sad dream so faded from the memory that scarce an outline remains."

"When first we met, I was poor, friendless and in prison. Do you forget my dying parents, the Montrevilles, in the debtors' prison, and how to you and Governor Oglethorpe I was confided?"

"Anne Montreville!" cried Noah. "I can hardly believe it."

"And I do not wonder. Time and circumstances have wrought great changes. I was adopted by Mr. Saturfield, once an influential merchant,

yet who, by going surety, became bankrupt. In the new world his experience as a trader soon made him rich again. A distant relative of my own dying in Flanders left me ten thousand pounds which he invested for me, and the money has more than doubled under his careful management. When I met you in Virginia, I hoped you would recognize me; but you did not. It is humiliating to know that our first acquaintance was in a debtors' prison."

"It is not, Miss Montreville. Your family was a good one, though unfortunate," said Captain Stevens. "Do not feel any humiliation."

Before the ball was over, he had confessed his love and was accepted. As he re-entered the ball-room with the blushing Anne on his arm, he heard the loud, blatant voice of Major Bridges in conversation with Miss Philipse.

"Zounds! fair maiden, do you think a British soldier fears a few pagans?"

"But they do not fight as civilized soldiers," she answered.

"Egad! beg pardon, Miss Philipse, for my over zeal in speaking; but I was going to say to you that we care not how they fight. They have never met British regulars."

"They have met the provincial troops—the Virginia militia."

"The Virginia militia," and the expression of disgust on the face of the major was marked. "No wonder they turned their backs on the enemy and fled. Provincial soldiers never stand fire."

"Do you think, major, that you care to face the Indians and French?"

"Indians and French!" cried the major. "Zounds! Miss, I care not if I should face a thousand Indians and French alone. My very appearance will strike terror among them."

"You have often been in battle, have you not, major?"

"Egad! I have, Miss Philipse. I have heard the cannon roar, and the whistle of balls and shriek of shells have often soothed me to sleep."

"You don't mean to say you could sleep on the battle-field, with shells and balls whizzing all about you?"

"By my soul, I do, Miss Philipse. Faith! what care I for danger? I laugh at it," and the short, stout major strutted across the floor. Seeing Anne Montreville, or Miss Saturfield, as she was known, he suddenly turned to Miss Philipse and, clearing his throat with two or three important ahems, asked:

"I beg your pardon, Miss Philipse; but can you inform me who that very interesting young lady is?"

"That is Miss Anne Saturfield."

"Ahem! Zounds! Egad! she is a pretty maiden. Are you acquainted with her?"

"I am."

"Introduce me, will you? introduce me!" As the major was becoming annoying, Miss Philipse was glad to get rid of him, even at the discomfiture of her friend. Noah had left the side of Anne for a few minutes, and on his return found the British officer making himself very disagreeable.

"This country will never amount to anything," he declared. "I am pleased to learn, Miss Saturfield, that you were born in England. It does credit to your common-sense not to be born in America. Zounds! no great men here."

"I believe Mr. Benjamin Franklin is an American."

"Who is he? What is he? Nothing. Zounds! the land is a land of beggars and cowards. Wait and see our troops return from their victorious campaign against the French and Indians. Zounds! we will come back covered with glory. I shall lead the advance myself and see to it that Fort Du Quesne falls." Major Bridges then made another peacock strut across the room, and his face was the picture of the mock heroic.

When Noah returned, Anne quickly excused herself and went to spend a few moments with her lover before he took his departure for Williams-

burg, for, not having heard that Washington had resigned and that the regiment was disbanded, he intended to join it.

A day or two later he departed for the Chesapeake in the same fleet which conveyed Braddock and his regiments of regulars.

Notwithstanding all the assurances of Newcastle, both the English and French were making active preparations for war. Mirepoix was willing that both the French and English should retire from the country between the Ohio and the Alleghanies and leave the territory neutral. This would have secured to his sovereign all that country north and west of the Ohio. England, however, demanded that France should destroy all her forts as far as the Wabash, raze Niagara and Crown Point, surrender the peninsula of Nova Scotia, with a strip of land twenty leagues wide along the Bay of Fundy and the Atlantic and leave the intermediate country to the St. Lawrence as neutral ground. Such unreasonable proposals could, of course, meet with no acceptance; yet both parties professed a desire, in which the French seem to have been sincere, to investigate and arrange all points of dispute. Louis XV. while he sent three thousand men to America, held himself ready to sacrifice everything for peace, save honor and the protection due to his subjects, consenting that

English possessions should reach on the east to the Penobscot, to be divided from Canada on the north by the crest of the intervening highlands.

In March, Braddock reached Williamsburg and visited Annapolis. On the fourteenth of April, he, with Commodore Keppel, held a congress at Alexandria. There were present, of the American governors, Shirley, next to Braddock in military rank, Delancey of New York, Morris of Pennsylvania, Sharpe of Maryland and Dinwiddie of Virginia. Braddock, from the very first, played the despot. He gave all to feel that he, as the chief of the military of the colonies, should rule. First, he directed their attention to the subject of colonial revenue, on which his instructions commanded him to insist, and his anger kindled "that no such fund was already established." The governors, recapitulating their grievances with the assemblies, made answer:

"Such a fund can never be established in the colonies without the aid of parliament." Having found it impracticable to obtain in their respective governments the proportion expected by his majesty toward defraying the expense of his service in North America, they were unanimously of the opinion that it should be proposed to his majesty's ministers to find out some method of compelling them to do it and of assessing the several govern-

ments in proportion to their respective abilities. A petition was prepared, signed by the royal governors assembled, and sent by Braddock to the ministry, accompanied by a private letter, urging the necessity of some tax being laid throughout his majesty's dominions in North America. Dinwiddie reiterated his old advice. Sharpe recommended that the governor and council, without the aid of the legislature, should have power to levy money "after any manner that may be deemed most ready and convenient." Shirley assured his American colleagues on the authority of the British secretary of state that "A common fund must be either voluntarily raised, or assessed in some way."

While at Alexandria, Braddock offered Washington a position on his staff as a volunteer, without emolument or command, which he accepted. His arrival at headquarters was greeted by his young associates, Captains Orme and Morris, the general's aides-de-camp with pleasure and they at once received him into frank companionship, and a cordial intimacy commenced between them, which continued throughout the campaign. Braddock courteously received the young American despite his former churlishness toward him, and expressed in flattering terms the impression he had received of his merits.

About two thousand regulars and as many pro-

vincials were prepared for the campaign. Noah Stevens was captain of one of the companies of militia which rendezvoused at Fredericktown, Maryland, where General Braddock joined them.

When Braddock set out from Alexandria, on April 20, 1755, his troubles began. The Virginia contractors, who were to prepare the road for his army, had failed to fulfil their engagements, and of all the immense transportation so confidently promised, but fifteen wagons and a hundred draught horses had arrived, with no prospect of more. They were equally disappointed in provisions.

General Braddock's temper, never the best, was sorely tried on this occasion. At Fredericktown he met Benjamin Franklin, who was then about forty-nine years of age, had served several years in the Pennsylvania Legislature, and was now postmaster-general for America. Knowing the bitter feeling of General Braddock against the provincial assemblies, Franklin was advised to wait on the general, not as if sent by them, but as if he came in his capacity of postmaster-general, to arrange for the sure and speedy transmission of dispatches between the commander-in-chief and the governors of the provinces. He was well received and became a daily guest at the general's table.

The philosopher, seeing how shallow was the

general's knowledge of the impediments before him, ventured to remark one day at the commander's dinner-table that the mountains were hard to pass with troops and their supplies, and that the Indians were dexterous in laying and executing ambushes. Braddock haughtily answered:

"The savages may be formidable to your raw American militia; but upon the king's regulars and disciplined troops it is impossible that they should make any impression."

"No, egad!" put in Major Bridges, "the savages before the king's regulars will melt away like frost in May. Zounds! but I only hope they may be at Fort Du Quesne on our arrival."

Dr. Franklin was as much disgusted at the egotistical major as was Noah Stevens, and not much less disgusted with the general himself. As the delay of the army was caused by lack of conveyances, Franklin one day observed that it was unfortunate that his troops had not landed in Pennsylvania, where almost every farmer had his wagon. Braddock was not slow at taking a hint, and he instantly replied:

"Then sir, you, who are a man of interest there, can probably procure them for me, and I beg you will."

"I will do so."

"Will you? Then Mr. Franklin, you have re-

lieved me of a great responsibility and my mind of a great burden."

An instrument in writing was drawn up, empowering him to contract for one hundred and fifty wagons, with four horses to each wagon, and fifteen hundred horses with pack saddles for the service of his majesty's forces, to be at Wills Creek on or before the 20th of May. Dr. Franklin at once took his departure to execute the important commission.

CHAPTER XIII.

DEFEAT AND DEATH.

Soldier, rest: thy warfares o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking,
In our isle's enchanted hall.
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing;
Fairy streams of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.

—SCOTT.

"GET up! Get up!"

"Move on!"

Crack went whips, and the heavy wagons were drawn slowly over the hills.

"Do you feel better, colonel?" asked Noah Stevens, who sat in the wagon by the side of Colonel Washington.

"Somewhat. What are the appearances, captain?"

"No sign of an enemy yet."

"Of course not; we have not crossed the mountains; but we will meet them before we reach Fort Du Quesne. How do the regulars stand the march?"

Noah Stevens shook his head and said:

"Not so well as our provincial soldiers, colonel."

"One could not expect it. They have passed their days in camps and know nothing of these rough marches. They are unaccustomed to hardships and short allowances."

Washington then sat up and, lifting a side curtain of the jolting wagon in which he was riding, gazed out on the scene. It was a strange scene, decidedly military in appearance. A long line of muddy wagons was slowly toiling up a great slope. It had rained the night before, and the newly made road was, in places, little more than a succession of mud holes. On their right was a battalion of British regulars, striving to preserve some degree of order. Each man carried, in addition to his musket, bayonet and cartridge box, his knapsack filled with luxuries and things which a camp regular deems indispensable, but which no experienced campaigner would dream of carrying. The poor fellows were faring badly. Their shoes and doeskin leggings were besmeared with mud, while their pretty red coats and regalia were stained and soiled. Some had lost their tall caps and marched on bare-headed.

"They are learning what it is to campaign in a wilderness," said Washington, with a smile.

"I hardly think that General Braddock will

sneer at a campaign after we return," answered Noah.

At this moment, Major Bridges, riding a large flea-bitten gray horse, came to the wagon in which Washington lay sick. The major cut an odd figure on the big horse, with his florid face scorched by the sun.

"The general has despatched me," he said, with a military salute to Washington, "to inquire after your health."

"Inform the general that I am better and hope to be able to resume my post of duty on the morrow."

"I hope you will, for, egad! I never saw such a country. Can you tell me if that is a castle on yon frowning cliff?"

Washington gazed in the direction indicated by the hand of the major and saw on the edge of a distant cliff a huge bowlder.

"No; we have no castles or fortifications here, save those made by nature."

"Egad! it seems as if the Titans had battled with mountains for weapons from the way they are strewn about," remarked the stout major. "Zounds! I wish I had all the French and heathen out on level ground. I would show them somewhat of military discipline."

"They are not so foolish as to meet you on open

ground, major," Washington answered. "The chances are they will attack us in some mountain pass, where your military training will be of little avail, and your regulars only an encumbrance."

"An encumbrance!" roared the exasperated major. "Oh, zounds! egad! do you call a British regular an encumbrance? Wait, sir, wait until you see me lead the way to victory," and the angry major, wheeling his horse about, galloped away.

"Conceited ass!" cried Stevens as the aid galloped away.

"But little worse than the general."

"He puts no reliance on the provincial troops," said Stevens.

"They are just the men he will most need in such a fight. Has Croghan finally appeased the Indians who were slighted because they were not consulted in war matters?"

"They are all gone, save Scarooyadi and eight of his warriors," Stevens answered.

"There again the general blundered."

"His course has been one succession of blunders, colonel; but it does not become minor officers to criticise the acts of superiors. I am pleased to find you improving and to know you will be in the saddle to-morrow."

"Are you going now?"

"I must."

"One word more before you go away. Has Captain Jack the Black Rifle been seen?"

"Not yet. He will meet us at the Little Meadows."

"Croghan has recommended that the general accept his service."

"Will he do it?"

"I fear not."

"Such an experienced ranger and Indian fighter as this Black Rifle will be indispensable to the army, it would seem."

"Like too many stubborn Britons, he can see no virtue in any one not an Englishman by birth."

Captain Stevens took his leave of the sick officer and, mounting his horse, rejoined his company of militia. The army slowly wound its way over the hills. The cracking of whips, creaking of wagons, snorting of horses and steady tramp, tramp of men over the uneven ground, mingled with shouts and curses of teamsters, grumbling of regulars and the songs and jest of Virginians made up a grand medley of sound. The far-off mountain peaks, enveloped in blue mist, gave a picturesqueness to the scene, which the tired soldiers could not appreciate.

Next day, George Washington was well enough to return to his post and he remained with General

Braddock until the defeat of the latter. In due time, the Little Meadows were reached, where a halt was called to allow the men and horses to rest after their tedious and difficult march.

Next day after their arrival at the Little Meadows, a tall man, clothed wholly in buck-skin with a coon-skin cap on his head, accompanied by a band of rangers and hunters appeared in camp. He carried a large rifle on his shoulder painted black, which had given him the sobriquet of "Black Rifle." This man was one of the most remarkable men in the early history of Pennsylvania. Like Daniel Boone, he was a hunter and Indian fighter. His band of leather-clad heroes had long protected the frontier settlements of Pennsylvania. They were the great dread of the Indians.

"Black Rifle."

Washington and Noah Stevens went to greet Captain Jack and ask him what he wished.

"I want to see General Braddock," the famous scout answered.

Both Washington and Stevens feared the consequences of the interview. Washington had so often appealed to Braddock to do what was right and failed that he determined to intercede no further.

"He will go to his ruin," the colonel thought, "and I cannot prevent him."

Braddock received Captain Jack in his tent in his usual stiff and stately manner. The Black Rifle spoke of himself and his followers as men used to hardships and accustomed to deal with Indians, who preferred stealth and stratagem to open warfare. He requested that his company should be employed as a reconnoitring party, to beat up the Indians in their lurking-places and ambuscades. Braddock, who had a sovereign contempt for the chivalry of the woods and despised their boasted strategy, replied to the hero of the Pennsylvania settlements:

"There will be time enough, sir, for making these arrangements. I have experienced troops on whom I can completely rely for all purposes."

Captain Jack, the famous Black Rifle, indignant at so haughty a reception, withdrew and informed his leather-clad followers of his rebuff. They forthwith shouldered their rifles and glided away

into the forest, leaving General Braddock to his fate.

This was only one of the many serious blunders which Braddock made. Braddock, however, was no more prone to err than a majority of the regular army officers, whose chief knowledge of warfare is gained from camp training and discipline. History has frequently proved to the world that the volunteer troops are more efficient than regulars. They are more practical, knowing nothing of that ideal of exact discipline and technical punctillio. The regular, who does everything by certain rules, frequently finds occasions where discipline will not apply so well as the practical common sense of the volunteer, who meets an emergency without measuring it by some fixed principles of war or military tactics.

On the 19th of June, Braddock's first division set out, with less than thirty carriages, including those that transported ammunition for the artillery all strongly horsed. The Indians marched with the advanced party. In the course of the day, Scarooyadi and his son, being a little distance from the line of march, were surrounded by some French and Indians and made prisoners. The son escaped and brought intelligence to his warriors. Hastening to rescue or avenge the chief, they found him tied to a tree. The French had been

disposed to shoot him; but their savage allies declared they would abandon them if they did so, as they had some friendship or kindred with the chief. This is not the first instance on record where the savage has been more humane than the white man. The chief was left tied to a tree and was thus found by his son.

George Washington, instead of growing better, became worse, and they were finally forced to leave him behind. At his request, Noah Stevens was also left as commander of the guard with him. Washington was under the care of Dr. Craig, until the arrival of Colonel Dunbar's detachment, which was two days later.

During Washington's absence, three British regulars, loitering behind the army, were killed and scalped by the Indians. A score of grenadiers set out to avenge their friends, and, coming upon the party of Scarooyadi, fired upon them and killed the chief's son. When the mistake was discovered, the general regretted it very much and had the young sachem buried with all the honors of war.

Washington was still sick and weak, when, on the 8th of July, he reached Braddock's camp. The general was stubbornly, and we might say recklessly, pushing forward with the determination to attack Fort Du Quesne, and, when Washington

reached his camp, he was on the east side of the Monongahela and about fifteen miles from the fort.

The sick colonel was warmly received on his arrival, especially by his fellow aides-de-camp, Morris and Orme.

"You are just in time to see a nice piece of work done, my boy," said Major Bridges, on seeing Washington in the camp. "To-morrow we are going to attack Fort Du Quesne."

"Is everything ready?"

"Certainly," cried the major, who seated himself on a saddle at the root of a tree. "I attended to it myself."

"Have you reconnoitred the neighboring country and determined on the plan of attack?"

"All done—all done," cried the major, with a wave of the hand, as if that single gesture settled everything. "I will lead the advance if necessary."

"Have you no fears of the French and Indians?"

"French and Indians!" cried the major with evident disgust. "Do you imagine that a British regular will ever be afraid of a few French and heathen? No; wait until you see me lead the assault against the fort."

The fort was on the same side of the Monongahela with the camp; but there was a narrow pass between them, about two miles in length, with the river on the left and a very high mountain on the

right, which, in its present state, was quite impassable for vehicles. Consequently Braddock determined to cross the Monongahela by a ford in front of the camp, proceed along the west bank of the river for about five miles, then recross by another ford to the eastern side and push on to the fort. At these fords the river was shallow, and the banks were not steep.

According to the plan of arrangement, Lieutenant-Colonel Gage, with the advance, was to cross the river before daybreak, march to the second ford, and, re-crossing there, take post to secure the passage of the main force. The advance was composed of two companies of grenadiers, one hundred and sixty infantry, the independent company of Captain Horatio Gates, and two six-pounders.

"What do you think of the plan?" asked Major Bridges of Colonel Washington.

Washington, who had already seen enough of the regular troops to doubt their infallibility in wild bush-fighting, and who realized the dangerous nature of the ground, answered:

"It would be better to send Virginia rangers and men accustomed to the Indian mode of warfare."

"What?" roared the indignant major; "give raw militia preference over British regulars? You must think us mad."

When the matter was suggested to General Braddock he was fully as indignant as the major.

"Do you think a provincial colonel can teach a British general the art of war? Mr. Washington, when I want your advice, I will ask you for it."

Washington, indignant at the insult left the headquarters of the general and wandered to where the Virginians were quartered.

"What has gone amiss, colonel?" asked Captain Stevens.

"Virginians are treated with indignities and insults. The expedition will be a failure. To-morrow's setting sun will be red with blood and defeat."

"We can only do our best, regardless of what may happen," answered Stevens.

Before daylight next morning, George Washington, who shared Captain Stevens' tent was awakened by the rumbling of artillery and the marching of men. It was Colonel Gage's division crossing the Monongahela. Just at dawn of day, Sir John St. Clair, with a pioneer corps of two hundred and fifty men, went forward to make the roads ready for the artillery and baggage. They took with them their wagons of tools and two six-pounders. By sunrise the main army in full uniform were ready, looking as if they were prepared for a dress parade rather than for battle. With fixed bayonets

and colors flying in perfect order, to the sound of fife and drum, the troops marched to the river.

"I never saw a grander sight," Washington declared.

"This is parade, not warfare," ventured Captain Stevens.

The troops made a gallant appearance as they forded the Monongahela, winding along its banks through the open forest. Drums and fifes were playing the most popular airs of the day, and the soldiers kept time to the music. Many a brave fellow was taking his last march. Between eleven and twelve o'clock, the second ford was reached. Gage, with the advance, was on the opposite side of the Monongahela, posted according to orders. The pioneer corps were digging down the banks to make them sufficiently sloping for the artillery and baggage. Thus the crossing was delayed until one o'clock. The main army had dinner on the west bank before crossing. When all had passed over, they came to Frazier's Run, where they halted until the general could arrange the order of the march.

First went the advance, under Gage, preceded by the engineers, guides and six light horsemen. Then Sir John St. Clair and the working party, with their wagons and two six-pounders, with flanking parties thrown out on each side.

"Had General Braddock retained Black Rifle and his wild rangers, there would be no danger of a surprise," remarked Captain Stevens.

"Surprise!" roared Major Bridges; "egad! do you think there is going to be a surprise? Savages outwit British officers? Zounds! no more such hints, or, egad! I'll have you court-martialled."

Captain Stevens made no response. It was not his place as a subaltern to quarrel with a superior, disgusted as he was with his haughty conduct.

General Braddock followed some distance behind with the main army, the artillery and baggage, preceded and flanked on either side by light horse and squads of infantry, while the Virginians and provincial troops formed a rear guard. This was the last and the supreme blunder of General Braddock. Like many self-conceited and haughty men, he refused advice.

Before the army the ground was level for about half a mile from the river, where the foot hills, covered with long grass, low bushes and scattered trees sloped gently up to the range of hills. The whole country, generally speaking, was a forest, with no clear opening but the road, which was about twelve feet wide, flanked by two ravines concealed by trees and thickets.

Had Braddock understood his business, he would have thrown out lines of skirmishers and scouts to

flank either side of his advancing army, and thus beat up any ambuscade which might have been formed. The Virginians and Indians were faithful and suitable for such work; but the foolish general kept them in the rear.

It was now two o'clock. The advance party and the pioneers had crossed the plain and were ascending the rising ground. Braddock had drawn up the main body and given the word to march, when, some distance in the advance, the air was suddenly rent by the crack of rifles.

"It's an ambuscade, general!" cried Washington.

Braddock deigned no answer, but, turning to Lieutenant-Colonel Burton, ordered him to hasten forward with a vanguard of the main army, eight hundred strong. The remainder, four hundred, were halted and posted to protect the artillery and baggage. The firing continued with fearful yelling, and the uproar was deafening.

"Major Bridges! Major Bridges!" called General Braddock, greatly excited; "gallop forward and ascertain the nature of the attack."

"Egad! Zounds! General——"

"Forward!"

Bridges' florid face was now of a deathly white. He clapped spurs to his horse and dashed forward like the wind. He dared not refuse the command. Without awaiting the return of the aid, and finding

the turmoil increasing, Braddock marched forward, leaving Sir Peter Haklet in command of the baggage.

"Will you go, Colonel Washington?" asked the general.

"Anywhere, general. You had better order up the provincials," answered Washington.

The advance of the army had indeed been drawn into an ambuscade. From behind trees, stones, from the grass and the ground there came the constant puffs of smoke, and the sharp crack of rifles filled the air.

Gage, who was in advance, ordered his men to fix bayonets and to form in order of battle. They did so in hurry and trepidation. When he ordered the men to scale the hills and bluffs on the right, from whence came the hottest fire, not a platoon would quit the line of march. Dismayed by the horrid yells of the Indians, which were new to them, the boasted regulars huddled together like so many sheep and were shot down by the savages and concealed French. The Indians concealed themselves along the hills and in the ravines; but their whereabouts was only known by their demoniac yells and the puffs of smoke from their rifles. The soldiers fired at will wherever they saw smoke.

"Don't shoot till you see an enemy!" roared Gage; but his commands went unheeded.

At this moment, Major Bridges dashed on the

scene amid whizzing balls and fire and death. Men were falling on every side, and before he could say a word a rifle carried off his hat.

"Zounds! egad! what the d—l does this mean?" he roared. "Where are the foe?"

"In the woods!" Gage answered.

"Drive them out."

"That is what I am trying to do," Gage responded.

Having ascertained the nature of the attack, Bridges was about to return, when a bullet killed his horse.

Colonel Burton came up with the reserves and was forming his men before the rising ground, when the two advanced detachments gave way and fell pell mell on the troops, who were forming, throwing all into utmost confusion.

"All is not going well, Colonel Washington!" cried General Braddock, as they galloped up toward the scene.

"General, your whole army is thrown into confusion," Washington answered.

"Zounds! it is so, and British regulars, too!"

"General, they are not used to this kind of fighting. Let me hasten the provincials forward."

"Do whatever you will!" Braddock answered, and, with drawn sword and a horrible oath, he dashed forward into the midst of the melee.

"Virginians, now is your time! Show them the sort of mettle you are made of!" cried Washington to the provincials.

They recognized him, and, with yells of joy, dashed forward into the heat of the contest. Taking refuge behind trees, stones and whatever would screen them, they picked off the Indians one by one, and checked the onslaught. The terrible conflict raged on every side. The British regulars were horrified and panic stricken with fighting a foe whom they could not see. The officers behaved with consummate bravery, and Washington beheld with admiration those who, in camp or on the march, had appeared to him to have an almost feminine regard for personal ease and convenience, now exposing themselves to immediate death with a courage that kindled with the thickening horrors. Their field-pieces had been captured early in the engagement, and General Gage, aided by Major Bridges, formed two or three hundred regulars and charged the enemy to recover the guns. Wild yells and flashing rifles met them on every hand. With fixed bayonets, the maddened soldiers dashed right into the bushes on the muzzles of the pieces of the concealed foe. Many were slain with Indian hatchets, and some ran the Indians through with their bayonets.

"Egad! zounds! drive them from the woods!

sweep them from the face of the earth!" roared Bridges, as, with drawn sword, he leaped his horse in a thicket.

A score of rifles were discharged at once, some so near to his face, that the powder burned his cheeks. With a snort of agony, his horse reared and leaped backward. The volleys of fire and death mowed down the soldiers, they gave way. When regulars become panic stricken, they are harder to manage than volunteers, for they are never taught self-reliance.

Major Bridges, with a slight wound on his face, his hat shot off his head and his horse wounded in the neck, fell back with the others. Gage was trying to rally his men, ordering them to form again.

"What are you going to do?" Bridges asked, almost beside himself with vexation.

"Turn their left flank!" answered Gage.

"Turn the devil!" roared Bridges. "You might as well attempt to turn the mountains."

Gage soon learned this, and his troops again gave way and fell back to the main army, where, huddled together, they were shot down like quails. The officers, almost without exception, behaved with becoming gallantry. In the vain hope of inspiriting the men to drive off the enemy from the flanks and regain the cannon, they would dash

forward singly or in groups, to be shot down or beaten back; for the Indians aimed at every one who appeared to have command. Some were killed by random shots of their own men, who, crowded in masses, fired with affrighted rapidity, but without aim. Soldiers in front were killed by those in the rear, and the Virginians, who had posted themselves behind stones and trees, at times found themselves in as much danger from the regulars in their rear, as from the enemy in front. Washington, seeing the danger his friends were in from the regulars, called to Major Bridges, saying:

"Can't these soldiers be kept from shooting the men before them?"

"Zounds! they don't know what they are doing," answered Bridges.

Between friend and foe, the slaughter of the officers was terrible. Throughout the disastrous day, Washington distinguished himself by his courage and presence of mind. Orme and Morris were wounded and disabled early in the action, and Bridges being called to aid Gage and Burton, the whole duty of carrying the orders of the general devolved on him. His danger was imminent and incessant. He was in every part of the field, and a conspicuous mark for the murderous rifles of the enemy. Two horses were killed under him,

and four bullets passed through his coat; yet he escaped without a wound. One Indian singled him out and fired a number of shots at him but, missing, believed that some supernatural power guarded him from harm. He was sent with Stevens' company of Virginians to the main body to bring the artillery into action. All there was likewise in confusion, for the Indians had extended themselves along the ravines so as to flank the reserve and carry slaughter into the ranks. Sir Peter Haklet had been shot down at he head of his regiment. The men who should have served guns were paralyzed. Had they raked the ravines on their right and left with grapeshot, the day might have been saved. In his ardor, Washington sprang from his horse and called to Captain Stevens:

"Come and help me man the cannon, captain."

They seized a brass field-piece, and Washington aimed it with his own hand and directed an effective discharge into the woods; but the efforts and the examples of the heroic Virginians were of no avail. The men could not be kept at the guns.

"Where is Major Bridges?" asked General Braddock, who still remained in the centre of the field, in the desperate hope of retrieving the fortunes of the day.

"I do not know," Washington answered. "I have not seen him for one hour."

"I saw him going to the rear," said Captain Stewart, who, with Captain Stevens, had been thrown in front of Braddock's army with their riflemen to protect them.

"Was he wounded?"

"Yes; he had a shot in the breast or shoulder," answered Stewart.

"Colonel," said the general calmly, "the fight is desperate."

"Yes, General Braddock, and we are going to be driven from the field."

Just then a bullet killed the fifth horse that had that day died under General Braddock.

Springing to his feet the general cried:

"Never!"

Captain Stevens at this moment came up and offered his horse to the general. He mounted as Washington galloped forward to form the Virginians to cover the regulars until they could fall back and re-form their lines. Braddock's secretary, Shirley, fell dead at his side; still the general kept his ground, vainly endeavoring to check the flight of his men, or at least to effect their retreat in good order. Before Washington returned, a bullet passed through Braddock's right arm and lodged in his lungs. The general swayed in his saddle.

"Look, Captain Stewart! Catch the general;

he is going to fall," cried Noah Stevens, who was half a dozen paces away. Stewart caught the general as he fell from his horse, and Noah Stevens ran to his assistance, and, by the additional aid of a servant, they placed the wounded man on a tumbril.

"General, you are badly wounded," said Noah. "We must take you from the field.

"No—no—let me die here rather than retreat."

Washington at this moment galloped upon the scene. The regulars were all flying, scarce a man remaining behind.

"Stay their flight! Don't give up the battle!" cried the wounded general.

George Washington, dismounting, went to the side of the wounded man and said:

"General, we must retreat. Your men have nearly all fled, and the provincials cannot hold back that murderous horde much longer."

Even while he spoke the bullets were digging up the ground about the tumbril, and one struck the wheel on the right.

"Who would have thought it?" sighed the general. Washington, seeing that he was unable to longer command, said:

"Captain Stevens, hurry away with him. Take a dozen of your men and guard the tumbril. We will cover the retreat if we can."

Noah Stevens and two more, seizing the cart on

GENERAL BRADDOCK WOUNDED NEAR FORT DU QUESNE.
(See page 310)
After an original drawing by Freeland A. Carter.

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[illegible]

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[illegible] the bullets were digging up the [illegible] the tumbril, and one struck [illegible]

"Who [illegible] thought it?" sighed the general. Wash[illegible] that he was unable to [illegible] command, said:

"Captain Stevens, hurry away with him. Take [illegible] of your men and guard the tumbril. We [illegible] the retreat if we can."

Noah Stevens and two more, seizing the cart [illegible]

which the wounded general was placed, ran away as rapidly as they could. Washington conducted the retreat in such an able manner as to excite the admiration of the world. The rout was complete. Baggage, stores, artillery, everything was abandoned. The wagoners took each a horse out of his team and fled. The officers were swept off with the men in this headlong flight, which was rendered more precipitate by the shouts and yells of the savages, numbers of whom rushed forward from their coverts and pursued the fugitives to the river bank.

Fortunately the eagerness of the pursuers to plunder the wagons caused them to abandon the pursuit at the river, and return to collect the spoils. Crossing the Monongahela, the shattered army continued its flight, a wretched wreck of the brilliant little force which that morning had marched so proudly along the banks of that historic stream, confident of victory. Out of eighty-six officers, twenty-six had been killed and thirty-six wounded. The number of killed and wounded of the rank and file were over seven hundred.

About one-fourth of a mile from the ford, a hundred men were halted. Braddock, his wounded aides, and some of his officers were here.

"Where is Bridges?" asked the wounded general. There was a sullen growl, half roar and half

groan, and Noah Stevens, turning his eyes in the direction of the noise, saw the wounded major sitting at the root of an oak tree at the place where the rains had hollowed out the earth. The major was covered with blood and dust and was swearing like a trooper.

"Egad! general, they've got us down," he growled.

"Who would have thought it?" sighed the general. Braddock was still able to give orders, and had a faint hope of being able to keep possession of the ground until re-enforced. Most of the men were stationed in a very advantageous spot about two hundred yards from the road, and Lieutenant-Colonel Burton posted small parties and sentinels. Before an hour, the thoroughly disheartened regulars had stolen off, and Braddock and his officers continued to retreat. He tried to mount a horse, but was too weak and had to be carried by his men. His wounds were bleeding quite profusely, and at every exhalation the blood gushed from his chest. Orme and Morris were placed on litters borne by horses; but Major Bridges was able to retain his seat in the saddle.

"Egad! I've had quite enough of such warfare. If they will come out and fight like Christians and gentlemen, I have no objection to taking a hand; but zounds! I can't fight ground-hogs."

General Gage, who had succeeded in rallying about eighty men, joined them. The retreat presented a constant scene of horror. At almost every rod some poor fellow pierced with a bullet had run until he fell. Wounded men and deserters were constantly joining them. The ground was strewn with muskets, drums, saddles and swords.

Notwithstanding that Washington was still weak from fever, he was the most efficient officer in the service, and Braddock sent him to Colonel Dunbar's camp, forty miles distant, with orders for him to hurry forward provisions, hospital stores and wagons for the wounded, under the escort of two companies of grenadiers.

He took with him Captain Noah Stevens and ten mounted Virginians. It was a hard and melancholy ride throughout the night and following day. The wagoners who had cut loose their horses and fled at the fall of Braddock had already carried the news of the defeat. They were constantly overtaking flying regulars who had deserted. Most of them had thrown away their muskets, and all were suffering from hunger. Many begged to be taken on their horses.

Late in the evening they came upon three regulars, who demanded their horses. Washington and Noah had fallen behind the others nearly a fourth of a mile.

"Stand aside!" said Washington in his calm, yet firm voice.

"We want those horses!" growled the brutal soldier, who had a musket. "Give 'em up, or I will shoot you. I have walked until I am tired."

"Stand aside!" thundered Colonel Washington.

The ruffian cocked his musket; but Washington levelled his pistol at his head and cried:

"Lower your gun!"

Another made a snatch at the rein of Washington's horse, when Noah struck him with the back of his sword and felled him to the ground.

"Off with you, cowards and ruffians!" cried Washington. They fell back and the horsemen galloped on. On the evening of the next day, they arrived at the camp with the orders, and everything was made ready to return. At daylight next morning, Washington and Noah Stevens led the convoy of supplies. At Gist's plantation, about thirteen miles off, he met Gage and his scanty force escorting Braddock and his wounded officers. Captain Stewart and a sad remnant of the Virginia light horse still accompanied the general as his guard. The captain was unremitting in his attentions to the wounded general during the retreat. There was a halt of one day at Dunbar's camp for the repose and relief of the wounded. On the 13th they resumed their melancholy

march, and that night reached the great meadows. Braddock was sinking very rapidly and was so weak that Noah Stevens predicted he would not live until morning.

His defeat had broken the proud spirit of the British general. He was silent most of the evening after the battle, only ejaculating occasionally through the night:

"Who would have thought it?" The day after the battle, he was weaker and still silent; yet hope lingered in his breast, for he exclaimed with a sigh:

"We will know better how to deal with them another time."

He was very grateful for the attentions paid him by Captain Stewart, Washington and Stevens, and more than once when roused from his melancholy reveries, he expressed his admiration of the Virginians. During the night of the 13th, General Edward Braddock died from his wound, at the Great Meadows, the place of Washington's discomfiture in the previous year.

His grave was dug in the wilderness, and he was buried just before the break of day. With torches the soldiers gathered about the open grave, where, the chaplain being wounded, Washington read the funeral service, and the body of the haughty Briton was lowered to its last resting-place.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WAR CLOUD GROWS DARKER.

The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering, swelled the gale,
And—Stanley! was the cry—

—SCOTT.

ENGLISHMEN are noted for tenacity, and Braddock's signal defeat did not discourage either the home government or the colonies. Braddock was severely censured for his obstinacy, and Washington and the Virginians praised for their coolness and bravery. The defeat of Braddock was calculated to inspire the Virginians with confidence in themselves. They had saved the army; regulars were not invincible, and the French and Indians had never had any great terrors for the continental militia, when they were anything like equal in numbers.

Governor Shirley was appointed Braddock's successor in the chief command of all the English forces in America. He had led an expedition to operate against Forts Niagara and Frontenac, which, though it did not accomplish much, suffered

no such disaster as Braddock's had. The march from Albany to Oswego, on the southern shore of Lake Ontario, was through a wilderness and very fatiguing, and, when he arrived at the latter place in August, his little army of fifteen hundred men was much reduced by sickness and dispirited by the news of Braddock's disaster. The New York assembly had freely voted men and money for this expedition, and the Six Nations had promised many warriors; but, despite all their rosy-hued promises, not more than twenty-five hundred able-bodied men were in camp at Oswego on the first of September.

Shirley was energetic and not in the least disheartened, nor did he allow any of his men to become so. He began strengthening the post at Oswego by the construction of two stronger forts in addition to the dilapidated little structure which he found there. A fort was on each side of the Oswego River. Fort Pepperell, which was afterward changed to Fort Oswego, was on the west side, and had a strong stone wall, with square towers. Fort Ontario, on the east, was built of huge logs and earth. Shirley built vessels to bear his troops on the bosom of the lake to their future destination, which was Canada; but re-enforcements came not, and the storms of Autumn swept over Ontario, threatening again and again the destruction of their little fleet.

At last, disheartened by the continued delay, he left seven hundred men to garrison the fort and marched back to Albany with the remainder, where he arrived late in October. There he made vigorous preparations for re-enforcing and supplying the garrison at Oswego, for the Marquis de Montcalm, a distinguished French soldier, was then governor of Canada, and would be likely to pursue aggressive measures the following spring. Having been appointed to fill the vacancy made by Braddock's death, Shirley returned to Massachusetts, leaving William Alexander, his secretary, in New York.

By far the most successful expedition of the year was one entrusted to leadership of William Johnson, who held great influence over the Indians in the Mohawk valley. He was unencumbered with regulars, his army consisting chiefly of Indians and New England militia, the latter from Connecticut, Massachusetts and New Hampshire, while his Indians were from the Mohawk valley. These were assembled at Albany, the New England men having Phineas Lyman for their chief commander. There were also some New York and New Jersey militia with the army, when, in July, it was at the head of small-boat navigation on the Hudson, fifty miles above Albany.

The army now numbered about six thousand able-bodied men, and among them were Putnam

and Stark, men destined to become immortal in the history of their country.

While waiting on the banks of the upper Hudson for Johnson to join him, Lyman constructed a fort, which was named after himself; but, on the arrival of Johnson in August, he changed the name to Fort Edward. This was no doubt done because of the jealousy of Johnson, who evidently did not relish the popularity of his lieutenant. On his arrival, Johnson assumed command of the troops, and, with the main body, he marched to the head of a beautiful lake, about a dozen miles long which the French called Holy Sacrament, but which Johnson, in compliment to the king of England, changed to Lake George, which name it bears to this day.

At Lake George, he formed a camp of five thousand men, protected on the north by the lake and on both flanks by impassable morasses and tangled forests. Having accomplished this much, the troops waited in idleness the coming of the wagons, while the Indians, not dreaming of the approach of an enemy, roamed the forests at will.

The French were not idle, meanwhile. They had heard of the efforts being made to seize Crown Point, and were making every preparation to defend that post. Vaudreuil, the governor of Canada, had called to arms every able-bodied man in the

vicinity of Montreal and invited laborers from below to come up and gather the harvest. With these recruits, sixteen hundred strong, seven hundred regulars and as many Indians, the French prepared to make a stubborn resistance. A greater portion of this force was placed under command of Baron Dieskau, who proceeded to the head of Lake Champlain, whence he intended to make a swift march on Fort Edward, surprise and capture it. For four days, as secretly as possible, he traversed the woods, when it was found that his guides had lost their way, and that he was in the path to the head of Lake George and four miles from Fort Edward. Indian scouts had told his savage followers of the great guns at Fort Edward and that there were more in the camp on the borders of the lake. Afraid of the cannon, the savages refused to attack the fort, though they were willing to fall on the exposed camp at the head of the lake.

One beautiful evening, on the 7th of September, 1755, an Indian suddenly rushed into Johnson's camp on Lake George and called for the commander. Johnson was sitting idly in his tent, smoking his pipe as unconcernedly as if he had been in a land that never knew war.

"What news do you bring?" Johnson asked.

"I saw the French army landing at the head of the lake," the Indian answered. Johnson made

some preparations for resisting the enemy and went to bed, leaving orders to be called if there should be any more discoveries. At midnight he was again aroused and told that another messenger had come.

"Send him to me," said Johnson.

When the messenger arrived, he asked him:

"What news do you bring?"

"The French and Indians have landed and are making a rapid march to this fort," was the alarming answer.

Johnson yawned, rubbed his eyes and issued some orders to his men.

"Had we not better make some immediate preparations for defence?" asked one of his aids.

"Yes; but they will hardly reach us before noon to-morrow," Johnson answered. "We will hold a council at daylight."

At early dawn a council was held, at which the shrewd Mohawk chief, King Hendrick, attended. As it was not known exactly by which road the enemy was approaching, Johnson proposed sending a party in three detachments to meet the enemy by three different routes so that one of them would be sure to come up with them. To this plan, the shrewd Mohawk chief King Hendrick interposed the following wise objections:

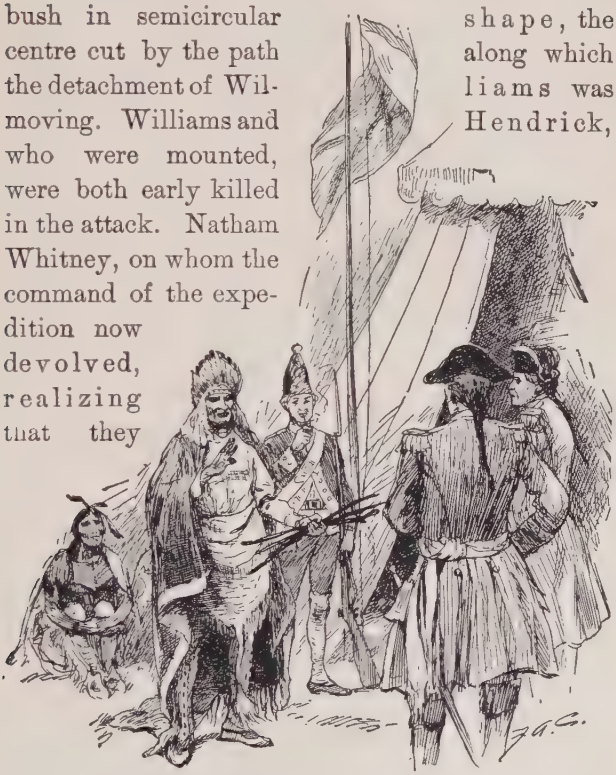
"If they are to fight, they are too few; if they

are to be killed, they are too many." Then, picking up three strong sticks, he said, "Put them together and you cannot break them; take them separately and you can break them easily."

This was only a reiteration of the old proverb that in union there is strength. The logic of the chief was so plain to the general, that he ordered twelve hundred men to be sent in one body to the relief of Fort Edward. Colonel Ephraim Williams, of Massachusetts, was the chosen commander of the expedition, and with him went Hendrick and two hundred warriors of the Six Nations.

Before they set out, the aged chief, whose snowy locks fell down his shoulders, mounted a gun-carriage and harangued his braves with his powerful voice in eloquent words, exhorting them to be strong and true to their allies. His language was not understood by the Englishmen present; yet his voice, the flash of his eye and his gestures were so strangely impressive, that they felt stirred to the very depths of their souls. When he finished, the detachment set out to the relief of the fort, and were marching in fancied security to a defile at Rocky Brook, about four miles from camp, when they were assailed in front and flank by musketry and arrows. The French and Indians, who had been misled toward Johnson's camp, apprised by scouts of the march of the English, had formed an am-

bush in semicircular shape, the centre cut by the path along which the detachment of Williams was moving. Williams and Hendrick, who were mounted, were both early killed in the attack. Natham Whitney, on whom the command of the expedition now devolved, realizing that they



"IF THEY ARE TO FIGHT, THEY ARE TOO FEW; IF TO BE KILLED, THEY ARE TOO MANY."

could not successfully resist conducted a retreat. Johnson, who had evinced a singular apathy, had made little preparation for the defence of his camp.

He did not dream that the expedition he had sent out would be attacked; but when he heard the firing he sent three hundred men to the relief of the first detachment. These met the flying provincials, and, joining in the retreat, they all rushed pell mell into camp, pursued by the French and Indians, who had cast many of their slain foes into a slimy pool, still known as "Bloody Pond."

The French commandant, Baron Dieskau, intended to follow the fugitives in their flight into camp and, while all was confusion and panic, to capture it; but his Indians had a wholesome fear of cannon; so they halted on the crest of a hill from which they could see the dreaded great guns. Not only the Indians, but the intimidated Canadians also halted.

Dieskau with his regulars pressed forward, and about noon the battle began in earnest. The French were without artillery, and their musket balls had no effect upon the breastworks. The Indians and Canadians took up sheltered positions on the flanks, and did little service. The New Englanders had only their fowling pieces and rifles. There was not a bayonet among them; but they were all good marksmen, and, during the conflict of more than four hours, they kept the enemy at bay.

Early in the conflict, Johnson was struck by a

spent ball in the thigh, and, though the wound was not serious, he retired to his tent, and the command fell upon General Lyman. He conducted matters with such skill and bravery, that a greater number of the French regulars were killed or wounded. He directed his sharpshooters against the regulars, until they were forced to fall back, and then a bomb thrown from one of their howitzers exploded among the Canadians and savages, sending them flying to the woods.

Lyman knew that the moment to turn the tide of battle had come, so, with a large number of provincials, he leaped the breastwork and, with clubbed guns, soon put the remnant of the assailants to flight.

Dieskau, bleeding from three wounds, sat on a stump trying to stay the flight of his men. His dead horse lay but a rod away, and his saddle, with his holsters, was at his feet. He was discouraged and faint from loss of blood and refused to leave camp. One of his own soldiers, having some personal grudge against the baron, fired at him, sending a bullet into his right side. Dieskau was found by the Americans sitting on the log, leaning forward, his sword in his right hand and his left pressed on his breast. He was carried into camp, where Johnson and his wife carefully nursed him. When he returned to France a year later, he

gave Johnson the elegant sword which he had in his hand when captured.

He died from the effect of his wounds two years later.

Although Johnson had had very little to do with the repulse, he was lauded in England and in America for it. It often happens that a general gets the praise for the gallant conduct of a subaltern. Johnson was by the king created a baronet, and Parliament voted him a large sum of money to support the dignity of the title. Johnson was a nephew of Admiral Sir Peter Warren, who was a favorite at court, which probably accounts for the special favors shown him.

Johnson, however, was incompetent and undeserving of such a command. Lyman and others urged him to pursue the enemy; but he would not. The Mohawks were burning to avenge their beloved chief, and the Oneidas were anxious to follow the enemy; still Johnson remained in camp, and three days later the Oneidas left and returned home. While the French were retreating, some New Hampshire militia, under Captain McGinnes, with a small party of New York militia under Captain Folsom, who were on their way from Fort Edward, fell on them with such fury, that they were compelled to desert their baggage. McGinnes was mortally wounded.

All the while, Johnson, who was to be rewarded for doing nothing, lingered at the head of Lake George, employing his men in the construction of Fort William Henry.

The student of American history will observe that there had already sprung up a rivalry between the provincial soldiers and the British regulars. At times, even during the hottest fighting, this hatred threatened to break out into open insurrection. A jealousy which had long existed between the royal party and the colonial party was greatly intensified by the royal governor's attempts to force the colonists to pay the expense of the regulars.

"If we send our soldiers to America to protect Americans, they should pay them," argued the royalists.

On the other hand, the Americans saucily declared:

"We are able with our own men and officers to protect our homes. The uninhabited portion of the country belongs to England, and should be protected at England's expense."

Although the year 1755 had been a stormy one in America, and the French and English had been shedding each other's blood, France and England were still at peace. The British cabinet was, at this time, composed of men who were likely, by their folly and dishonesty, to involve the nation in

a foolish and useless war. Secret orders were suddenly issued to the commanders of all British men-of-war to seize all French vessels, public or private. It is reported that the king's share of the spoils accruing from these unlawful seizures would amount to three and a half millions of dollars, while eight thousand French marines and sailors were made captives. The French minister, when notified of what had taken place, indignantly exclaimed:

"What has taken place is nothing but a system of piracy on a grand scale unworthy of civilized people." The French monarch was at last aroused by the indignities offered his people and declared:

"Never will I forgive the piracies of this insolent nation."

In an autograph letter to the British king, he demanded full reparation for the insults offered to the French flag, and the injury done to the French people.

Thus the home government of the two nations took up the quarrel. The campaigns of 1755 had assumed all the features of a regular war between the respective subjects. The Acadians had been driven from home; Braddock had been slain, and Dieskau was dying from a mortal wound. On the 17th of May, 1756, a declaration of war went forth from the British cabinet. The French cabinet re-

sponded with a similar declaration, June 9th, and thus the peace, solemnly guaranteed at Aix-la-Chapelle, was rudely broken to gratify the ambition of politicians longing for power. While the two chief powers of Europe had been preparing for the great contest for supremacy in the New World, the thoughtful men among the English-American colonists, who loved liberty more than power, had been musing on the glorious probabilities of the future. A school teacher in Worcester named John Adams, in a letter to Nathan Webb in 1755, among other things wrote:

"Mighty States are not exempted from change. . . . Soon after the Reformation, a few people came over into this new world for conscience sake. This apparently trivial incident may transfer the great seat of empire into America. . . . If we can remove the turbulent Gallics, our people, according to the exactest calculations, will, in another century, become more numerous than in England itself. The united force of Europe will not be able to subdue us. The only way to keep us from setting up for ourselves, is to disunite us."

History records how this golden dream became a reality.

Shirley, the new commander-in-chief of the British forces in America, called a convention of royal governors at New York, late in 1755, where

a splendid campaign was planned. It included the capture of Quebec, Forts Du Quesne, Frontenac, Niagara, Detroit, and other French posts in the northwest. Parliament was again urged to take vigorous measures for compelling the colonists, by a tax, to furnish a general fund for military purposes in America, and that body felt disposed to do so; but at this moment more grave questions demanded the attention of parliament and the royal governors.

The Indians were threatening the frontier settlements of Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania with desolation, and very soon whole families were flying back to the older settlements, leaving dwellings and farms to the fury of the savages. The authorities of those colonies took action to stay the flood of desolation surging along the border. In Virginia, Washington was appointed commander-in-chief of all the colonial forces, and Noah Stevens was commissioned colonel of a regiment of provisional militia. In Pennsylvania, Dr. Franklin was commissioned colonel, with instructions to raise troops and construct a line of forts or blockhouses along the frontier, which he did. Maryland joined in measures of common defence.

Before Shirley had an opportunity to show what he could do, he was superseded by the Earl of Loudon, a cold-hearted, bilious, indolent and in-

efficient peer, who was a zealous advocate of the prerogatives of the crown and most heartily despised anything in the nature of republicanism. As the attempt to establish centralized royal government in America had failed, he determined to place the colonies under absolute military rule. Procrastination and inefficiency marked every step of the campaign conducted by Loudon. He did not send his Lieutenant-General James Abercrombie with troops until near the close of April. The ship with money to defray the expenses of campaign was not dispatched until the middle of June, at which time Abercrombie arrived. It was long past mid-summer when the commander-in-chief reached the American shores. The plan of the campaign called for ten thousand men to assault Crown Point, six thousand to march against Niagara, three thousand against Fort Du Quesne, and two thousand to cross the country from the Kennebec to the Chaudiere. Many of the troops destined for Crown Point and Niagara were already in Albany when Abercrombie arrived. The general loved his ease and was a great stickler for the assertion of royal authority. Seven thousand troops under General Winslow were there, impatient to be led to Lake Champlain, and another party anxiously awaited orders to hasten to Oswego, for alarming rumors came in almost every day that the

enemy was threatening the frontier with a large body of troops.

The quarrel between the Americans and their royal governors over the prerogative of the crown and the rights of the people had become so bitter that the general determined to punish the Americans by quartering regular troops upon them. He cast a firebrand into the army at Albany composed of regular and provincial troops, about ten thousand strong, by compelling the officers of the latter to obey the commands of those of the former of equal rank. He and Mayor Sybrant Van Schaïck had many stormy interviews about the billeting of regulars upon the people. On one occasion, there was an open quarrel between the lean Scotchman and the burly Dutchman, when the mayor, terribly excited, shook his fist at the general and exclaimed:

"Go back again with your troops! We can defend our frontiers ourselves."

The general triumphed, however, and was so elated over the victory that he sent to his superiors the encouraging words:

"In spite of every subterfuge, the soldiers are at last billeted on the town." This victory cheered the hearts of the Lords of Trade, who now believed that the absolute submission of the colonies was near at hand. Abercrombie had no message of the capture of Crown Point, Niagara or Du

Quesne, but only that he had his heel on the colonists whom he had been sent to protect.

He loitered at Albany, awaiting the arrival of Loudon, when he predicted that mighty things would be done. The arrival of Colonel Bradstreet, with the alarming intelligence that the French and Indians were threatening Oswego, did not move Abercrombie. He loved ease and took too much pleasure in billeting his regulars on the town of Albany to care about the slaughter of men, women and children on the frontier.

Bradstreet, in descending the Oswego River, observed that he was watched by French and Indian scouts. He advanced nine miles up the stream when he was attacked by a strong party of French regulars, Canadians and savages. The provincials drove some of them from an island in the river, and there Bradstreet made a defensive stand. One of the Canadians, too badly wounded to fly with his companions, remained, and a boatman was about to dispatch him, when young Schuyler saved his life. When Bradstreet abandoned the island in only one bateau, there being no room for the wounded Canadian, Schuyler swam ashore with him. While Bradstreet was trying to raise a force to go to the relief of Oswego, Montcalm landed a large force and proceeded to lay siege to the post. Colonel Mercer, in command, was forced to sur-

render it to the enemy. One hundred and twenty pieces of artillery, six vessels of war, three chests of coin and a large quantity of ammunition and stores were captured, while the royal Abercrombie was billeting his soldiers on the people of Albany that he might humiliate the Americans.

Loudon arrived just in time to hear of the loss of Oswego and congratulated the country because of its escape from greater disaster.

"If the attack had been made on provincials alone," he thought, "it would have been followed with fatal consequences."

When Mr. Elmer Stevens, living in Virginia, heard this foolish remark he said:

"Always harping on the provincials. Those British Lords must believe they are of superior clay to Americans. Loudon will not allow any merit in the character of a provincial soldier. For them he has nothing but contemptuous words. Notwithstanding the provincials saved the remnant of Braddock's army, in spite of cowardice of the regulars and the obstinacy of their general, conquered Acadia, defeated Dieskau, and have performed all the effective military service against the French and Indians, yet the obstinate, blind folly of the royalists see no merit in them, and have only praise for the cowardly regulars."

Noah Stevens overheard two of his soldiers dis-

cussing the question with all the bitterness of provincials.

"Egad! they see no merit in Americans and have only praise for British regulars. I would that our rifles were once brought against their muskets. Zounds! but we would then try the merits of both."

"It will come, Matthew," the second soldier answered. "By my soul, when we have whipped the French and Indians and driven 'em from our shores we will give our attention to driving out the king's soldiers."

"That is treason, Sol. Beware how you give utterance to such speeches. Egad! you may be shot for such remarks."

Loudon, like his lieutenant, thought more of humiliating the colonists in America than of fighting the French and Indians. He demanded of the city of New York, free quarters for himself, his officers and a thousand men.

"Your demand is contrary to the laws of England and the liberties of America," replied the mayor of the city. The haughty earl responded:

"Free quarters are everywhere usual. I assert it on my honor which is the highest evidence you can require."

The mayor was firm, and Loudon determined to make New York an example for all the rest of the continent. With a vulgar oath, he declared:

"If you don't billet my officers upon free quarters this day, I'll order here all the troops under my command and billet them myself upon your city."

A subscription for the purpose was raised; the officers were billeted on the city, and Loudon won what to him was a greater victory than if he had defeated Montcalm.

The only brilliant event which relieved the dull monotony of continued defeat was a substantial victory on the Alleghany River in Pennsylvania. Dr. Franklin after superintending the construction of small posts along the Pennsylvania frontier, from the Delaware to the borders of Maryland as a defence against hostile Indians, retired from military life.

The Indians continued to harass the frontier, and Colonel John Armstrong, with three hundred Virginians and Pennsylvania militia, proceeded on the night of the 7th of September, 1756, to chastise the Delawares at Kittanning, one of the principal towns (now in Armstrong County, Pennsylvania), within thirty-five miles of Fort Du Quesne. Stealthily crossing the Alleghany Mountains, they fell upon the Indian town at early dawn and killed many savages before they were fully awake. The slaughter of Indians was great, and the village was wholly destroyed. It had the effect of completely

humbling the Delawares and the frontier had peace. So ended the campaigns of 1756. French power and confidence had been strengthened, while Loudon had gained two conquests over the colonists by billeting his troops on the people of Albany and New York. The war cloud grew darker.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BROTHERS MEET.

> **Sweet scenes of youth, to faithful memory dear,**
> **Still fondly cherish'd with the sacred tear,**
> **When, in the softened light of summer skies,**
> **Full on my soul life's first illusions rise.**
>
> —LEYDEN.

THE day had been one of mists with occasional showers. The dripping hollyhocks beneath the walls, their half-quenched fires a smouldering red, hung their soaked heads in drooping melancholy. A shred of gold upon the grass marked the spot where a drowned butterfly hung. The sound of trickling waters was like a mournful tune set to sad words, and the rainy wind blew the wet boughs against a saffron sky. Toward the west there was a sullen glow of fire which marked the descent of the summer's sun.

Owen Gray's old-fashioned tavern presented a gloomy and even forbidding appearance as it stood, a great sombre old pile, at the roadside, the old sign creaking in the damp, cold breeze which

swept down the mountains into the valley. The broad road which led past his house was somewhat historic. Owen Gray had, only a few months before, sat on his broad piazza and counted Braddock's soldiers as they marched by on their way to Fort Du Quesne.

"Zounds! Becky," he had declared to his wife, taking the stem of his black pipe from his mouth, "no one can count 'em!"

The old man remembered how his soul thrilled with patriotism and desire for military glory as he watched the grand procession, and, had he not been sixty, he certainly would have joined them; but he was too old, and, besides, he had his tavern on his hands. What was he to do with it, if he should go away? and, besides, "Becky would not hear to such a thing." He saw the general on his fine prancing horse, with scarlet coat and golden epaulets, his cocked hat and ruffled shirt front, his riding boots, gold-hilted sword, and silver-mounted pistols, riding with his aids past his tavern. The general halted and asked for some milk, which was given him.

"That is Colonel Washington, the boy who fit the Injuns and French last year at Fort Necessity," the old man whispered to Becky, pointing at one of the aids of General Braddock.

The general cursed the negro who brought him

the milk, and with his aids galloped on after his private carriage which had gone before. Braddock had scarcely been gone before they saw the provincials following.

"Why, bless me! Owen Gray," cried Mrs. Gray elevating her glasses, "ef thar don't go Noah Stevens, the son o' Mr. Elmer Stevens down on the Rappahannock."

Noah Stevens halted a few moments with his command at the door, while the negroes were sent to bring them some refreshments. Then they moved on. Owen Gray remembered how sad and melancholy the return from the battle-field was. He kept two of the wounded a long time at his house, and they told him how their general had been slain, and they were forced to bury him during the night while flying from the foe. It was a melancholy narrative, and one which Owen Gray never wearied of discussing.

A year had elapsed since Braddock's defeat, and the tavern was so far removed from the scenes of hostility that he only heard of the war afar off. The travellers who stopped at his inn brought him many wild stories of defeats and conquests and the constant wrangling of the governors with the legislature, until the old man exclaimed:

"I declar', I don't know whether we are fightin' the French and Injuns or England. I wouldn't

be surprised ef, after we beat the French, we have to turn around and whip the English."

"Owen, don't let your pesky tongue wag that way, unless ye want to come to the halter," cried his cautious wife.

"Which I don't, Becky."

"Then don't be hintin' about fightin' England."

"They've got to bein' so pesky mean, I don't know but we'll have to fight 'em yet."

"It's time enough to talk about that when the time comes, so don't go to cuttin' off your head in advance."

This quieted the old man for a while; but the next rumor of Loudon's oppression produced another outburst of rage.

"Egad! I've half a notion to take up my gun and go and fight myself," he vowed.

On the evening in question, Mr. Gray had been to the village four miles away, and while there heard a rumor of a threatened invasion by the French and Indians. The wife had scolded him for going out on such a day.

"Some one will come along and tell you the news, Owen, without your goin' out in the rain to hunt it up," she had declared.

"Where are you goin' now?" she asked, rather sharply, as he rose from his seat in the chimney corner and started toward the door.

"I want to take one more look down the road before it's dark," he answered.

"You'll get wet."

"No; it's quit rainin'."

"Put on your coat."

He thought there was no need to do that, as he was going no farther than the piazza.

"I want to see ef the niggers have everything snug and in order," he declared. On the broad old-fashioned Virginia piazza, he gazed up the long road leading to the distant mountains, now dim and almost concealed by the heavy mist, dark clouds and advancing shadows of night.

"I never saw sich weather for this season," declared the old man. "Here, Dick! Dick! I say you, Dick!"

"Here, massa, here," and a negro boy about sixteen appeared around a corner of the house.

"Oh, you plaguey dog! so I must always split my throat with howling, before I can get you to answer, eh?"

"Hi, massa! sure Dick always come when he hear massa hallo!"

"Do you, you black rascal? Have you put the sheep in their pen?"

"Yes, massa."

"And the cows?"

"Am fed, massa."

"Did you feed the horse in the barn?"

"Yes, massa."

"Now begone, you black rascal, and feed yourself."

With a broad grin on his ebony face the negro turned about and hurried away to the kitchen. Mr. Gray gazed off into the night, listened to the sighing of the wind among the wet branches of chestnuts and vines, mingled with melancholy lowing of a distant cow, that had strayed from the fields, and remarked:

"It will be a bad night. I don't suppose any traveller will come at this hour."

An old lantern, made of tin perforated with holes to emit light, hung on the porch, sending its shattered rays far and wide along the broad road which ran past the house. The inn-keeper returned to his comfortable seat in his great arm-chair by the fire, for, although summer had not yet gone, the night was so damp and chill that a fire was comfortable. He re-filled his pipe, thrust the tobacco into it with his thumb, and, by a skilful swoop among the coals, captured one of the glowing embers on the top, and proceeded to send volume after volume of puffs up the chimney.

Mr. Owen Gray was wrong when he prophesied that there would be no caller at the inn on that night. At the moment that he was sitting by the

fireside enjoying his pipe, a wayfarer was slowly plodding his way along the road. His leggins were stained with mud, and the clay adhered to his shoes in great, thick coats, until he could scarcely drag his weary feet along.

He was an old man, poorly clad, and his thin gray locks hung down his shoulders. His old, three-cornered hat was battered, faded and worn. His face showed weariness and agony, yet he was silent, grim and determined.

"There it is again," he said, as a dim light flickered along the dark road. "It must be a house, and, perchance, I can get lodging there for the night."

On he trudged through the dampness and mud. The light grew more distinct, until he was near enough to see the great old inn, like a castle, grim and gloomy, before him. He ascended the steps to the piazza and, seizing the old-fashioned brass knocker, gave three raps, which brought Mr. Gray out of his revery to the door. He gazed for a moment at the man before him in astonishment, then asked:

"Who are you?"

"A wayfarer, who seeks shelter and food," was the answer.

"By my soul, you look as if you stood in need of both."

"If you feel disposed, kind sir, to give a stranger food and shelter for the night, God must be your rewarder, for I have no money."

"Egad! who said a word about pay? Here, Dick—Dick, you rascal!" cried the landlord, rushing out on the piazza. It was but a moment before the same negro boy who had before answered his call, came running in from the kitchen.

"Yes, massa, here Dick. Dick come when massa call."

"Yes, you plaguey rascal, you come after I've howled my lungs out."

"Dick come soon as massa call."

"Go, you scamp, run, jump, fly! Fly to the kitchen; wake old Aunt Aggy; seize her, shake her and yell in her ears, until she is awake, and then tell her to prepare supper for a hungry man."

"Yes, massa."

"And, Dick."

"Yes, massa."

"See that the bed in the north attic is warm and dry."

"Yes, massa."

"And, Dick, hurry."

"Yes, massa."

Dick disappeared and the inn-keeper growling at the stupidity of his servant, went back into the

room where the stranger was, to see that Becky had given him a good seat by the fire.

"It is not very cold, traveller; but the air is raw, and the rain goes right to one's bones."

The traveller nodded gravely.

"You shall have supper just as soon as that plaguey negress wakes up and can cook it."

"Thank you, landlord; but you understand I have no money with which to pay you."

"Pay! egad! who said anything about pay? You shall have a supper smoking hot, and, by my soul, Becky, we have some old peach yet in the cellar, have we not?"

"Yes, Owen."

"The very thing, stranger. A glass of good old peach after such a walk in the rain will do you good."

"Perhaps it would," the traveller answered.

"Oh, yes; famous of a rainy night, a mighty antifogmatic. It will prevent you the ague; it clears a man's throat of the cobwebs, sir."

Again the landlord set up a shouting for Dick, which soon brought the negro in. He ordered him to the cellar for a certain cask which he would find there and some glasses from the cupboard. The negro hastened away and soon returned with the required articles. The landlord turned off a glass of "old peach" with the stranger and smacked

his lips, as if he enjoyed the liquor, for the liquor's sake, more than from a desire to be hospitable. A few moments later Dick appeared and announced supper.

A smoking supper, such as was spread in the old colonial days, greeted the stranger. Mrs. Gray, who came to the dining-room to see that he was well served, noticed that, while he was hungry, he observed the manners of a gentleman. He used no undue haste, and his whole manner was that of a well-bred person. When supper was over, Mr. Gray insisted on his coming to the sitting-room.

"Where do you come from?" the inquisitive inn-keeper asked.

"The north."

"New York?"

"Yes."

"There be rumors of a great fighting on the north frontier of New York."

The stranger made no response.

"Do you know if it be true?"

"There is war."

"With the French and Indians? God save our king and bring victory to our arms; but, stranger, where be you going?"

"To Williamsburg."

"A full two days' journey, as you go; but perhaps you have means to buy a horse?"

The stranger shook his silvered locks and answered:

"I told you I had no money."

"What is the earl going to do?"

"I know not."

"All said when the Earl of Loudon became commander-in-chief of the American armies great things would be done; but, by my soul! I believe he is worse than Shirley."

The stranger seemed averse to entering into a conversation. He was very grave and silent, and they noticed that his gaze was riveted on the fire before him. The garrulous inn-keeper went on to discuss the unsettled condition of the country, and the traveller was a silent listener. After a while, they were startled by the loud tramp of horses' feet on the road, and two continental officers drew rein and asked for shelter for the night.

"We had supper at the village," one said, "and thought we could make it to the next town; but, egad! no one can travel on such a night."

Dick was roused from his corner where he lay asleep, and sent to take the troopers' horses to the stable, while the riders were ushered into the great room where the silent stranger sat. Again the "good old peach" was passed round; the officers lighted their pipes, and their tongues began to wag freely on the all-important question of the day—

the war. The stranger sat listening, but taking little part in the conversation. One of the officers had seen some service in the north, and claimed to have been in half a dozen conflicts, the most notable of which was in the battle on Lake George where Dieskau was wounded.

"You may sum up all the disasters on both sides, and, egad! we are still ahead, we have conquered Acadia," he remarked.

"You were with Winslow at Acadia, were you not, Lieutenant Jones?" interrupted his companion.

"I was, and I trow I never saw a sadder sight than the group of poor devils, when General Winslow at Grand Pre read their doom to them. We had them all in a church, and when they heard that they were to be taken away at once from their homes, the air was full of yells, curses and cries.

"I was told that one young fellow was that day to wed the beauty of Grand Pre. I saw the maid afterward, and, by my soul! my eyes never lighted on a more comely creature. It seems that Captain Winslow, a nephew of the general, was enamoured of her; but she preferred this native of her country, whose name I do not remember. The order of Winslow broke off the wedding, and, as he was driven on board, Captain Winslow swore he would look after the bride-elect himself."

The grave, silent stranger, starting to his feet, cried:

"Diabolical!"

"Hey, stranger, do you call the work of English officers the works of the devil?"

"I do; by my soul, a greater outrage than you perpetrated on the Acadians never disgraced a Christian nation!"

"Have we a traitor here?"

"You have an Acadian, one who suffered by your accursed tyranny and greed of land."

The officers started to their feet, and the landlord sat transfixed with amazement, while his good wife Becky raised her hands in silent horror and dread.

Lieutenant Jones, finally regaining in a certain measure his self-possession, said:

"You an Acadian? Your speech and manner are those of an Englishman."

"I am a Virginian by birth," the old man answered, in a voice that quivered with pent-up emotions. "Circumstances as distressing as those that bring me here took me at an early age to Acadia, which one might have hoped was neutral ground. There I married the woman I loved, the best on earth. There our children were born to droop and die, until but one was left me. My poor wife, thank God, never lived to see that wretched day, and would to heaven I had not. My countrymen,

whom I had always loved and defended, came at last like wolves on the fold, and, at the point of the bayonet, we were driven forth. It was my son that was to wed on that morn, when you drove him to the forest to madness and despair, to wander the earth, God knows where."

The old man's voice grew fainter and weaker with emotion, until it died away in a whisper, and, burying his face in his hands, he sank down upon his chair and sobbed. It was a sad sight to behold that old gray head bowed in grief, and the feeble frame trembling with pent-up emotions. The officers were men with tender hearts, and they sympathized with the old man; but when he was asked to tell his story in detail, he was silent and soon after retired to sleep until morning.

Morning dawned bright and clear. The mists had cleared away, and the sun shone from a cloudless sky. The white-haired stranger was as calm as the morning; all show of passion having passed from his face. After breakfast, he thanked his host for his hospitality, and, with his stout staff, started again on his journey. The flowers bloomed and birds sang along the way, and all nature seemed gay; but he heeded not the beauties on every side. When he looked about, it was in the hope of seeing some familiar object; but changes come to the home of our childhood. A visit to scenes of youth-

ful days is attended with more pain than pleasure. We miss the beloved faces of long ago, or, if met, they are wrinkled with age and unrecognizable. The old trees under which the childish feet pattered are gone. The cabin has disappeared or fallen to ruin. Nothing lasts; nothing is as it was; so, disappointed and weary with the ashes of former joys, we turn away.

Another day was drawing to a close, and the slanting rays of the descending sun fell on a palatial old Virginia mansion on the Rappahannock. It was that residence of Mr. Stevens. In that house Robert Stevens had died at a great age. No one living at this time knew Robert Stevens, unless it was his son Elmer, an ancient man, who still clung to the old spot. There was a strange tradition of Robert Stevens. He lived away back almost a hundred years ago and was one of the "great rebel's" officers. He was a son of John Smith Stevens, whose father Philip Estevan, or Stevens, was a friend of Captain John Smith and Pocahontas. Though these traditions and rumors were current, people were skeptical about them, and no one thought the family half so old. Besides, they had never displayed any extraordinary ability. Noah, the oldest son of Mr. Elmer Stevens, was an officer in the provincial militia, but had not distinguished himself to a great degree.

Mr. Stevens was walking along the pebbled path which led from the great stiles in front of his house to the broad piazza. He paused under the wide-spreading branches of his favorite chestnut and gazed down at the river, glistening like a belt of silver in the pale light of the departing day. His hair was almost white as snow, and his shoulders were somewhat stooped, yet his frame was strong despite his great age.

As the old man still stood gazing on the beautiful and picturesque scene about him, he discovered the form of a wayfarer coming slowly and wearily down the turnpike which ran past the house. He was too far away for the dim eyesight of Mr. Stevens to distinguish more than an outline of a man.

"Perchance he will come here, then I shall see who he is," the old man thought. Having nothing else to do, he watched him, and when the pedestrian reached a point of the road opposite the stiles he paused and, turning abruptly around, came toward them. He crossed the stiles and advanced slowly up the white pebbled path to where the proprietor of the mansion stood. Pausing before him, the pedestrian, who was himself an old man, leaned heavily on his staff and asked:

"Do you own this plantation?"

"I do, my friend; will you not come in and accept of my hospitality?"

"I am weary and thirsty, sir, and would like to sit on your piazza."

Mr. Stevens led the way to the broad piazza, where he drew up a couple of great, old-fashioned arm-chairs, and bade his companion seat himself and rest awhile.

"Now I will have some refreshments brought you. Won't you have a mug of cider and some bread?"

The stranger nodded his head until the silver locks trembled. Mr. Stevens called a negro boy and ordered him to bring up some cider and bread for the traveller.

"Have you lived here long?" asked the traveller, as he partook sparingly of the refreshments.

"Most of my life has been spent here."

"You have a great plantation."

"In my young days I had a passion for the sea and, with a younger brother, became a sailor."

"Did you serve long?"

"Several years."

"And your brother; is he still a sailor?"

"Alas, no; he is dead."

"Drowned?"

"No."

"Killed in some sea fight?"

"His fate is unknown. We were serving on board a New England privateer about fifty years

ago, and he was wounded in a battle with a French frigate. He was landed at Boston, where we have relatives, and, recovering, wandered to a town on the frontier and was captured by the Indians."

"Did you never seek to find him?"

"Yes; I have tried often to find him, but could not."

"And you have never seen him?"

"No; I have never seen him since we parted that day in Boston."

The pedestrian heaved a sigh and looked puzzled. After a moment he asked:

"Have you no other brothers or sisters?"

"No, sir."

"And your father was wealthy?"

"He left behind him several great plantations and more riches than I or my children will ever need."

"By the loss of your brother, you came into the inheritance of all this wealth, when, if he had lived, he might, had your father so willed it, divided it with you?"

"He would have done so, stranger," Mr. Stevens vehemently cried. "He should do so were he living even yet. I had my father so construct his will as to provide that, if my brother should ever return, he would have one half of the plantations. Four have been set apart for him with the increase

thereof, and willingly would I give them to him, could he but return; but no, George is dead. I used to hope, long years ago, that he lived; but that hope exists no longer. He is dead."

The pedestrian was moved, when the old man, with his silken handkerchief, brushed a glistening tear from his eyes. After a long silence, the traveller asked:

"Were you with the fleet of Sir Hovenden Walker, which was wrecked in the mouth of the St. Lawrence?"

"I was."

"Did you land?"

"I did. With a few others in a boat we were lost from the other vessels, and were attracted by a light on the shore, where a stranger had builded a fire."

"I was that stranger."

Mr. Stevens was so affected by this announcement, that he could only sit and stare at the pedestrian in amazement. After a few moments, he gasped:

"You!"

"Yes, I; do you not recognize me?"

"No."

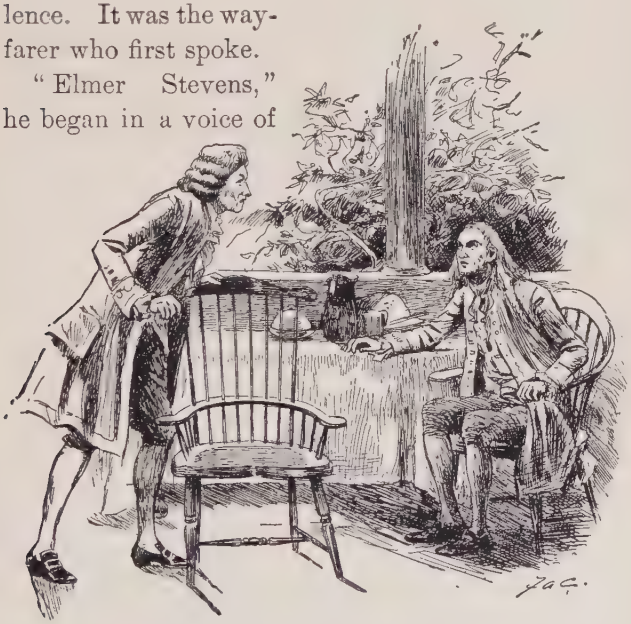
"Why did your boat crew abandon me on that morning, after I had saved your life?"

"When day dawned, and the fog cleared away,

we wanted to get back to our ships which were preparing to leave. You had gone off into the woods rather mysteriously, and we feared it was your intention to betray us."

Then the two old men sat for a long time in silence. It was the wayfarer who first spoke.

"Elmer Stevens," he began in a voice of



"IN GOD'S NAME, SIR, WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"

forced calmness, "answer me truly. Did you not recognize in the person who built the beacon fire, one, who by right should share these broad acres, fruitful fields and comfortable houses with you?

Did you not reason that, by leaving him alone in the wilderness to die, you would have all, instead of half?"

Elmer Stevens had risen to his feet and, with eyes widely distended in wonder, cried:

"In God's name, sir, what do you mean?"

"Elmer Stevens, we are both growing old. We cannot live long, let us above all be honest and truthful now, for we must soon be called to account for the deeds done in the body. Answer me truly; did you not recognize that wounded man, whose beacon-fire on that dark night guided your bark ashore?"

"No, as God is my judge, I did not. His face was bandaged from a wound in the head until it was almost concealed."

"And you knew not who he was?"

"No; so help me heaven, I did not."

"He recognized you."

"But I was not wounded—my face was not concealed with bandages; who was he?"

"Your brother."

"And you?"

"I am he. I am George Stevens."

A few moments later, when a negro passed the piazza, he was amazed to see his master and an old white-haired man embracing each other and weeping tears of joy. The brothers had met.

CHAPTER XVI.

WASHINGTON'S LOVE.

Of all the torments, all the cares,
With which our lives are curst;
Of all the plagues a lover bears,
Sure rivals are the worst.

By partners in each other kind,
Afflictions easier grow;
In love alone we hate to find
Companions in our woe.

—WALSH.

"GENERAL WASHINGTON, Captain Dagworthy refuses to obey your orders," said Noah Stevens one day, on entering the tent of his superior.

"Why?"

"He served in Canada in the preceding war and received a king's commission," answered Noah.

"That is quite true; yet he since commuted it to half pay and, of course, thereby virtually parted with its privileges," returned Washington.

"Nevertheless, he assumes to act under royal commission and refuses to obey the orders of any officer, however high his rank, who merely holds

his commission from a governor. Now that Colonel Jones, who commanded at Fort Cumberland, has been called away to North Carolinia, he has taken upon himself the command of the fort and insists upon his right."

Washington bit his lips in vexation and gravely answered:

"There will be trouble over this yet."

"I know it."

"The provincials will not always put up with such indignities. They will some day assert themselves."

"General Washington, don't you see in the near future trouble between the colonies and the mother country?"

Washington smiled and answered:

"Sages seem to read the future; but I am content to take things as I find them."

"What will you do in this matter?"

Washington quietly considered the matter for a moment before answering. He was careful and deliberate in all he said and did.

"I have avoided taking any part in these quarrels between the colonial and royal authorities. Collisions and conflicts will come between them; but, in my position, I deem best to keep out of the discussions."

General Washington proved correct. Parties

arose, and quarrels ensued among the inferior officers. Grave questions were agitated between the governors of Maryland and Virginia as to the fort itself, the former claiming it as within its province, the latter insisting that, as it had been built according to orders sent by the king, it was the king's fort and could not be subject to the authority of Maryland.

Washington refrained from mingling in this dispute, though he felt his chagrin most keenly, and intimated that if the commander-in-chief of the forces of Virginia must yield precedence to a Maryland captain of thirty men, he should have to resign his commission, as he had on one other occasion been compelled to do by a question of military rank.

The governor of Virginia and members of the house of burgesses persuaded Washington, before resigning, to appeal the case to Major-General Shirley, for this was before Shirley was succeeded by Loudon. Shirley was at this time at Boston, and Washington determined to make the journey on horseback.

One evening, late in January, 1756, he sent for Noah to come to his quarters. He also summoned a cousin of Noah's father, Colonel Adam Stevens, and informed the two of his intention to set out for Boston to get the decision from General Shirley.

"What I want, is to ask you, Captain Stevens, to accompany Captains Stewart and Mercer and myself to Boston."

"I shall certainly be delighted to be one of the party," Noah quickly answered, for he was all eagerness to set out for New York to pay his affianced a visit.

"And will you, Colonel Adam Stevens, be willing to assume command in my absence?"

"I will."

"Then it is all arranged, we will set out."

"How soon?" asked Noah.

"Be ready to go within four days."

Accordingly, on the 4th of February, 1756, with his three companions, he set out travelling in Virginia style on horseback. The ground was covered with snow, and the horses sometimes waded through drifts above their knees. They halted a short time at Philadelphia and pushed on for New York.

The road between New York and Philadelphia was considerably travelled. Sledges and horses had frequently traversed the thoroughfare, until there was a well beaten path. At the rivers they found bold, strong boatmen ready to ferry them across the half frozen streams, which, at this season of the year, were nearly filled with floating ice. It required courage, skill and strength to cross those dangerous streams.

They were about half way between New York and Philadelphia, jogging slowly along the beaten thoroughfare. Washington and Captain Stewart rode in the advance. The sun was gleaming like a ball of ice, through a cold, weird mist, on the glittering snow. The trees along the roadside hung thick with snow and ice, and the frost flakes, blown about by a gentle breeze, floated in the air. Suddenly they discovered in advance of them a solitary man. He was on foot, and as he approached they discerned something haggard and agonizing in his features, which touched the great heart of George Washington.

The party met the traveller, and Washington, drawing rein, asked:

"Whither are you going?"

The pedestrian was a young man, but pale and haggard, his clothes faded and worn. His eyes betrayed a wildness almost amounting to insanity. He leaned on his long staff and answered:

"I don't know."

"Don't know where you are going?" asked the general. "Have you no object in view?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"To find her."

It only needed a glance at the dark eyes and costume, and a sound of the slightly foreign accent

for Washington, keen judge of character as he was, to determine that the stranger was not an American.

"To find whom?" he asked.

"Adrianne," was the answer, in a low, melancholy tone, while the head sank on the chest. "They came and drove me away."

"Captain Stewart, this man interests me," said Washington.

"Can you not see, general, that he is a madman?"

"If he be mad, there is an underlying cause to his madness."

The melancholy stranger, thinly clad as he was, seemed wholly indifferent to the intense cold. He leaned upon his staff, not even shivering as the wind played with his scanty clothing. Washington again asked:

"How long have you been travelling in this manner?"

"Since they drove us away at Grand Pre," he answered.

"So you are an Acadian?"

He nodded his head mournfully in answer.

"Had you not better go home?—you seem ill."

"Home!" he said, looking up. "I have no home now. I tried to return to Grand Pre; but she was gone, the house destroyed and only British bayonets met me everywhere. I have no home!"

At this moment Noah Stevens, with Captain George Mercer, came up. Noah, as the reader may suppose, was anxious to push on to New York, where Anne Montreville was awaiting him. When he found the general loitering away his time with a wayside beggar, the young Virginian became impatient.

"Why wait longer here?" he asked. "Let us press on to New York."

Washington turned his great blue eyes on Noah Stevens and answered:

"We have a man here worthy our sympathy, captain. Be not impatient."

"Who are you?" asked Noah.

"Jean Baptiste De Barre," the wayfarer answered.

"Why are you here?"

"I am searching for the maid, who, but for the bayonets of the accursed English, should have been my wife."

"Surely he is mad, general," cried Noah.

"Nay, he is an Acadian, one whom General Winslow drove out of the land the 5th of last September."

"Is that true, stranger?" asked Noah Stevens.

"It is."

"Where did you live in Acadia?"

"At Grand Pre."

"And you were evicted with others?"

"With many others. You doubtless think me mad; you think me wicked because, in the land of the English, I heap curses on their heads; but, monsieur, had you suffered as I, even though the blood of the English ran thicker than wine in your veins, you would curse them. Listen; I was born at Grand Pre, in Acadia, and have all my life lived in peace. As to the quarrels of France and England, I cared naught for them. We were French in speech, blood and religion, but English by conquest. We feared not France, for we were Frenchmen, and we hoped for protection from England. Our sympathies went where our hearts were. I grew up beside the little maid that I early learned to love. Our troth was plighted, when we were children, and our love grew with our years. The day fixed for our marriage dawned bright and clear, and the skies never seemed so blue or nature so gay; but, just as we were to go to the church to wed, suddenly the accursed English came down upon us like ravenous wolves and drove me away from her. I was knocked senseless, put on board the ship and borne away. I never saw her again."

"Have you had no tidings of her?"

"No," he answered with a sad shake of the head. "Up and down the earth I have wandered, searching far and near, in strange lands, among

strange people whose tongues I knew not, through forests primeval and old, where the red man lives, the haunts of strange wild beasts I have traversed, and of all inquired for Adrianne, my own lost Adrianne; but only the echo of my own voice answers the call, and, alas, I fear I shall go mad indeed."

The traveller once more bowed his head upon his chest and sobbed. Washington was touched by the pathetic story and, drawing a half crown from his purse, offered it to the stranger, who drew proudly back, exclaiming:

"No, no, monsieur; I am no pauper; I ask not charity!"

The officers were all wealthy young men, and each had drawn from his purse some gold to give to the wayfarer. Proudly raising his hand, he added:

"Put up your gold, gentlemen. I accept nothing from any one. If, perchance, you have heard of Adrianne, you may be able to tell me whither they have sent her. She is not at Grand Pre. Captain Winslow said she should be his, and in affright she fled."

"Does she speak English or French?" asked Washington.

"She speaks both equally well."

"Perchance, she has gone to Canada."

"I have searched, but I will search again. Until I die by the wayside, I will continue the search."

"A few crowns might aid you!" suggested Washington.

He would not receive a farthing. Proud and haughty, he disdained aid from the English and went on his way toward Philadelphia, while the young officers pressed on to New York.

Noah Stevens was burning with anxiety to behold his affianced once more and went on two or three hours ahead of his conpanions.

New York was at this time a comparatively small city, and the arrival of a party of young southern officers attracted considerable attention. The late disastrous battle was still the theme of every tongue, and the honorable way in which these young officers had acquitted themselves in it made them objects of universal interest. Washington's fame, especially, had gone in advance of him, having been spread by those with him, and by the public honors decreed him by the Virginia legislature.

New York City, small as it then was, was the gayest town in all America and the centre of fashion and beauty. Fair ladies, who had heard of Washington as the bravest of continentals, were all eagerness to see him.

"I am going to fall in love with him," declared

the pretty Mary Philipse to her friend Anne Montreville. "You have seen him, Anne, have you not?"

"I met him during our residence in Virginia; but he was quite young then, but little more than a boy."

"And is he not so old as your Noah Stevens?"

"No, not by several years—a dozen or more."

"And a general!"

"Yes."

"While Noah is but a captain."

"Washington deserves his preferment," answered Anne.

"I am just dying to see him."

"You will see a large, awkward young man, whose beardless face is tanned by wind and weather and browned by the sun. You will find in him little of the accomplishments which society demands."

"No, but, egad! you'll find a soldier, by my soul, who is a stranger to fear!" cried a gruff voice so near to them, that the girls were startled.

Glancing behind them, they discovered Major Bridges, who had been walking behind them. The major was not yet cured of his wound and remained in the city for surgical and medical treatment. He apologized for frightening the young ladies, and concluded with:

"When you meet Washington, egad! you'll see a soldier as fears not death. Zounds! shall I ever forget how he saved the remnant of our army after Braddock was struck down with a French musket ball?"

Mr. Beverly Robinson, the husband of Mary Philipse's sister, was an early friend and schoolmate of George Washington. His father, John Robinson, was once speaker of the Virginia house of burgesses. At this time, Washington's early friend was living happily and prosperously with his young and wealthy bride, having married one of the nieces and heiresses of Mr. Adolphus Philipse, a rich landholder. Mary Philipse was residing with her brother-in-law at the time, and, on hearing him sound the praises of his early schoolmate, she asked him to bring Washington to the house, that she might see him, a request any mischievous jolly girl might make.

Mary Philipse, though not exactly frivolous, was far from possessing the keen perspicacity which enables one to pierce rough exteriors and read noble souls. She was more apt to be moved by external appearances than noble qualities.

The next day after Washington's arrival, Mr. Beverly Robinson made him a call, and invited him to his house. The bashful young general accepted the invitation, little dreaming that he was

to encounter greater danger from a pair of black eyes, than he ever had from French bullets. Leading a life of constant activity and care, passed for the most part in the wilderness, far from the refining influence of female society, had left Washington with little mood or leisure for the cultivation of the frivolities and politeness which fashionable young ladies demand.

When Washington appeared at the Robinson house, he was a disappointment to Mary Philipse. He was so large, so awkward, so bronzed by his out-door life, that, though his ruddy cheeks glowed with health, she thought there was something uncouth about him. His conversation was too practical for a society lady. He could discuss military and state matters as well as any statesman or general in America; but he knew little of society. He was in utter ignorance of the foibles and fashions of the day; he could not dance well, nor sing at all, and, with Mary Philipse, what did all his military fame amount to, if he lacked these essentials to polite society?

Washington was even awkward and embarrassed in the presence of this bright, sparkling woman, whose wit and dark eyes were more feared than French bayonets or Indian rifles, and early in his first conversation with Mary Philipse he actually stammered and became confused. Mary did not

actually vote him a bore, or clown; but she decided that there was great room for improvement in his manners.

No wonder the general was embarrassed. Never before in his eventful life had he felt the tender sentiment of love. While he was brave as a lion when threatened with physical danger, he trembled under the fire of those soft, dark eyes, and he became as confused as an awkward, bashful schoolboy. His former camp life and exclusion from ladies' society made him more sensible, in the present interval of gay and social life, to the attractions of this elegant woman brought up in the polite circle of New York.

They still tarried at New York, where Captain Morris and Major Bridges, his fellow aids under Braddock, were lingering. One day he met Morris on the street and, in course of conversation, spoke of the charms of Miss Philipse.

"Ah, you know her, do you, general?" cried Morris. "Egad! I am glad to learn that, for I've been yearning for an introduction to Miss Philipse."

"You have never seen her, then?" remarked Washington.

"Seen her? yes; but, by zounds! I have never had an opportunity to speak with her."

"You shall have the opportunity, my friend," said the generous warm-hearted Washington, little

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(See page 373)

After an original Drawing by Freeland A. Carter.

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dreaming that, in Captain Morris, he would find a rival to supplant him in the affections of Miss Philipse. An excellent opportunity soon presented itself. Mrs. Robinson gave a ball in honor of the southern officers, and, of course, an invitation was extended to all of the late General Braddock's staff in the city.

Morris was at the ball. Bridges had been coaching him before he made his appearance.

"Egad! you can down this militia general, Morris. Zounds! he is brave as a lion when it comes to battle; but he knows devilish little about women. He lacks that amount of polish necessary to be a lady killer. Egad! you have it."

The gilded halls of the grand old Robinson mansion were ablaze with light that night. Never had there been such an assemblage. The scarlet and blue coats, the epaulets of gold, the plumes and chapeaus, the gay uniform and rich costumes of the ladies present, all made up a grand scene of splendor.

Washington was ill at ease. He felt neglected and stood apart from the gay throng. His friend Morris led the beautiful and accomplished Miss Philipse through the dance so gracefully and so gallantly that the hero of the Monongahela felt his own insignificance in the ball room. Washington's heart was strong, and he was not inclined to yield, though, from the first, he realized his inferiority.

"I am a backwoodsman, a surveyor, a soldier and unfitted for the refined scenes of life," he thought. He was not lacking in intellectual qualities, for often, in the house of burgesses, he had made eloquent and stirring appeals for the people; but a sage in love (especially if it be his first attack) often becomes a foolish coward.

Noah Stevens, with Anne leaning on his arm, came to the general, sitting alone and apart from the others near a window. After greeting his friend and his affianced, Washington asked:

"Have you decided yet to go with me to Boston?"

"No, general; on the contrary I have decided not to go."

"Why?"

"How long will you be in Boston?" asked Noah.

"I think not longer than ten days."

"Then you will return in time."

"In time? What do you mean?" asked Washington.

"In time for my wedding."

"Are you to be married so soon?"

"Yes; it is all arranged."

Washington smiled and, in the happiness of his friend, tried to forget his own fear and misery. Next day, accompanied by Mercer and Stewart, he set out for Boston. Washington feared that Miss

Philipse did not understand him. And she did not. Mary Philipse, like most foolish girls, was attracted by appearance rather than the intelligence. She had an opportunity to be the first lady in the land, the wife of the great man; the wife of the first president of the United States; but she threw the chance away, for the charms of a society man. As soon as Washington was gone, she called on her friend and confidant, Anne Montreville. Anne informed her of her coming marriage, and then asked her opinion of the Virginia general.

"I don't know. He seems to be a great, terrible man; but he is so awkward, so green, his hands and feet so large that he will never be a society man."

"God grant he may not," answered the sensible Anne. "His country needs his services."

"He don't begin to be so gallant as Captain Morris."

"Yet there is no more comparison between General Washington and Captain Morris than between Alexander the Great and the king's jester."

Her words had little or no effect on Mary, who continued to receive the addresses of the accomplished Captain Morris.

Washington's mission to General Shirley in Boston was entirely satisfactory as to the question of rank. A written order from the commander-in-

chief determined that Dagworthy was entitled to the rank of a provincial captain only and, of course, must, on all occasions, give precedence to Washington, as a provincial field officer; but Washington was disappointed in another matter. It had long been his dream to have himself and his officers put upon the regular establishment, with commissions from the king, a dream never realized. He was forced to remain only a militia officer, with no higher authority than a colonial governor's commission could give, subjected to all the mortifying questions of rank and etiquette when serving in company with regular troops.

From General Shirley, he learned that the main objects of the ensuing campaign would be the reduction of Fort Niagara, so as to cut off the communication between Canada and Louisiana; the capture of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, as a measure of safety for New York; the besieging of Fort Du Quesne, and the menacing of Quebec by a body of troops, which were to advance by the Kennebec River.

The official career of General Shirley was nearing an end. He was soon after recalled to England and superseded, as has been stated, by the incompetent aristocrat, the Earl of Loudon and his equally incompetent lieutenant, Abercrombie, who, abandoning all the brilliant schemes planned by

Shirley, devoted their attention to billeting the regulars on the citizens of Albany and New York.

Washington's stay of ten days in Boston was pleasant. He received the most hospitable attentions from the polite and intelligent society of the place; but he had a two-fold desire to return to New York. He wished to be at the wedding of his friend Noah Stevens, and, above all other things, he wished to renew his acquaintance with Mary Philipse. He returned as he had come, on horseback, and was just in time for the wedding. On the eve of the wedding, Noah took the general aside and asked:

"Are you going to return to Virginia?"

"I am, and at once, colonel, for I have received some letters of a very alarming nature in regard to the frontier. Those people must have protection."

"I am greatly exercised at present about the poor Acadian whom we met in the snow. I feel that he has suffered by the unrighteous act of our people, and I am determined to find his bride-elect, if I can, and restore her to him. If one more powerful than I should at this moment tear Anne from my arms, I might appreciate his misery. I will help him find her."

Washington, whose heart was tender as a woman's, answered:

"May God aid you!"

Then he carefully asked:

"Have you observed Miss Philipse during my absence?"

"I have seen her, frequently."

"Alone?"

"Sometimes alone, frequently in company with Captain Morris."

"Colonel Stevens, she is an accomplished and refined lady."

"Truly she is, general; but she is more apt to be caught by the butterfly glitter of appearances than by the sterling worth of a man."

The last sentence was easily interpreted by Washington. Though a covert compliment to himself, he was not a little uneasy at the part referring to the inability of Miss Philipse to realize "sterling worth" when placed alongside the "butterfly glitter of appearances."

He lingered three weeks in New York, when urgent appeals came from Virginia. Duty was calling him, and he could not tarry. On the day he left, he saw Miss Philipse. He stated that urgent business called him to the frontier, and, after assuring Miss Philipse of the lasting impression she had made on him, concluded with a proposal. Miss Philipse blushed and gave an evasive answer, so he was compelled to leave with the matter unsettled, yet with room for hope.

In the latter part of March, Washington was at Williamsburg, attending the opening of the legislature of Virginia, eager to promote measures for the protection of the frontier and the capture of Fort Du Quesne, which was the leading object of his ambition. While thus engaged, he received a letter from Noah Stevens informing him that Captain Morris had laid siege in earnest to Miss Philipse, asking him to hurry back to assert his own claims.

"A woman so fickle that once out of sight is out of mind is not worth the winning," thought Washington and gave his whole attention to the business in hand.

While Washington was on the frontier, at the post of Winchester, with but a handful of men, unaided by the general assembly, defending helpless mothers and babes from the fury of the savage, Mary Philipse was married to Captain Morris. She was lost to him; but Mary's loss was far the greatest, for she lost distinction and renown. She who might have had her name written in history as the choice of the man who founded the greatest republic on earth is to-day unknown.

CHAPTER XVII.

MONTCALM'S OPPORTUNITY.

Master of human destinies am I!
  Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
  Cities and fields I walk. I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
  Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
  I knock unbidden once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before
  I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
  And they who follow me reach every state
  Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
  Condemned to failure, penury and woe
Seek me in vain, and uselessly implore;
I answer not, and I return no more.

—INGALLS.

THE field marshal of New France, the Marquis De Montcalm, had no sooner arrived at Quebec as governor-general and commander-in-chief, than he began to post himself as to the relative strength of the English and French forces in the New World. He was not long in discovering that the provincial troops, with their determined officers, were more to be dreaded than the Earl of Loudon and all his regulars.

"Keep Washington and his provincials employed in the southwest, and we need not fear Loudon and Abercrombie," he declared. Then he also knew that there was a bitter strife between the royalists and provincials, and, while Montcalm dreaded the provincials most, his sympathies were with them. They were a race of brave men struggling for liberty.

Montcalm, however, saw his opportunity and determined to improve it. He cemented the friendship with the Indians by every possible means. He sang their war songs, danced in their war dances and attended their camp fires. To allay the jealousy of the Six Nations, he destroyed the forts at Oswego after they were captured; and the priests who accompanied him erected a cross, on which they placed the words:

"*This is the banner of victory.*"

Close to it was raised a wooden column, on which was placed the arms of France and the inscription:

"*Bring lilies with full hands.*"

Then Montcalm descended the St. Lawrence with his prisoners, and sent the captured English flags to decorate the churches of Montreal and Quebec. The destruction of the forts at Oswego was an admirable stroke of policy on the part of the French

commander. It pleased the savages and, as he hoped, caused them to assume a position of neutrality toward the belligerents. French emissaries soon seduced the Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas from British interest.

A more repugnant or incompetent person than the Earl of Loudon could not have been chosen. He was imperious and undignified in his deportment. Devoid of either civil or military genius; quick to threaten, but slow to execute; possessing no semblance of public virtue; unsympathetic with anything noble or generous in human character; always in a hurry and hurrying others, but excessively dilatory in the performance of duties, he excited the disgust, jealousy, dislike and contempt of the colonists. He was a stranger to the terms, unselfishness and honor. When Dr. Franklin asked him to reimburse some outlays in public service, the earl said:

MONTCALM.

"You can well afford to wait, as you have doubtless taken care to fill your own pockets in your public transactions."

Franklin was stunned at this accusation, but, recovering himself, answered:

"I assure you, earl, that I have not taken one penny of the public money."

With a knowing smile and a wink, the earl answered:

"Such a thing is incredible, doctor."

In writing to a friend about Loudon, Franklin said:

"I wonder how such a man came to be intrusted with so important a business as the conduct of a great doing; but, having since seen more of the great world, and the means of obtaining and motives for giving places and employments, my wonder is diminished. He is always ready to do and never does. He is like St. George on a sign post, —always on horseback and never going forward."

During the year 1756, events equally disgraceful in England and America occurred. Quarrels, scandals, intrigues, corruptions, and imbecility marked the court and administration of the British monarch. The king's mistress governed the realm, and patriots trembled for the fate of their country. Caricature and satire assailed the governing ministers of England, and Hogarth the artist arose in reputation. The only redeeming feature of the administration was late in the year, when William Pitt, the great commoner, was raised to the dignity of Secretary of State. While the English aristocracy were against the untitled minister, the

great mass of English people, those who were the bone and sinew of the nation, were with him; but the aristocrats in power stood in the way of every wise and generous plan of Pitt. When he proposed to pursue a just and liberal course toward the American colonies, he was met by churlish cavils from the Lords of Trade and demands for the taxation of the Americans. The foolish royalists, or nobles, demanded a stamp tax on the American colonies, at which Pitt indignantly replied:

"With the enemy at their back and British bayonets at their breasts, in the day of their distress, perhaps the Americans may submit to the imposition." Pitt knew the Americans better and had a clearer conception of justice and its wise policy than any public man in England. Neither his country's persuasion nor the threats of the aristocracy could move him; he would not resign the office which he knew the great common people of England wished him to fill, and, in the spring of 1757, he was dismissed by the king with other good members of the cabinet. For several weeks the home government of England was in a state of anarchy, while Loudon was making infinite mischief in America.

At a council held in Boston, in 1757, Loudon determined, in spite of all counsel to the contrary,

to direct all operations against the capture of Louisburg, an object of far less importance than the seizing of Quebec, Montreal or Du Quesne. New England was alarmed, New York amazed, Pennsylvania and Virginia in distress, because of the exposed condition of their frontier settlers to the sanguinary visits of the savages and their allies. Nevertheless, the colonists responded generously to his calls for supplies, and, by June 1, 1757, Loudon had an army of provincial troops alone sufficient, under proper management, to drive the French out of America.

The Earl of Loudon resolved to lead the expedition against Louisburg himself. Before his departure, he made precautionary provisions. He ordered Colonel Bouquet to watch the Carolinia frontier with a few troops. General Stanwix was ordered to guard the western frontier with two thousand men, and General Webb was sent with six thousand troops to defend Forts Edward and William Henry, while Washington, with a few Virginia troops, spent the summer in skirmishing with Indians, and building a fort at Winchester, his headquarters.

When, on the 9th of July, with a force of ten thousand soldiers and sixteen ships of the line and several transports, Loudon rendezvoused at Halifax, it was supposed by all that he would make an immediate assault on Louisburg; but the hope was

delusive. The troops were landed, the uneven ground was levelled for a parade; and for almost a month they were employed in the cultivation of a vegetable garden and the exercise of sham fights and sieges. The patience of the officers was exhausted, and Major-General Lord Charles Hay could no longer repress expressions of his indignation. One day, while he was sitting under a tree near the sea-shore, discussing army matters with some fellow-officers, he sprang to his feet, and, blazing with indignation, as he pointed toward a noble ship lying near, and to the idle camp not far off, he said:

"See how the power of England is held in chains by imbecility! Her substance is wasted by indecision! With such ships and such men as we have here, led by an energetic and competent commander, Cape Breton and its fortress, and all the eastern region, might have been a part of the British empire a month ago!"

This little flurry caused the arrest of Lord Hay. He was sent to England, tried by a court-martial and acquitted.

After the arrest of Lord Hay, Loudon hustled about and made preparations for embarking his troops for Louisburg. Among the provincials, as a volunteer, was Noah Stevens, who, leaving his wife in New York, accepted the position of captain

of a New York company. His company was posted on the outskirts of the army on picket service.

One night he was with his lieutenants in his tent, when they were startled by the distant report of a musket.

"Egad! if old Loudon hears that, it will frighten him into leaving for England," said a young officer.

"Don't speak so disrespectfully of your commander, Edward. Remember General Hay's fate. He'll eat you as he did him."

"Yes, he was hay for a donkey to chew," Edward answered contemptuously.

Two more shots were heard, and Noah sprang to his feet and, buckling on his sword, said:

"There must be trouble!"

"No; an enemy cannot be within a hundred miles of us."

As the captain went to the door of his tent, he was met by two of the guard coming in.

"We have captured a stranger, who was prowling about the camp," one said.

"Who fired those shots?"

"We did," one answered. "The corporal and three men are coming in with him."

"Is he wounded?"

"No."

A few moments later, as Noah stood with a blazing pine knot in his hand in front of his tent,

they brought a young man in, whose white face and haggard eyes he at once recognized.

"Jean Baptiste De Barre!" cried the captain, at sight of him. "Is it you?"

"Yes, monsieur. I thought perhaps she had returned. I came to find her."

Noah's whole sympathies were with the unfortunate young Acadian, and, without thinking of him as a prisoner, he invited him to share his tent with him. The rumor of the capture of a Frenchman within the English lines reached the ears of the earl, and Loudon sent for the prisoner. Noah answered that he had no prisoner.

Loudon, however, who longed for some opportunity to do something desperate told the captain that he was informed a spy had been captured in their lines the night before and that he should share a spy's fate. Noah was alarmed for the young Acadian, who, with proudly flashing eyes, exclaimed:

"Thank God, I have come back to die on Acadian soil!"

A body of troops was sent to bring back the spy, who, in irons, was made to parade the camp, until he was almost ready to faint with exhaustion. Then a court-martial was ordered to try him. The court fortunately was composed of reasonable men, and, on the evidence of Noah and others who had seen Jean in New York, the Acadian was acquitted,

much to the chagrin of the Earl of Loudon, and set off on his search for his lost Adrianne.

During the delay at Halifax, Louisburg had been reinforced, and, soon after the trial and acquittal of Jean for a spy, a reconnoitring vessel brought word to the earl that the enemy at Louisburg had one more ship than he; so his lordship abandoned the expedition and sailed for New York. The army was amazed and thoroughly disgusted. On the 10th of August, when the fleet had only been two and a half days under sail, it was met by an express sloop. A messenger from the sloop was dispatched to Lord Loudon with the alarming intelligence that the French and Indians, in large numbers, had closely invested Fort William Henry, on Lake George. The earl immediately sent orders back for the troops he had left behind, to follow him to New York. When he arrived there, on the last of August, the first intelligence that greeted his ears was that Fort William Henry had fallen into the hands of the enemy. The whole province was trembling with alarm. That alarm was intensified fourfold when the stupid and stubborn earl proposed to encamp his forces on Long Island for the defence of the continent.

The English and Americans under Loudon had acted so much "like women" that their Indian allies were disgusted.

They admired the different spirit of the French, and warriors from more than thirty "nations" were at Montreal at the beginning of the summer of 1757. Governor Vaudreuil told them of glory and plunder surely won by an alliance with the French. Montcalm still danced their wild war-dances with them; he still sang their fiercest war songs, until their affection for him and enthusiasm for the cause of the French became intense and they were ready to follow wherever he might lead. He ordered them to meet his regulars and Canadians at St. John's on the Sorel for a voyage over the lake. Their march to Montreal was wild and tumultuous. They were accompanied by priests who chanted hymns and anthems. In canoes and bateaux, the motley army, led by Montcalm, went up Lake Champlain and landed at Ticonderoga one hot July day. Under a wide-spreading oak, high mass was celebrated, and voices chanting sacred hymns were mingled with the martial music of French instruments. Scouts went out and returned with fresh scalps. When Marin, who had destroyed the hamlet of Saratoga a dozen years before, came back from the hills near Fort Edward, and pointed to his canoe moored at the shore, in which lay a solitary prisoner and more than forty scalps, the savages set up a yell of exultation that awakened the echoes of Mount Defiance and Mount

Independence, then bearing Algonquin names. Very soon the whole body of Montcalm's force moved to the foot of Lake George, for their destination was Fort William Henry, at the head of the lake.

During the winter previous, an attempt had been made by the French against the fort and, but for the prompt action of Putnam, Stark, and other provincials, would have been successful.

On July 31st, the garrison at Fort William Henry was composed of less than five hundred men under the brave Colonel Monro. A short distance from the fort, on a rocky eminence, seventeen hundred men lay entrenched. A little more than a dozen miles distant was Fort Edward, where lay the timid General Webb, with about four thousand troops. At the same time, Montcalm was at the foot of Lake George with six thousand French and Canadians and about seventeen hundred Indians. After holding a grand council, he moved over the waters along the western shore of Lake George. In a skirmish on the lake, a great Indian warrior was killed and his body was carried away by his companions.

Montcalm, who had passed up the lake with the main army in bateaux, on the 2d of August, landed with a heavy train of artillery, not far from the village of Caldwell, and at once constructed

siege batteries. La Corne, with Canadians, had landed on the east side of the lake and taken position across the road leading to Fort Edward, and De Levi, with French and Canadians, formed a camp northwest of La Corne.

While Montcalm was lying in camp, preparing for the attack on Fort William Henry, one evening some Indian scouts brought in a prisoner.

"Are you an Englishman?" Montcalm asked.

"No, monsieur, I am an Acadian."

"What is your name and what part of Acadia are you from?" asked the French commander.

"My name is Jean Baptiste De Barre," the wild-eyed, haggard Jean answered. "I once lived at Grand Pre and was to wed Adrianne Blanc; but the accursed English under Winslow came and drove me away. When I would have resisted, one struck me a blow with the butt of his gun, and ever since I have been wrong in my head." Here the speaker paused and pressed his hand on his temple and stared about him in strange bewilderment. "Yes, we were to be wed," he added after a few moments' silence; "but when the day came I was torn away and carried to New York. Since then I have searched for her."

"Have you never found her?"

"No; her mother died next day, and she, frightened at Captain Winslow, fled."

"Whither?"

"Alas, I know not," the wanderer answered. "I have sought her in the far north and farther south, among the hills and in the valleys, where the pine trees rustle in the breeze and where the deer reposes on the soft, green grass of the valley. I have searched and searched for her, but, alas, in vain. I am weary and can do naught but die."

Like most brave men, Montcalm had a warm, sympathetic heart in his body, and the story of the unfortunate Acadian moved him.

"Alas, poor fellow, we sympathize with you and shall avenge your wrongs. Go whithersoever you will; but do not fall into the hands of the enemy, or you may be hung for a spy."

Jean remembered now how nearly he had come to being hung for a spy while at Halifax, and he stole away into the forest and was seen no more by Montcalm for several months.

The sudden appearance of so large a force before Fort William Henry was a surprise to the commander of the garrison. General Webb had come up from Fort Edward a day or two before, under an escort of rangers led by Major Israel Putnam. He examined the fort and the entrenched camp, and sent Putnam on a scout down the lake, who discovered a large force of French and Indians preparing to move on the fort. This fact Webb con-

cealed from Colonel Monro, and immediately returned to Fort Edward with the same scout. Not doubting the intention of his superior to give him all the aid in his power, the veteran, when, on the 4th of August, Montcalm demanded an instantaneous surrender of the fort, in a defiant tone refused compliance.

The siege was at once commenced and prosecuted with the utmost vigor; but Monro held out, in continual expectation of aid from General Webb. Express after express was sent through by-ways to Fort Edward, imploring aid; but Webb, fearing an attack on that post, would not spare a man. Finally, when Sir William Johnston was allowed to march with Putnam, his rangers and some provincials to the relief of Monro, the whole force was recalled when within two or three miles of Fort William Henry. Instead of forwarding relief to the beleaguered garrison, Webb sent a letter to their commander, in which he gave an exaggerated estimate of the numbers of the French and Indians and advised him to surrender to prevent a massacre.

Montcalm was on the point of raising the siege, when some of his scouts intercepted the letter. His ammunition and provisions were running short, and he was on the point of returning to Ticonderoga.* The letter once more revived hope in his

* An Indian word meaning "Sounding Water."

breast, and he sent the letter to Monro, with a summons for him to surrender. The commander of Fort William Henry at once saw the hopelessness of his situation. His own means of defence were almost exhausted, and he could expect no aid from Fort Edward. Very reluctantly, he yielded to the honorable terms which were agreed upon. The terms on which the surrender was to be made were that the garrison were to march out with the honors of war, carrying arms and one cannon in recognition of their gallant defence of the fort, Monro agreeing that his men should not bear arms against France for the term of eighteen months; also to deliver at Ticonderoga, all the French and Indian prisoners in the hands of the English. Montcalm pledged himself to furnish a strong escort half-way to Fort Edward. All this had been arranged at a council in which the Indians were not represented, and there was some murmuring from the first by them against the terms of the capitulation.

On the evening of the 9th of August, the French entered the fort and the English left it.

"I have kept intoxicating liquors from the Indians," said Montcalm to the Americans, "and wish to earnestly impress on you the necessity of doing the same. As you value your lives, do not under any circumstances give or sell any liquors to them."

Had the Americans obeyed the wise injunctions of Montcalm, the massacre which followed might have been averted; but some of the looser characters among the Americans dealt out liquor unsparingly to the savages.

Before midnight, the hoots and yells and singing and dancing of the savages bore evidence that they were under the effects of the liquor. After a night's carousal, the Indians were ready for mischief. At dawn they gathered about in groups near the English, murmuring their discontent at not being consulted as to the terms of surrender, and threatening to break the terms of capitulation.

When the Americans began their march toward Fort Edward, the infuriated Indians fell upon them, plundered nearly all of them, murdered a large number of the soldiers and women, and made many prisoners.

Montcalm's attention was attracted to the awful scene by the continuous yells and hoots of the savages. Calling to De Levi to follow him, he dashed over the walls of the fort sword in hand, determined, at the risk of his own life, to put a stop to the massacre. An Indian had seized an infant, which he threatened to slay with his knife. The mother was struggling on her knees in the grasp of a second savage, who had raised his tomahawk to brain her, just as Montcalm reached the scene.

"Hold, monsters!" roared the Frenchman and, with the back of his sword, he felled one savage, while his fist shot out, striking and blinding the other. Montcalm and De Levi endangered their lives and were assailed by the Indians; but, after a stubborn fight, the Indians were humbled and the massacre finally stayed. The survivors were sent to Canada under a strong escort, and the prisoners were afterward ransomed in Canada.

Fort William Henry was totally destroyed, and to-day only an irregular line of low mounds marks the place where once it stood.

The cowardly General Webb at Fort Edward, with almost six thousand men, expecting to be attacked at any moment, sent off his private baggage to a place of safety called the Hudson Highlands; but Montcalm, having accomplished the chief object of the expedition, returned to Lake Champlain to rest on his laurels. So ended the campaigns of 1757. Through Loudon's incompetency, the French had advanced, and the English-American colonists found themselves in jeopardy from a cunning foe in the forest, a powerful enemy on the north and west, and the home government, which seemed to threaten them with perpetual slavery. The bird of freedom only slumbered. The Americans were learning a valuable but bitter lesson by experience. Their rough

struggle with the French and Indians was but the training school, which, in the coming years, was to give them confidence in themselves to accomplish a victory for freedom.

Montcalm, reading the weakness of the Earl of Loudon, had seized his opportunity and struck an almost fatal blow at the English.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CAPTURE OF QUEBEC.

History can only take things in the gross;
But could we know in detail, perchance,
In balancing the profit and the loss,
War's merit it by no means might enhance,
To waste so much gold for a little dross,
As has been done more conquests to advance.
The drying up of a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.

—BYRON.

THE time had come when the wise heads of England realized that, if the British government would retain her possessions in America, folly must no longer be practised. The Americans were between two foes, the royalists and the French, and there can be no doubt, that as between the two they might in time have yielded to the latter as less tyrannical than the former. They still had a strong friend in William Pitt. While Loudon was making tremendous efforts to conquer the Americans by overawing their assemblies and bringing the people into subjection to the royal will, Pitt was devising plans for conciliating them

by just and generous treatment. When, late in the year, the Bostonians refused to submit to the billeting of royal soldiers upon them, the imperious earl sent a manifesto to the authorities of that city, saying:

"I have ordered the messenger to wait but forty-eight hours in Boston; and if, on his return, I find things not settled, I will instantly order into Boston the three regiments from New York, Long Island, and Connecticut, and, if more are wanted, I have two in the Jerseys at hand, beside three in Pennsylvania." While that alarming and foolish message was on the way to the New England capital, another from Pitt was crossing the Atlantic for the recall of Loudon. The minister complained that he could "never hear from him, and did not know what he was about."

Never did an oppressed people feel more relieved than the Americans at the recall of the odious Loudon. Preparations for the campaign of 1758 were pressed with vigor. A strong naval armament was placed under the command of Boscawen, and twelve thousand additional troops were allotted to the service of America, while equal vigor with more enthusiasm was evinced in the colonies. When Pitt asked for twenty thousand provincial troops, an excess of that number was immediately raised, New England alone raising fifteen thousand.

In Massachusetts, public and private advances amounted to more than a million dollars. During the year 1758, enormous taxes were laid and cheerfully paid. In many instances the taxes were equal to two-thirds of the income of the tax-payer.

The plan of the campaign was a renewal of Shirley's scheme of 1756, spoiled by the idiot Loudon. It included expeditions against Louisburg, Fort Du Quesne, the strong posts in Lake Champlain, and Montreal and Quebec. To Sir Jeffrey Amherst, a veteran soldier then about forty years of age, with the accomplished James Wolfe, thirty years of age, as his lieutenant was intrusted the leadership in the expedition against Louisburg, in connection with Boscawen's fleet. General Joseph Forbes was to attempt the capture of Fort Du Quesne and the Ohio Valley, and General Abercrombie, with young Lord Howe as his lieutenant, was directed to sweep the French from Lake Champlain and attempt the capture of Montreal and Quebec. To Wolfe and Howe, Pitt looked for success, more than to Abercrombie and Amherst. Both were young men, experienced in military life, judicious, magnetic and full of energy.

Wolfe was the most remarkable of all the soldiers sent by Great Britain. He was a refined young gentleman with decided literary tastes, full of ambition, at the same time noble and kind.

The campaign of 1758 opened with the siege of Louisburg. On the 8th of June, fleet and army appeared in Gabarus Bay not far from Louisburg and the troops proceeded to land. The surf was running high and breaking in foam on the rugged shore. Wolfe, at the head of the first division, ventured among the turbulent waters before the dawn. Several of his launches bearing troops were upset and shattered. When he reached shoal water, the impatient young general leaped into the sea waist deep, drew his sword and, in the morning twilight, led his soldiers against breastworks and *abatis* in the face of a sharp fire from the batteries. The French were driven from their outworks into the fort, and the siege immediately began. It lasted almost fifty days, the fort being ably defended by Chevalier de Drucourt with twenty-five hundred regulars and six hundred militia. Four days after landing, some batteries of the enemy were captured and smaller works quickly secured. The English placed cannon in the battery and began to play upon the fort and town and vessels in the harbor. The roar of cannon and shriek and crash of shells were almost incessant. Four French ships in the harbor were sunk and the town reduced to a ruin. English shot and shell dismounted nearly all the cannon on the fort, and, on the 26th of July, the French were compelled to

capitulate. On the 27th, the English took possession of the fort and town, with the islands of Cape Breton and Prince Edward, and nearly all the coast to the mouth of the St. Lawrence.

Wolfe was the soul and genius of the expedition, and Pitt, clear-headed enough to see to whom honor was due, resolved to reward effective officers, regardless of precedents and family lineage.

General activity prevailed throughout the colonies. The generous voice of Pitt inspired the Americans with such hope and enthusiasm as they had never before known. While Amherst and Wolfe were conquering in the east, Abercrombie and young Lord Howe were leading seven thousand regulars and nine thousand provincials through the forests of the upper Hudson and over Lake George, against the French stronghold at Ticonderoga. On the 1st of July, an army of fifteen thousand was at the head of Lake George.

If Wolfe was the genius of the eastern campaign, Howe was of the north. He was a military Lycurgus, introducing sweeping reforms in the army. Ornament in dress was abolished. He caused the hair of his soldiers and officers to be cut short to prevent maladies engendered by wet locks. He shortened the muskets to make them more convenient in tangled woods, and had the barrels painted black to prevent discovery by their glitter.

He made his men wear leggins, like the Indians, to ward off the briars and insects, and forbade the carrying of all useless luxuries calculated to fatigue or encumber the troops on their long march. In all reforms, he set the example in person.

On July 5th, 1758, Abercrombie's army moved down Lake George in nearly eleven hundred bateaux and whale-boats, accompanied by artillery on rafts. Just at twilight they landed on a long, grassy cape for rest and refreshments after a sultry day. It was Saturday evening. The soldiers strolled over the cape, and Lord Howe spent hours in his tent in consultation with Stark and other provincials, who knew the country well, concerning the situation of Ticonderoga and the region between it and Lake George. A short time before midnight, they were re-embarked, and a most inspiring scene was presented. Howe, in a large boat, surrounded by rangers as a guard, led the van of the flotilla. The regulars occupied the centre, the provincials the wings. A starry, serene sky was above them, and not a breeze ruffled the waters sleeping quietly in the shadows of the mountains. Oars were muffled, and so silently did the army move over the waters in the darkness, that not a scout upon the hills observed them. Day dawned just as they were abreast the blue mountains, four miles from their landing-place,

and the first intimation which the outposts of the enemy had of the approach of the English, was the apparition of scarlet uniforms, as the boats swept around a point, and the army prepared to land.

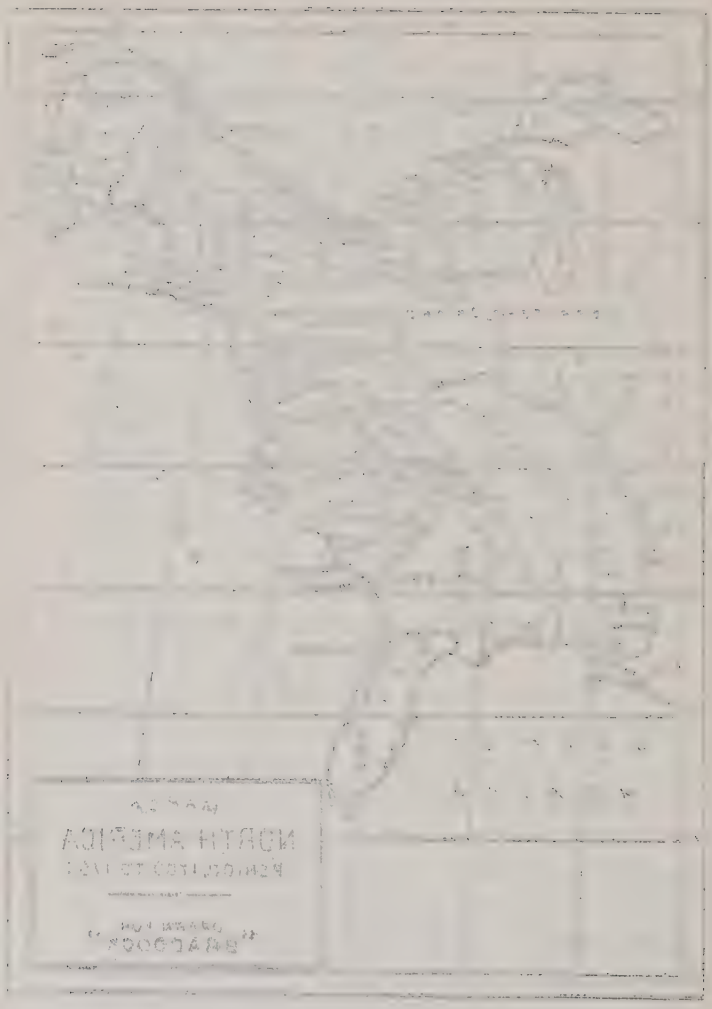
Landing, the English and provincials formed and pressed on into the forest. They were soon in a dense thicket, and the advance guard, led by Howe in person, came upon a party of French soldiers who had lost their way. A sharp skirmish ensued, and almost the first shot fired killed the intrepid Lord Howe, and the whole army fell back in disorder to the lake.

Next day, pioneers, under command of the brave Colonel Bradstreet, opened the way to the falls, and on the morning of the 8th, Abercrombie with his whole force moved forward, leaving the artillery behind, to attack the outworks of the French at Ticonderoga. That fort was then occupied by Montcalm, with about four thousand men. Unlike Howe, Abercrombie despised the advice of Stark, Putnam and all other provincials and pressed forward to scale the walls. The result was an attack, a terrible repulse and flight back to the lake, leaving two thousand dead and wounded in the forest. The alarmed Abercrombie did not cease flight, until his whole army was safe at the head of Lake George. He had displayed the coward all

through the fight," never once seeing the flash of a French musket." Colonel Bradstreet, after earnest solicitation, was permitted to lead three thousand men against Fort Frontenac (on the site of Kingston, Canada), which, on the 27th of August, was captured, with the shipping in the harbor; so English dominion over Lake Ontario was secured. Though he lost but three men in the fight, five hundred perished from a malignant camp fever which broke out soon afterward. With the remainder, he assisted in building Fort Stanwix, on the site of the town of Rome, on the upper Mohawk. Meanwhile, Abercrombie, after garrisoning Fort George, which had been built near the head of the lake, returned with the remainder of his troops to Albany. The body of Lord Howe was conveyed to that city by Captain Philip Schuyler and placed in the family vault.

Though Montcalm did not follow the retreating English, he was not idle. He strengthened Ticonderoga, and sent out scouting parties to annoy the English and capture their foragers. These scouting parties were closely watched by rangers under Rogers and Israel Putnam. The skirmishes and adventures of these daring men would fill volumes. On one occasion, Captain Molang, a French officer, had captured some English supply wagons, and Rogers and Putnam hastened with their rangers

MAP OF
NORTH AMERICA
PERIOD, 1700 TO 1760
DRAWN FOR
"BRADDOCK"
CANADA
L. SUPERIOR
L. MICHIGAN
L. HURON
L. ERIE
L. ONTARIO
QUEBEC
KINGSTON
OSWEGO
ALBANY
NEW YORK
NEW HAMPSHIRE
PORT ROYAL
SALEM
BOSTON
PLYMOUTH
MASS.
CONN.
DETROIT
TERRITORY OF THE
PENNSYLVANIA
PITTSBURG
PHILADELPHIA
OHIO
MARYLAND
ALEXANDRIA
WILLIAMSBURG
VIRGINIA
NORTH CAROLINA
SOUTH CAROLINA
CHARLESTON
SAVANNAH
GEORGIA
ST. AUGUSTINE
EAST FLORIDA
WEST FLORIDA
LOUISIANA
MISSISSIPPI R.
T. V. ORLEANS
NEW ORLEANS
GULF OF MEXICO
ATLANTIC OCEAN
GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE
ST. LAWRENCE R.
89
85
81
77
73
69
65
48
44
40
36
32
28
24



to the rescue. They fell into an Indian ambuscade, and a hot fight ensued. Putnam and a few were captured. Putnam's companions were killed and scalped; but the major was reserved for a more cruel fate. He was tied to a tree, where, being part of the time between the fire of friend and foe, his clothes were riddled. When there was a lull in the conflict, a young Indian warrior amused himself by throwing a hatchet at his head, sinking it into the tree first on the right and then on the left side. When the rangers had been driven back, the major was released and taken deeper into the forest and tied to a tree. Dry brushwood was piled up about his feet and ignited. The flames began to crackle and hiss about him when a sudden thunder shower almost extinguished them. In a moment they were rekindled and the hero would have been burned alive, had not Molang suddenly rushed on the scene, hurled the Indians right and left, and carried Putnam a captive to Ticonderoga.

Israel Putnam had more thrilling and odd adventures, perhaps, than any other American. When the conflict between the regular officers commissioned by the king and the provincials, as to questions of rank, was at its height, Putnam, who was both witty and sarcastic, said some hard things about the regulars. A captain of infantry among the regulars took exception to some of his remarks

and demanded an apology. Putnam angrily slapped his face and was challenged to fight a duel.

"As the challenged party, I have a right to choose weapons and methods, have I not?" asked Putnam.

"Certainly," the second of the British captain answered.

Putnam then proposed that each should be seated upon a keg of gunpowder with a fuse attached; that the fuse of each should be lighted at the same time by their seconds, and that he who would sit longest should be regarded as the bravest man. Two kegs were brought from Putnam's quarters. The principals were seated upon them, and the fuses of equal length lighted by the seconds. As the fuses began to fizz, and the fire flash along the train, the officer of the regulars began to evince nervousness.

"Keep your seat, captain, it's all over in a flash," said Putnam coolly.

"I am not d—n fool enough to sit here and be blown to eternity!" yelled the British captain and, leaping from the keg, he ran away. Putnam coolly walked over to the fuse of his antagonist, put it out, extinguished his own, and, when the terrified seconds ventured, after a long time, to peep at the intrepid American, he was sitting on his keg without evincing any concern. Both kegs were filled

with onions, and, when the joke got out, the captain was so chagrined that he resigned and returned to England.

Pitt, after the success of American arms in the Ohio valley, which has been deferred for the concluding chapter of this volume, determined to deal a crushing blow at the French, which should give Canada to the English. In his arrangements for the campaign of 1759, the secretary disregarded seniority of rank. He believed in the old adage, "old men for council and young men for war." Pitt reasoned well, when he appointed General James Wolfe to the terrible task of capturing Quebec. Wolfe was young, ambitious and would do it or die. To fail would entail a life of disgrace, and, with a proud, ambitious soldier, death was preferable. History proves that young men make the best soldiers.

As soon in 1759 as the floating masses of ice would permit, the forces for the expedition against Quebec repaired to Louisburg. Wolfe, by his activity and zeal, his good judgment and the clearness of his orders, inspired unbounded confidence. His army consisted of eight regiments, two battalions of royal Americans, three companies of rangers, artillery and a brigade of engineers,—in all about eight thousand men, accompanied by a fleet of two-and-twenty ships of the line and as many

frigates and armed vessels. On the twenty-sixth of June, the whole armament arrived off the Isle of Orleans, on which they disembarked the next day. A little south of west could be seen the cliff of Quebec, rising precipitously in the midst of one of the grandest scenes in nature, and seemingly impregnable. To protect this guardian citadel of New France, Montcalm had, of regular troops, no more than six wasted battalions, of Indians but few, for the wary savage preferred the security of the neutrals. His principal force was made up of Canadian militia. Above Quebec, the high promontory on which the upper town is built expands into an elevated plain, having, toward the river, the steepest acclivities. For nine miles above the city, every landing place was intrenched and strongly guarded. The river St. Charles, after meandering through a fertile valley, sweeps the rocky base of the town, which it covers by expanding into sedgy marshes. Nine miles below the city, the noisy Montmorenci, after fretting itself a whirlpool route and leaping for miles down the steps of a rocky bed, rushes with the velocity of an express train toward the ledge, over which, falling two hundred and fifty feet, it pours its fleecy cataract into the chasm. It was amid these scenes that Adele De Vere, more than a quarter of a century before, first had her heart touched by the soft

refrain of the *voyageurs'* song. It was on those dizzy heights where Quebec lies like a fairy realm in the clouds, that she first saw No. 39 pounding away at the stern, unyielding rock.

Wolfe with his army was on the Isle of Orleans; the fleet with the numerous transports lay at anchor on his left; the tents stretched across the entire island; the intrenched troops of France, having their centre at the village Beauport, extended from the Montmorenci to the St. Charles; the city of Quebec, garrisoned by five battalions, bounded the horizon. At midnight on the twenty-eighth, the short darkness was lighted up by a fleet of fire ships, that, after a furious storm of wind, came down with the tide in the proper direction; but the British sailors grappled with them, and towed them free of the shipping.

The men-of-war gave the river to Wolfe, and he also had the superiority on the south shore of the St. Lawrence. During the night of the twenty-ninth, Wolfe, with four battalions, having crossed the south channel, occupied Point Levi, and where the mighty current, which below the town expands as a bay, narrows to a deep stream of but a mile in width, batteries of mortar and cannon were constructed. Early in July, the citizens of Quebec, foreseeing the ruin of their houses, volunteered to pass over the river and destroy the works;

but, at the trial, their courage failed them, and they retreated. The English, by the discharge of red-hot balls and shells, set on fire fifty houses in a single night, demolished the lower town, and injured the upper; but the citadel was beyond their reach, and every avenue from the river to the cliff was too strongly intrenched for an assault.

No real progress had as yet been made toward the capture of the stronghold. Wolfe was eager for battle, being willing to risk all his hopes on the issue. One evening, while in his tent, news came of the capture of a stranger by some Americans. Ordering the stranger to be brought to him, he found a wild-eyed haggard young man whose clothes were faded and torn from contact with thorns, and whose frame was emaciated by long travel and fasting.

"Are you a Frenchman?" asked the general.

"I am an Acadian," was the answer.

"Why are you here?"

"I am still searching for Adrianne. They tore me away from her. They struck me on the head, since when I have not my wits at all times, but I want to find Adrianne."

The poor fellow was still talking in a wild, incoherent manner, when an American officer entered and explained:

"General Wolfe, I know this poor fellow, and,

from letters received from home, he is evidently a relative of mine."

"You are Captain Stevens?" asked the general.

"I am. This man's father was a Virginian and his mother an Acadian. He was evicted by General Winslow on the day he was to wed an Acadian maid, and has since been wandering through the forests from the St. Lawrence to Georgia in search of her. Perchance, he will be able to give us some valuable information of the country."

From him Wolfe obtained a fair description of the country round about Quebec. He learned that the eastern branch of Montmorenci was higher than the ground occupied by Montcalm, and, on the 9th, he crossed the north channel and encamped there; but the armies and their chiefs were still divided by the river precipitating itself down its rocky way into the impassable eddies and rapids.

At this point, Jean Baptiste de Barre was discharged and permitted to resume his wanderings. Noah Stevens promised as soon as Quebec was captured to aid him in his search.

From the point where Wolfe now was, he determined to make another advance on the enemy. Three miles in the interior, a ford was found; but the opposite bank was steep, woody and well intrenched. Not a spot on the line of the Montmorenci for miles into the interior, nor on the St.

Lawrence to Quebec, was left unprotected by the vigilance of the inaccessible Montcalm.

Wolfe proceeded to reconnoitre the shore above the town. In concert with Saunders, on the eighteenth, he sailed along the well-fortified bank from Montmorenci to the St. Charles. He passed the deep and spacious harbor, which at four hundred miles from sea, can shelter a hundred ships of the line. He neared the high cliff of Cape Diamond, towering like a bastion over the waters and surmounted by French banners. He coasted along the craggy wall of rock that extends beyond the citadel and noted the outline of the precipitous hill which forms the north bank of the river. Everywhere he beheld a natural fastness, vigilantly defended. Intrenchments, cannon, boats and floating batteries guarded every point. Had a detachment landed between the city and Cape Rouge, it would have encountered the danger of being cut off before support could have reached it. He would have risked a landing at St. Michael's Cove, three miles above the city, but the enemy prevented him by planting artillery and a mortar to play on his shipping.

At midnight on the twenty-eighth the French sent down a raft of fire-stages, consisting of nearly a hundred pieces; but these, like the fire-ships, did no injury. Scarce a day passed that there was not

a skirmish with some of the provincials and Indians and Canadians. Wolfe returned to Montmorenci, and July was almost gone without any effective advance being made. He resolved on an engagement as soon as practical. The premier of England had entrusted him with a great undertaking, and he resolved to succeed or perish. Sometimes, when alone, the soft eyes of his betrothed, Miss Lowther, seemed to beam tenderly on him, and he heard her voice calling him from over the sea to return from death and danger; but he threw off the feelings of oppression on such occasions, and in his soul cried:

"No, no; cease your pleading, lest I forget the voice of fame and only list to love and your own sweet tones!"

The Montmorenci, after falling over a perpendicular rock, flows for three hundred yards, amidst clouds of spray and rain-bow glories, in a gentle stream to the St. Lawrence. Near the junction, the river at low tide can be passed on foot. It was planned that two brigades should ford the Montmorenci at the proper time of the tide, while Moncton's regiments should cross the St. Lawrence in boats from Point Levi. The attempt was made; but some of the boats stuck on a ledge of rocks that runs out into the river. While the seamen were getting them off, amid the shot and shell of

the enemy, Wolfe, with some of the navy officers as companions, selected a landing-place, and his desperate courage thought it not yet too late to begin the attack. Thirteen companies of the grenadiers and two hundred of the second battalion of royal Americans, who got first on shore, not waiting for a support, ran hastily toward the entrenchments and were repulsed in such disorder that they could not again come into line, though Moncton's regiments had arrived and formed with the coolness of invincible valor. Night was near, a storm was threatening, and Wolfe ordered a retreat, bringing off the dead and wounded from the field. A strand of deep mud, a hillside, steep and, in many places, impracticable, the heavy fire of a brave, numerous and well-protected enemy were difficulties which intrepidity and discipline could not overcome.

Four hundred lives were lost in this attack, which was made on the last day of July. Murray was next sent, with twelve hundred men above the town, to destroy the French ships and open a communication with Amherst. Twice he attempted a landing on the north shore without success. At Deschambault, a place of refuge for women and children, he won advantages over a guard of invalid soldiers and learned that Niagara had surrendered, and that the French had abandoned Ticonderoga and Crown Point. The eyes of Wolfe

were strained to see Amherst approach. Vain hope! The commander-in-chief, though opposed by no more than three thousand men, was loitering at Crown Point; nor did even a messenger from him arrive. Wolfe was alone to struggle with the ever-increasing difficulties; but his courage never failed him. The numerous body of armed men under Montcalm "could not," he reasoned, "be called an army."

The French, however, were entrenched in one of the strongest natural fortifications in the world. Their boats were numerous, and weak points were guarded by floating batteries; the keen eye of the Indian prevented surprise; the vigilance and hardihood of the Canadians made intrenchments everywhere necessary; the peasantry were zealous to defend their homes, language and religion; old men of seventy and boys of fifteen fired at the English detachments from the edges of the wood; every one able to bear arms was in the field. Little quarter was given on either side. Thus, for two months, the British fleet had ridden idly at anchor, the army had lain in their tents. The feeble frame of Wolfe sank under the energy of his restless spirit and the pain of anxious inactivity.

Though the young general was disabled by a fever, he laid before the brigadiers three several and equally desperate methods of attacking Mont-

calm in his intrenchments at Beauport. Meeting at Moncton's quarters, they wisely and unanimously gave their opinions against them all, and advised him to carry four or five thousand men above the town, and thus draw Montcalm from his impregnable situation to an open action. Wolfe consented to this proposal; and, with despair in his breast, yet as one conscious that he lived under the eyes of Pitt and of his country, he prepared to carry it into effect. Attended by the admiral he once more examined the citadel, with a view to a general assault. Although every one of the five passages from the upper to the lower town was carefully intrenched, Saunders was willing to join in any hazard for the public service; but said Wolfe, "I could not propose to him an undertaking so dangerous in its nature and promising so little success."

He would have the whole force of Canada to oppose, and, by the nature of the river, the fleet could render no assistance. On the 2d of September, he wrote to Pitt:

"In this situation, there is such a choice of difficulties, that I am myself at a loss how to determine. The affairs of Great Britain require the most vigorous measures; but then the courage of a handful of brave men should be exerted only where there is some hope."

The despatch was read by Pitt with dismay, and he dreaded to hear further tidings.

Wolfe did not despair, however. Securing the posts on the isles of Orleans and opposite Quebec, he marched, with the army, on the fifth and sixth of September, from Point Levi, to which place he had transferred all the troops from Montmorenci; and embarked them in transports that had passed the town for the purpose. On the three following days, Admiral Holmes, with the ships, ascended the river to amuse De Bougainville, who had been sent up the north shore to watch the movements of the British army and prevent a landing. New France began to feel that the worst dangers of the campaign were over. De Levi, the second officer in command, was sent to protect Montreal, with a detachment, it was said, of three thousand men. The short summer was over, and they knew the British fleet must soon withdraw from the river, which would soon be packed with ice.

Wolfe applied himself intently to reconnoitring the north shore above Quebec. Nature had given him good eyes, as well as warmth of temper to follow first impressions. He himself discovered the cove which now bears his name, where the bending promontories almost form a basin, with a very narrow margin, over which the hill abruptly rises. He saw the path that wound up the steep,

though so narrow that two men could hardly march abreast; and he knew by the number of tents which he counted on the summit, that the Canadian post which guarded it could not exceed a hundred. Here he resolved to land his army by surprise. To mislead the enemy his troops were kept far above the town; while Saunders, as if an attack were intended at Beauport, set Cook, the great mariner, with others to sound the water and plant buoys along that shore.

All the day and night of the twelfth were employed in preparations. The autumn evening was dark; but the general visited his stations to make his final inspection and utter his last words of encouragement. As he passed from ship to ship, he spoke to those in the boat with him of the poet Gray and the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." Wolfe, who was a great lover of poetry, remarked:

"I would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow;" then, as the boat glided in silence through the darkness, he repeated:

> **"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,**
> **And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,**
> **Await alike the inevitable hour.**
> **The paths of glory lead but to the grave."**

The last order had been issued, the last word of encouragement uttered, and when, at one o'clock in

the morning of the thirteenth of September, Wolfe, Moncton and Murray, with about half the forces, set off in boats and, using neither sail nor oars, glided down with the tide, every officer knew his appointed duty. Silence pervaded the flotilla, and it was a thrilling moment. The night was intensely dark; but the ships followed and reached the cove just in time to cover the landing. Wolfe and his troops with him leaped on the shore. Of the ascent to the plains of Abraham, perhaps there has never been written a more graphic account than the following, which we extract from the letter Noah Stevens wrote to his wife:

"I was with the light infantry and Americans in the first boats, and we were borne by the current a little below the path which we were to ascend. However, we effected a landing on a narrow strip of stony beach beneath the steep cliff. It was so dark, I could scarcely see my hand before me, nor did I know whether my own men were about me or the British regulars. Some one who was at my side said:

"'We can scale the cliff.'

"Then I gave the command to the men, who slung their muskets on their backs and began to climb from one jutting crag to another, staying themselves by the roots and boughs of the maple, spruce and ash trees that covered the precipitous

declivity. The night was cloudy, not a star appeared, nor could I see the men at my side. I thought I was first to start up the steep; but ere long my head struck against the heel of a soldier above me, and I knew that some one was in advance. At the same time, some one at my feet was pressing me upward, while on each side men were ascending. Only the deep-drawn breath, the scrambling of feet, the loosening of earth and crackling of roots and bushes could be heard. Not a word was uttered. I need not deny that I had a dread of the result. We knew nothing of the cliff we were ascending. At any moment, the men above might lose their hold and come tumbling down upon us, we in turn fall upon those below, until the whole regiment fell senseless and bleeding at the bottom of the bluff, but not a man lost his hold, though we moved rapidly, yet carefully. At every second I dreaded, expected and at the same time longed to hear the reports of guns, which would tell us that the top of the cliff was reached and the enemy struck. It seemed hours—it seemed an age climbing up the cliff in the darkness. Then I heard voices. They were Canadians speaking in French. They evidently hailed some one, and next moment I distinctly heard the report of a musket. It was followed by three or four more. The soldiers, hastening up the narrow path, struck

the enemy first and crowded them close. Our boys cheered and sprang up to the top as rapidly as they could. One poor fellow was either struck by a ball, or lost his hold, for I heard him falling back among the bushes and rocks below. With a loud cheer, I leaped on the top, and, forming what men had already gained the summit, we charged on the battery of four guns, which Colonel Howe had already captured. When Townshend's division disembarked we had already gained one of the roads to Quebec, and, advancing in front of the forest, formed our lines of battle and awaited the dawn of day to begin the engagement."

Thus, at daybreak, Wolfe with his invincible battalions stood on the plains of Abraham, the battlefield of the Celtic and Saxon races.

In his intrenchments on the other side of the St. Charles, Montcalm heard the news of the approach of the English with amazement.

"It can be but a small party, come to burn a few houses and retire," he said to a subaltern; but on learning more, he cried, "Then they have at last got to the weak side of this miserable garrison; we must give battle and crush them before mid-day."

Before ten o'clock, the two armies, equal in number, each being composed of less than five thousand men, were ranged in presence of one an-

other for battle. The English, not easily accessible from intervening shallow ravines and rail fences, were nearly all regulars, perfect in discipline, terrible in their fearless enthusiasm, thrilling with pride at the morning's progress, commanded by a man whom they obeyed with confidence and love. Montcalm, who had but five weak battalions of less than two thousand French regulars "mingled with disorderly peasantry," formed on commanding ground. The French had three small pieces of artillery, the English had but two, which they had dragged by ropes up the terrible steep during the night. For nearly an hour, the two armies cannonaded each other; when Montcalm, having summoned De Bougainville to his aid, and despatched messenger after messenger for De Vaudreuil, who had fifteen hundred men at the camp, to come up before he should be driven from the ground, endeavored to flank the British and drive them over the high bank of the river. Wolfe counteracted the movement by detaching Townshend with Amherst's regiment, and afterward a part of the royal Americans, who formed the left with a double front.

Despairing of reinforcement, Montcalm led the French army impetuously to the attack. The ill-disciplined companies, broken by their precipitation and the unevenness of the ground, fired by

platoons, without unity. Their adversaries, especially the forty-third and forty-seventh, where Moncton stood, of which three men out of every four were Americans, received the shock with calmness, and, after having, at Wolfe's command, reserved their fire till their enemy was within forty yards, their line began a regular, rapid, and exact discharge of musketry. Montcalm saw the danger which threatened his army, and was everywhere cheering his men by example, although the blood flowed from a wound he had received. The second in command, De Sennesergues, an associate in the glory at Ticonderoga, was killed. The brave but untried Canadians, flinching from so hot a fire in the open field, began to waver; and Wolfe, seeing this, placed himself at the head of the twenty-eighth and the Louisburg grenadiers and charged with bayonets. Though the enemy everywhere gave way, this proved a fatal charge. Of the English officers, Carleton was wounded and Barre, who fought near Wolfe, received a ball in the head, which destroyed one eye and ultimately both. Wolfe, who led the charge, was wounded in the wrist; but, still pressing forward, he received a second shot more serious; and just as the battle was decided by the utter rout of the enemy a third bullet struck him in the breast.

"Support me!" he cried to an officer near him;

"let not my brave fellows see me drop!" He was carried to the rear and given a drink of water to quench his burning thirst.

"They run! they run!" cried the officer on whom the dying general leaned.

"Who run?" Wolfe asked, as his life-blood ebbed rapidly away.

"The French! They give way everywhere!" the officer answered.

"What?" cried the expiring hero, breathing with difficulty, "do they run already? Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton; bid him march Webb's regiment with all speed to Charles River to cut off the fugitives." Then, fixing his expiring eyes on the officer who supported his head on his knee, he exclaimed, "Now, God be praised, I die happy!" His eyes closed, his breathing ceased, and his chin fell; General Wolfe was dead.

Night, silence, the rushing tide, veteran discipline, the sure inspiration of genius, all had been his allies. High above the ocean river, his battle-field was the grandest stage for the performance of illustrious deeds. His victory, one of the most momentous in the annals of mankind, gave to the English tongue and the institutions of the Germanic race unexplored and seemingly infinite regions west and north. Into a few hours' action, he had crowded that which would have given lustre

'SEE! THEY RUN! THEY RUN!"

to the length of life; and filling his day with greatness completed it before its noon.

Moncton was shot through the lungs and Townshend, next in command, recalled the troops from the pursuit; and, when De Bougainville appeared in view, declined a contest with a French enemy. But the hope of New France was already gone. Montcalm, the hope and mainstay of the French, while fighting before Moncton, and seeking to encourage his dispirited soldiers by personal example, was struck by a musket ball and mortally wounded. He was carried to the rear, where a surgeon, examining the wound, said he could not live.

"I am glad of it," he cried. "How long shall I survive?"

"Ten or twelve hours, perhaps less."

"So much the better; I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec."

A council of war was summoned about the dying general, and to these he showed that in twelve hours all the troops near at hand might be concentrated to renew the attack before the English were intrenched. When De Ramsay, who commanded the garrison, asked his advice about defending the city, he answered:

"To your keeping I commend the honor of France. As for me, I shall pass the night with God, and prepare myself for death."

Having written a letter recommending the French prisoners to the generosity of the English, his last hours were given to the offices of religion, and, at five o'clock next morning, he expired.

Before the English batteries were planted, De Ramsay, acting on the advice of De Vaudreuil, capitulated, and thus England came into possession of the key to Canada, which she has held ever since.

Montcalm was buried in the grounds of the Ursuline Convent at Quebec. In its chapel a mural tablet commemorates him. Mr. Lossing says: "There I saw, a few years ago, the skull of that French commander, its base covered with a blue velvet and gold-laced military collar." The remains of General Wolfe were removed to England, and his grateful government erected a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey. Nearly seventy years after the capture of Quebec, an English governor of Canada caused a noble granite obelisk to be reared in the city of Quebec and dedicated

"*To the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm.*"

CHAPTER XIX.

REUNITED.

. . . . . though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed;
For contemplation he had valor formed;
For softness she had sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him.

—MILTON.

THE expulsion of the Acadians from their native soil has furnished themes for some of the tenderest stories and sweetest poems in the English language. The romancer need not cudgel his brain to conjure up some ambitious tale of woe to enlist the sympathy of his hearers; there are enough threads of truth in the lamentable history, from which the romancer may weave his most thrilling story, and the poet sing his sweetest song. No story told of those suffering people is more sad than that of Jean Baptiste De Barre. Never was lover more devoted to the object of his affection. Soon after landing at New York, and before he was fully recovered from the blow dealt him from the stock of the soldier's musket, he set out on his wanderings.

At times he was almost insane from the effect of the blow, and had attacks of epilepsy at intervals as long as he lived. His afflictions never for a moment prevented his searching everywhere, to the St. Lawrence, then to Acadia, back to Pennsylvania and again to Acadia, hoping against hope, that he yet might find the being from whom he was separated. He braved a thousand perils, defied cold and heat and, carrying his life in his hands, wandered hither and thither up and down the land searching for the lost one.

While the roar of battle went up from the airy heights of the plains of Abraham, he stood across the stream and gazing on the scene, said:

"Will he survive the conflict? Will he fall? Then I must search again alone."

At last the battle ceased.

Then a hush of death came over the scene, and but for the fact that he saw figures moving about on that vast elevated plain, he might have thought all dead. He waited three or four days in the forest, where he could overlook the town and battlefield, and from this post of observation saw the French flag come down forever from over Quebec, and the English colors take its place to wave, no one knows, as yet, how long.

"Will he come?" asked Jean, his face pale as death and his lips blue.

Next day, he saw a man descending from that airy plain to the river. The rays of the declining sun fell upon his scarlet uniform, and revealed the fact that he was an officer of the royal Americans. He entered a small skiff and crossing the river moored his small boat, and came directly to the wood in which the Acadian was waiting. Jean recognized him as Captain Noah Stevens, and came down to greet him.

"Have you conquered?" asked Jean.

Pointing to the flag flying over Quebec, Noah said:

"Do you see that?"

"Then you have conquered."

"All New France now belongs to England," the officer joyfully answered.

Jean sank down and, burying his face in his hands, sighed. The officer, placing his hand gently on his shoulder, spoke encouragingly:

"Jean, why do you sigh? You are as much an Englishman as a Frenchman. Your father was born in Virginia. He and my father were brothers."

"Then we are cousins?"

"Yes."

"Tell me all that strange story o'er again, for of late my memory is poor, and I cannot recall things as I used to."

Seated on a fallen tree, Noah Stevens told him how two brothers from Virginia were serving on board a New England privateer. One was wounded in a fierce sea-fight with a French vessel and went to Boston. From Boston he wandered to Deerfield, where he was captured by French and Indians and taken to Quebec, where, as a galley slave, he was at labor on the fort when rescued by a fair Acadian whom he afterward married. All through the story, Jean sat listening and finally said:

"So my father was George and yours Elmer. Very well, I know the story now, and it shall never escape my memory again. Are you going with me?"

"Certainly, I have resigned my commission, and I am at your service."

"Then come."

"When will you start?"

"At once."

"Wait."

"Why do you wait? Surely we have waited all too long now. Lo, I have waited now these three years!"

By strong persuasion, Noah induced his unfortunate cousin to resume his seat on the fallen tree, while he explained to him that his search had all along been aimless, without any special plan or system.

"Let us commence at once by going to Grand Pre and learning whence she went from there."

"No one knows. I have asked, and all I can learn from the English is that she became frightened at the threat of Captain Winslow and fled."

Nevertheless, Noah Stevens was determined to go to Grand Pre, and informed his cousin that he must consent to follow his advice, if he would have his aid.

"I will; but, verily, you are trying," sighed the Acadian.

Nevertheless, he felt encouraged at having the assistance of one whom all praised for his judgment and courage. Noah Stevens had gained a considerable reputation as a backwoods scout, hunter and soldier. The man of superior abilities always finds admirers, go where he will. He was spoken of in the army of the Northeast as the most courageous officer on the frontier, and Jean felt strong when he had such an assistant. Noah's natural inclinations were to return to his home, wife and child, for he had an infant son in New York; but his cousin's sad story so affected him, that he decided to forego the pleasure of a speedy return.

Most of the time, Jean was wholly rational and was never demented or fully insane, for the blow on his head only slightly affected his mind at times. At all times he had but the one object in view,

the recovery of Adrianne. In the long years of peace and happiness spent at the village of Grand Pre, although Adrianne was universally allowed to be the most beautiful girl of all Acadia, no one save Captain Winslow had dared speak to her about love, because it was known that she was beloved by Jean. No one ever knew when these two young people declared their affection. They had grown together like two trees whose roots are mingled, whose branches intertwine, and whose perfume rises together to the heavens. Only their wish to see each other had become a necessity, and they would have preferred death to a day's separation. To ruthlessly tear two such loving hearts asunder was a cruelty which might result in death or madness.

When Grand Pre was reached, no trace of the missing maiden could be found. All the French inhabitants were gone; but from an old negro woman who had belonged to one of the Acadians, Noah and Jean learned that one old French woman still lived about a league from the town. They got a complete description of the old woman, and learned that she had been an intimate friend of the widow Blanc.

"What can be more probable than that she fled there from Captain Winslow's persecutions, and threats?" said Noah.

"Perchance you are correct," Jean answered.

"Have you ever interviewed the old French lady?"

"No."

"Then we will do so."

They mounted a pair of French ponies and quickly galloped to the cottage of the aged Acadian. She was very non-committal at first; but, recognizing Jean Baptiste, she informed him that Adrianne had fled to her house after her mother's death and lived there in seclusion for a month, where the "poor dear thing had almost died of fever."

"Whither did she go on her recovery?" asked Noah.

"She took shipping one night for New York."

"Have you seen her since?"

"No, monsieur."

"Nor heard from her?"

"Only that she arrived safe in New York, and what has since been her fate the good God knows, I know not."

"One thing is quite clear, cousin," said Noah. "You have been running away from her instead of going toward her."

"What shall we do now?" Jean asked.

"Back to New York. The trail is a cold one, and the thread may be broken, yet we must follow it."

A vessel sailed from Halifax in three days for

New York, and Noah and Jean were on board. Landing in the little city, Noah hastened to see his wife and child and pass a few blissful hours in the enjoyment of his own quiet home. Few hours of such pleasure were granted him. After three days spent thus, he again began the search for the missing maid. Many Acadians had been landed in New York; but Noah had a peculiar faculty for picking up lost threads, and soon had an abundance of proof that Adrianne had come to New York three years before.

Long they searched and many questions they asked of the descendants of old Holland about the missing maid. Many had seen the Acadians as they landed and among them a score of dark-eyed maids, any one of whom might be the missing Adrianne. Of one sturdy old Dutch settler to whom they applied, they gained a bit of meagre information. He knew a maid had come to the city who was alone and in great distress. He was sure she had wandered up the Hudson and taken shelter with some of the farmers.

It was late in autumn, in fact, tardy winter lingered not afar; but, as if in kindness for the sorrowing youth, withheld his icy breath. Along the banks of the broad Hudson they roamed from house to house, making inquiry for one who three years before had trod the same ground.

It was late one afternoon when, far up the great stream, they saw in the distance the broad acres of Hans Van Brunt, whose great-grandfather had come to America when New Amsterdam was first laid out. Good-natured, honest old Hans was driving his sheep to the pen from the pasture. Behind him followed his shepherd dog, patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct, as he walked from side to side with lordly air, and superbly waved his bushy tail, or urged the stragglers forward. When the shepherd slept he was the regent of flocks, and when from the forest through the silent watches of the night the wolves howled, he became their protector.

The sun was sinking among the distant hills beyond the blue range of mist which might be the peaks of the Catskills, and the sullen glow of those half-subdued fires seemed melting in tenderness and tears. The sky far to the east was of an apple green, while to the north floated a small cloud of amber. The home of Van Brunt on the Hudson, was in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks in which the Dutch farmers were so fond of nestling. A great elm tree spread its branches over it; at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the sweetest, purest water, in a hollowed stone basin; overflowing which, it stole in a sparkling rivulet away through the grass to a neighboring brook,

that prattled and murmured among the alders and dwarf willows. Hard by the farmhouse was a mammoth barn, such as Dutch farmers are always provided with, which seemed bursting with the treasures of the farm. Swallows and martins skimmed about the eaves, while rows of pigeons, some with an eye turned upward as if taking an observation of the sky, some with their heads under their wings or buried in their bosoms, others swelling, and cooing, and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the last expiring rays of sunshine on the roof. Sleek, unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens, whence sallied forth, at intervals of every few minutes, sucking pigs, as if to sniff the air and report to their drowsy mothers. A squadron of stately geese were riding in an adjacent pond, convoying a whole fleet of ducks. Battalions of turkeys gobbled through the farm yard; guinea fowls kept up their sharp, discordant cries, while a motherly hen, with a late brood of chickens, was fretting and fussing about like an ill-tempered housewife. Before the barn door strutted a noble chanticleer, that pattern of a Turkish husband, a warrior and fine gentleman, flapping his brilliant wings and crowing in the gladness and pride of his heart. Sometimes he paused to tear up the earth with his feet and, on discovering a rare treas-

ure in the form of a fat grub or bug, loudly called to his harem of wives, to come and share the dainty feast before ascending to their perch.

Hans Van Brunt, aided by his largest boys, put up the sheep and secured all the stock for the night, for the late autumn evenings were growing cool, and retired to the joy and comforts of his home.

Indoors by the wide-mouthed fireplace, the old farmer sat in his elbow-chair, watching the flames and wreaths of smoke struggling together like foes in a burning city. He had had his supper and, with well-filled pipe, sat and watched the glowing flame, while he puffed volumes of pale blue smoke into the broad chimney. Behind him, nodding and mocking along the wall, with fantastic gestures, darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away in the darkness. Faces, rudely carved in oak on the back of his own chair, laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the dresser, polished until they shone like mirrors, caught and reflected the flame, as burnished shields of armies in the sunshine.

Strings of golden pumpkin adorned the blackened rafters of his dwelling, while strands of bird eggs, hanging on the chimney jamb, made ornaments to the rustic interior. On the opposite side, resting on a heap of glowing embers raked upon the hearth, sat the iron tea-kettle, singing gayly,

while the steam and heat issued from its nozzle. The old Dutch farmer's eyes began to grow smaller, and his head to droop, when the door was suddenly opened, and one of his sons, whose broad face distinctly evinced his ancestry, entered, panting and quite out of breath with running and excitement. He announced that a pair of strangers were approaching the house. This was unusual, and the farmer started up, dropped his pipe, and had to refill it again, and then lost the yarn cap of red and yellow, which he picked up just as there came a rap at the door.

The door was thrown open, and Noah and Jean entered. The old Dutch families of New York were noted for their hospitality, and Hans Van Brunt was not one whit behind his great grandfather, who had emigrated to America away back in 1632. He greeted the strangers, ordered refreshments for them, and asked their names, that he might call them friends.

"Our name is Stevens," Noah answered.

"Stevens; that is an ancient and respected name. There is a tradition in our family, that my great grandfather was an intimate friend of a certain Mathew Stevens, way back in Holland. Perchance, he might have been your ancestor."

The travellers did not care to trace family history. They were on a different mission, and Noah

began at once asking him if he had not sheltered an Acadian maid three years before.

"Verily, I did, my friend, and the poor dear lass was in sad distress, I assure you."

In his eagerness, Jean was about to interpose, when Noah laid his hand on his arm to keep him quiet and asked:

"How long was she here?"

"For well-nigh two months, was it not, wife?" asked the farmer, appealing to his good-wife, who had entered the room. Being confirmed by the opinion of his wife, he went on. "And she was a lovely maid, so sweet, so gentle and kind."

"Did she tell you her name?"

"She did, Mr. Stevens."

"What was it?"

The farmer hesitated for a moment and, turning to his wife, asked:

"Was it not Adelaine?"

"No."

"Was it Adrianne Blanc?" cried Jean, unable longer to restrain his feelings.

"It was."

"Where is she?" he cried, wild with excitement.

The Dutchman, methodically slow and seemingly dull, shook his head, as he answered:

"I don't know."

Noah, seeing that his relative was making a bad start to get correct information, again laid his hand on his arm to check his impulsiveness, and asked:

"Where did she go, when she left you?"

The Dutchman, dull as he seemed, had keen perceptions; knowing that the maid was very dear to the anxious Jean, he was averse to answering. He smoked a few moments in silence and then said:

"I don't like to tell you all at once, as you might hear bad news."

"She left you?" asked Noah.

"Yes. A Huguenot family, whom she knew, came along, and she wanted to go with them, and went."

"Where?"

"Far up the river."

"Where is that family now?"

"All dead. The Mohawks came and killed them all."

"The maid too?"

The Dutchman shook his head and answered:

"I could not find the body."

Noah Stevens turned to his agonized relative and whispered:

"Courage, Jean; there is yet a hope. Adrianne may live."

The next move was to the exact spot where the assault had been made on the Huguenot family.

There Noah found some settlers, who knew all about the fate of the French Huguenot Albert Le Coeur, with whom Adrianne had taken shelter. Le Coeur had been slain with his wife and three children. The body of the maiden Adrianne could not be found, and the prevailing opinion was that she was carried away captive.

Jean was almost beside himself with joy, hope, grief and despair, each conflicting emotion in turn taking possession of his anxious soul. While they yet tarried in the ruined settlement, a young Mohawk came down the river on a trading expedition, and of him they learned that a beautiful French girl, the captive of an old chief, who treated her tenderly as a daughter, was then in the Scarron (Schroon) Valley. Noah and his cousin were immediately impressed with the belief that she was the lost Adrianne. They engaged the young Mohawk to take them to the borders of the Scarron lake, where the chief with the fair captive dwelt.*

"God surely sent me to you," said Jean Baptiste to his cousin as they were on their way. "But for your systematic method of searching, I should never have found my dear Adrianne."

Then Noah, with gentle remonstrance, reminded

* A story similar to the sad narrative of Jean Baptiste Stevens is narrated in Mr. Lossing's "Our Country," vol. iii., page 538.

him that they had not yet achieved their task, and there was possibility of failure. He feared for the unfortunate Jean to build his hopes too high, as they might yet be crushed by a bitter disappointment.

As they approached the Indian village, the cousins espied a young and beautiful maiden sitting on a mat with her back toward them, feathering arrows. A row of those deadly missiles, which she had already feathered, were stuck in the ground at her side, and as she turned to stick in another Jean caught a partial view of her face. He staggered, and, had not his cousin caught him in his arms, he would have fallen. Jean was, for a moment speechless, but when he recovered he whispered:

"L'AMOUR ME RÉVEILLE."

"It is she! I know her now; but, alas, my cousin, I fear to announce my presence too abruptly."

"Is there not some way by which you can recall her mind to the past, before we approach? She

has not seen us yet, and is wholly unaware of our presence."

Jean puzzled his brain to think of some means by which he might in a gentle manner break to her his presence. At last he said:

"My mother taught me the song of the French *voyageur*, which I used to sing to her."

"Sing it now, and we will watch the effect," suggested Noah.

Jean had a rich baritone voice, very musical, and he began to sing in low tones, gradually swelling to louder and sweeter cadence, until he thrilled the very woods about him.

He sang:

"Tout les amants
Changent de maitresses
Qu'ils changent qui voudront
Pour moi je garde la mienne.
Le bon vin ni endort
L'amour me réveille."

As the rich, clear tones reached her ears, the maiden dropped her arrow and listened. Her soul seemed to drink in the glorious symphonies of a forgotten past. Ere the last sweet refrain was borne to her ears, she sprang to her feet and, wheeling quickly about, saw the singer:

"Jean! Jean!" she cried.

In a moment, he was at her side and had clasped the fainting girl in his arms.

CHAPTER XX.

CONCLUSION.

Why, then, a final note prolong,
Or lengthen out a closing song,
Unless to bid the gentle speed,
Who long have listened to my rede?
—SCOTT.

AMONG other brilliant achievements designed for the campaign of 1758, was the capture of Fort Du Quesne, the key to the Ohio valley, in the attempt to obtain which Braddock had lost his life and army. The capture of Fort Du Quesne had been the dream of Washington ever since he had been forced to capitulate at Fort Necessity.

While Abercrombie was suffering defeat in the north, and Wolfe was dreaming of Quebec, General Joseph Forbes had gathered about six thousand men at Fort Cumberland, in Maryland, preparatory to a march against Du Quesne. Washington was already there with about two thousand Virginians, and Colonel Bouquet had came up from the Carolinias with over a thousand Highlanders, three hundred royal Americans, and a body of Cherokee

Indians. Du Quesne was feebly garrisoned, and Washington advised an immediate advance over Braddock's road. It was then July, and, had Washington's advice been heeded, Du Quesne might have been taken before August; but other counsel prevailed, and Forbes, who was so ill that he was carried on a litter, determined to construct a new road for his troops over the Alleghanies. This proved to be an almost fatal mistake. Autumn came, and the capture of Frontenac by Bradstreet had discouraged the Indians, causing many of them to leave the French army, yet the force designed to capture Du Quesne was slowly creeping over the mountains. Washington, impatient and indignant at delay and folly, wrote to the speaker of the Virginia assembly:

"See how our time has been misspent. Behold how the golden opportunity has been lost, never more to be regained!"

About the time of Washington's writing his letter, Bouquet, with two thousand men, went forward to Loyal Hanna in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, to build a fort. Anxious to win renown, Bouquet sent out Major Grant with eight hundred Highlanders and some Virginians under Captain Bullitt to reconnoitre Fort Du Quesne. Grant managed things so badly that he was attacked and severely defeated. His regulars broke and

ran, and the Virginians were forced to cover their retreat. The French, elated at their success, proceeded to attack Bouquet at Loyal Hanna; but, after a fight of four hours, they were repulsed with considerable loss.

Washington, who was all eagerness to advance, was sent forward to Loyal Hanna, and placed at the head of a brigade of provincials and ordered to move in front of the army. The far-sighted and ambitious general was chagrined at the long delay, for it was November before General Forbes, with the artillery and main force, came up, and full fifty miles of rugged, untrodden country yet lay between them and Fort Du Quesne. A council of war was held, at which it was determined, owing to the lateness of the season, to defer the attack on Fort Du Quesne. Washington, who was indignant at delay, asked permission to push on with his provincials and capture the Fort. He reported that he had positive assurance of the weakness of the French garrison. Permission was given, and then, fearing the provincials would gain all the glory, the main army followed after him; but Washington and his provincials first gained the Fort. The French, only five hundred strong, set fire to it and fled down the Ohio. The English flag soon floated over the ramparts, and the name of Du Quesne was changed in honor of America's

greatest friend to Fort Pitt. The town which sprang up about it was called Pittsburg and is now one of the large manufacturing towns in North America. Two Virginia regiments were left at Fort Pitt as a garrison, and the main army returned to the borders of civilization. The great object of the war in the middle colonies was accomplished. The basin of the Ohio was secured to the English.

With the capture of Fort Du Quesne and the ending of the campaign which accomplished this achievement, ended, for a while, the military career of Washington. His great object was obtained, the restoration of quiet and security to his native province; and, having abandoned all hope of obtaining rank in the regular army (the chief desire of his heart), and his health being much impaired, he gave up his commission at the end of the year and retired from the service, followed by the applause of his fellow-soldiers and the admiration of all his countrymen.

We must return to a point in the life of General Washington just before the Fort Du Quesne campaign.

He had assembled at Winchester an army of nineteen hundred provincials and about seven hundred Indians, who were ill-supplied with arms, provisions, munitions of war and camp equipage for the march against Du Quesne. After repeated

representations, by letter, of the destitute state of the Virginia troops, but without avail, Washington was ordered by Sir John St. Clair, the quarter-master-general of the forces under General Forbes, to repair to Williamsburg and lay the state of the case before the council. He set off promptly, attended by Bishop, the well-trained military servant who had served under the late General Braddock. For the domestic happiness of Washington, it proved an eventful journey. In crossing the ferry of the Pamunkey, a branch of York River, he fell in company with a Mr. Chamberlayne, who lived in the neighborhood of the ferry, and who, in the spirit of good old Virginia hospitality, insisted on Washington becoming his guest. So impatient was Washington to reach Williamsburg, that it was with great difficulty he could be prevailed on to halt for dinner.

As an inducement to win the militia general for his guest, Mr. Chamberlayne said:

"Come with me, general, and I will introduce you to one of the most lovely ladies whom you ever met. Egad! she is a charming creature, and, I vow, will make your stay pleasant."

Washington smiled faintly. He had had his love dream, and, like many another young man, had at this moment made up his mind to pass his days in bachelorhood. He consented after long

persuasion to go to dinner with Mr. Chamberlayne, though assuring his host that his haste must border on rudeness.

Among the guests at Mr. Chamberlayne's was a young and blooming widow, Mrs. Martha Custis, daughter of Mr. John Dandridge, both patrician names. She was a widow of John Park Custis, her husband having died three years before, leaving her with two young children and a large fortune.

As Washington entered the spacious parlor of Mr. Chamberlayne, he was formally presented by his host to a beautiful little woman, rather below medium size, but extremely well formed, with an agreeable countenance, dark hazel eyes and hair, and those frank, engaging manners so captivating in southern women. The heart of the great American was taken by surprise at sight of the beautiful lady, and for a moment the old confusion, which had proved so fatal in his former courtship, seemed about to overwhelm him; but the captivating widow came to his rescue. She was intelligent as well as brilliant, and knew enough of the art of conversation to discuss matters with which the frontier hero was familiar. She was very much interested in the coming campaign, the marching and manœuvring of armies, and in a few moments the hero of the Monongahela found himself con-

versing with an ease and brilliance which surprised himself. The dinner, which in those days was an earlier meal than at present, seemed all too short. The afternoon passed away like a blissful dream, from which he regretted to awake. Bishop, who had been instructed to have the horses ready soon after dinner, was punctual to his orders, and the horses stood pawing at the gate and champing their bits in impatience; but for once Washington loitered in the path of duty. The horses were at last sent to the barn again, and it was not until next morning that he was once more in the saddle, spurring for Williamsburg. Happily, the White House, the residence of Mrs. Custis, was in New Kent County, at no great distance from that city, so that he had opportunities of visiting her in the intervals of business. His time for courtship, however, was brief. Military duties called him back almost immediately to Winchester; but he feared, should he leave the matter in suspense, some more enterprising rival might supplant him during his absence, as in the case of Miss Philipse at New York. He improved, therefore, his brief opportunity to the utmost. In a word, before they separated, they had mutually plighted their troth, and the marriage was to take place as soon as the campaign against Fort Du Quesne was at an end.

Shortly after his return from the campaign, his

marriage with Mrs. Custis was celebrated, January 6th, 1759, at the White House, the residence of the bride, in the good old hospitable style of Virginia, amid a joyous assemblage of relatives and friends. Thus, for a time being, the modern Cincinnatus retired from the field of public action to private life and domestic bliss, with one of the noblest wives the world has ever known.

A few more brief sentences, and the history and romance of this story will be complete. De Levi succeeded Montcalm in command of the French forces. Early in the spring of 1760, Vaudreuil sent him to recover Quebec. He defeated Murray at Sillery, three miles above Quebec, and laid siege to the town. The condition of the English was perilous, when the advance of a British squadron arrived, destroyed the French shipping and forced De Levi to raise the siege, abandoning his artillery and stores and flying with great celerity toward Montreal.

Here the French collected all their available forces for the final struggle. Amherst, though slow, was sure. He moved three armies against Montreal with so much precision that they arrived there almost simultaneously. From every direction the English came in, sweeping the French from Fort Presentation at Oswegatchie *Isle aux Noix*, so that, within the space of thirty hours,

seventeen thousand English troops had gathered about the doomed city. Vaudreuil saw that resistance was foolish and vain, and on the 8th day of September, 1760, surrendered, and thus all Canada passed under the dominion of Great Britain, with General Gage as military governor and General Murray as commandant at Quebec, with four thousand men. Detroit, alone, remained to be conquered. Major Rogers, with two hundred warriors, was sent to plant the British standard at Detroit. On the shores of Lake Erie, they held a council with Pontiac, the great chief of the Ottawas, from whom they gained permission to cross over his country to Detroit. On the 29th of December, 1760, Detroit surrendered, and, while the garrison were made prisoners, the settlers were only required to take the oath of allegiance to the British crown.

The country was now at peace, save in the Carolinia frontiers, where there had been strife with the Indians for years. The Cherokees were the hardiest and most enlightened of the savages. They were peaceable, until they were driven to exasperation by the acts of some Virginia rangers and the treachery of the royal governor of South Carolinia, and, in the spring of 1760, they flew to arms with the tribes of the Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia. French emissaries had been at work on the Indians,

and the Cherokees received military stores sent out from Louisiana. The suffering people appealed to Amherst for help, and, early in April, Colonel Montgomery, with six hundred Highlanders and as many Americans, was sent to strike the Cherokees. He was also accompanied by Colonel Grant, who was defeated at Fort Du Quesne.

On the first of June, the English were ready to apply the scourge. They penetrated the beautiful valley of the Keowee on the western borders of Anderson District, in which well-built houses and cultivated fields gave tokens of a semi-civilization. They plundered the towns, cut down the standing corn and drove the Indians, who at first made a stout resistance, into the wooded hills.

Onward the English marched, over the hills and the head-waters of the Savannah, to the valley of the Little Tennessee. Down that valley they marched, compelled to fight almost every inch of the way into the heart of the southern Alleghany mountains. The whole country was aroused, and the patriotism of the Cherokees gave intensity to their anger.

Montgomery was compelled at last to retrace his steps and left Fort Loudon, which at last fell into the hands of the Indians, who murdered a part of the garrison and scattered the others among the tribes. Montgomery hastened to Charleston, and,

regardless of the prayers of the people, who feared the ire of the exasperated Cherokees, he embarked for Halifax.

Instead of being subdued, the Cherokees were more fiercely inflamed against the English. They prepared for war next year, when Colonel Grant, with a stronger force, compelled them to stand on the defensive. He burned their villages, desolated their fields, and killed many of their warriors.

Francis Marion, the great partisan hero, was a provincial officer in this expedition. One of the most touching epistles in the English language is his letter on the destruction of the homes and fields of the unfortunate savages. The nation, finally dispirited by their long and continued reverses, humbly sued for peace in June, 1761, and a treaty to that effect was made.

Although war had ended in America, the French and English continued it on the ocean, and among the West Indian islands, with almost unbroken success by the latter, until the treaty of peace, negotiated in 1762, and signed at Paris on the 10th of February, 1763. By its terms, France ceded to Great Britain all her claimed territory in America eastward of the Mississippi River, north of the latitude of the Iberville River, a little below Baton Rouge. New Orleans and the whole of Louisiana were ceded by France to Spain, at the

same time; so her entire possessions in North America, for which she had labored and fought for more than a century, were relinquished. Spain, with whom the English had been at war, ceded east and west Florida to Great Britain. Thus England held undisputed possession (save by the Indians) of the whole continent from the shores of the Gulf of Mexico to the frozen sea, and, by prescriptive right, claimed the whole country from ocean to ocean.

Scarcely had the storm of war in the south been subdued, ere another far more portentous gathered in the great northwest. All over the western country, there existed a deep-seated jealousy of the English among the Indians. The English were cold and indifferent compared with the generous French.

No sooner had the savages learned of the treaty of Paris, in 1733, by which France had ceded the country to Great Britain, without their leave, than there was widespread indignation among them. The arrogance of Amherst in his official intercourse fanned the flame, and a vast confederacy was formed for the purpose of attacking all the English forts on the frontiers on the same day, to destroy their garrisons, and to desolate their settlements, west of the Alleghanies.

Pontiac, the great Ottawa chief, then about fifty

years of age, was at the head of this conspiracy. He sent embassadors to all the tribes around the lakes, and all over the country southward far toward the Gulf of Mexico. A great council of many tribes was convened on the 27th of April. Pontiac, in a stirring address, recounted all the wrongs the red race had suffered at the hands of the English, and assured his warriors that the French were soon to return and reconquer Canada, when the Indians would once more fight on their side. He appealed to their superstition by narrating Indian legends, and in various ways excited them with a burning desire for immediate action.

A great conspiracy was formed in which Pontiac was, himself, to assail Detroit. Treachery was resorted to as a means of entering the fort at Detroit then under command of Major Gladwin; but the commandant was informed by an Indian woman of the intended treachery and assured that the signal for the attack would be in the manner that Pontiac delivered the belt of wampum to the major.

With his warriors carrying short guns and tomahawks under their blankets, Pontiac entered the fort; but was amazed and quite alarmed to find that the guards were all on duty, and every soldier in the fort had a musket in his hand. At the moment of delivery of the belt, the drums of the garrison beat the long roll, and the guards levelled

their muskets at the chief, while the officers drew their swords and pistols. The chief and his body guard retreated, the gates were closed and the siege, which continued for more than a year, commenced.

By similar acts of treachery, or by sudden and unexpected assaults, every post west of Oswego, excepting Niagara, Fort Pitt and Detroit, fell into the hands of the dusky foe within a fortnight afterward. At Michillimackinack, Indians came to the fort at the close of May, as if to trade. Every day they engaged in the exciting pastime of ball-playing on the plain near the fort. On the 2d of June, their squaws came with them, entered the fort, carrying hatchets and knives concealed under their blankets. The commander of the fort and the lieutenant were standing outside watching the game, when the ball was thrown to the gate. Some Indians rushed after it, and coming behind the officers carried them off to the woods. Others rushed in and slew most of the garrison.

After a year of war on the frontier, the beleaguered forts were relieved and the enemy sued for peace. The haughty Pontiac refusing to yield, went to the Illinois country where no Englishman had been and where the French flag yet waved. Among the tribes there, he exerted his eloquence to induce them to make war on the English. He sent an ambassador to New Orleans to ask the

French to aid him; but he failed. For some years, Pontiac, who was a Catawba adopted by the Ottawas, continued to be a disturbing element. An English trader employed a vagabond Indian to kill him. For a barrel of rum, that savage stole softly behind Pontiac, while he stood in the forest leaning on his gun in a reflecting mood, and buried his hatchet in his brain.

The colonies were now comparatively at peace.

Noah Stevens and his cousin Jean Baptiste returned to New York, where Jean Baptiste Stevens married Adrianne Blanc and settled in the State, while Noah made his home in the city.

Their fathers, Elmer and George Stevens, passed their days in Virginia, each living to a ripe old age and witnessing the beginning of that Revolution out of which grew the great American Republic.

THE END.

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CHRONOLOGY.

PERIOD VIII.—AGE OF CONTENTION OF POWERS FOR SUPREMACY.

A.D. 1700 TO A.D. 1763.

1702. ACCESSION OF ANNE to the throne of Great Britain,—March 8.

QUEEN ANNE'S WAR began,—Great Britain against France and Spain,—lasted eleven years.

1704. FIRST PERMANENT NEWSPAPER in America, the *Boston News-Letter*,—April 24.

1710. PORT ROYAL, N. S., captured by the British and named Annapolis,—Oct. 2.

1711. INDIAN WAR with the Corees in North Carolina.

1713. TUSCARORAS join the Iroquois in New York, making the Six Nations.

TREATY OF UTRECHT closed Queen Anne's war,—April 11. (This treaty gave Great Britain the Hudson Bay region, Newfoundland and Acadia.)

1714. ACCESSION OF GEORGE I. to throne of England,—Aug. 1.

1715. Yammassee War in Carolina.

1718. NEW ORLEANS founded by the French under Bienville.

1727. ACCESSION OF GEORGE II. to the throne of England,—June 11.

1729. CAROLINA divided,—Clarendon, or Middle Colony, moved to Charleston.

ALBEMARLE Colony became North Carolina; Carteret Colony became South Carolina.

1732. WASHINGTON born in Westmoreland County, Va., Feb. 22.

GEORGIA granted to Oglethorpe; included part of Carolina,—June 9.

1733. SAVANNAH, GA., founded by Oglethorpe,—Feb. 12.

1639. SPANISH WAR between Great Britain and Spain declared,—Oct. 23. (This, with King George's War, lasted nine years.)

1740. INVASION OF FLORIDA by Oglethorpe.

1742. INVASION OF GEORGIA by the Spanish.

1744. SPANISH WAR merged into King George's War; France allied with Spain.

1745. LOUISBURG, the Gibraltar of America, captured by Pepperell,—June 17.

1748. TREATY OF AIX-LA-CHAPELLE closed King George's War,—Oct. 18. (Both parties restored their respective conquests.)

1749. OHIO COMPANY, of London, received a grant of 6,000,000 acres on Ohio River.

1751. NEW STYLE Gregorian Calendar adopted by Great Britain,—eleven days out, Sept. 3 to 14.

1753. WASHINGTON sent to Fort Le Bœuf by Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia.

1754. WASHINGTON returned to Williamsburg,—Jan. 6.

FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR,—most important of the Colonial Wars.

WASHINGTON defeated Jumonville at Mountain Meadows,—May 28.

ALBANY CONVENTION adopted a plan of union prepared by Franklin,—June 19. (The plan rejected by crown and people.)

WASHINGTON defeated at Fort Necessity by De Villiers,—June 3.

1755. ALEXANDRIA CONVENTION, Va.; Colonial governors met Braddock,—April 14.

FORT BEAU SÉJOUR, N. S., surrendered to the British,—June 16.

FORT GASPEREAU surrendered to the British,—June 17.

BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT on the Monongahela River, Pa.,—Braddock mortally wounded,—July 9.

EVICTION of Acadians from Grand Pré,—Sept. 5.

BATTLE OF LAKE GEORGE; Lyman under Johnson defeated Dieskau,—Sept. 8.

JOHNSON established Fort William Henry; received a baronetcy and £5,000.

1756. WAR declared by Great Britain after two years' fighting,—May 18.

MONTCALM captured Oswego, 1,400 men, stores and money,—Aug. 14.

1757. FORT WILLIAM HENRY surrendered to Montcalm,—Aug. 9. (Massacre by Indians after Monroe capitulated.)

1758. LORD HOWE killed in a fight near Ticonderoga,—July 6.

ABERCROMBIE repulsed by Montcalm at Ticonderoga,—July 8.

LOUISBURG, N. S., taken by Amherst and Boscowen,—July 2.

FORT FRONTENAC (now Kingston, Canada) surrendered to Bradstreet,—Aug. 27.

GRANT defeated by Aubrey at Fort Duquesne,—Sept. 21.

FORT DUQUESNE captured by English; named Fort Pitt (now Pittsburg),—Nov. 25.

1759. FORT NIAGARA surrendered to Johnson; death of Prideaux,—July 25.

BATTLE OF MONTMORENCI, near Quebec; Wolfe repulsed, July 31.

CROWN POINT, N. Y., taken by Amherst,—Aug. 4.

PLAINS OF ABRAHAM, Quebec; Wolfe and Montcalm mortally wounded,—Sept. 13.

QUEBEC surrendered to the British,—Sept. 18.

1760. CHEROKEE WAR in Georgia.

BATTLE OF SILLERY, Canada; Dr. Levi attempts to recover Quebec,—April 28.

ACCESSION OF GEORGE III. to English throne,—Oct. 25.

1762. LOUISIANA ceded to Spain by France.

PONTIAC'S CONSPIRACY to unite Indian nations.

1763. TREATY OF PARIS closed the French and Indian War,—Feb. 10. (Practically all territory east of Mississippi River ceded by France to England; two islands near Newfoundland and island and town of New Orleans retained by France.)

FLORIDA ceded to Great Britain by Spain, treaty of Paris,—Feb. 10.

EAST AND WEST FLORIDA established by George III.,—Oct. 7.

PONTIAC'S WAR broke out,—Ottawas.

SIEGE OF DETROIT by the Indians unsuccessful,—May.